PLAUTUS

TRINUMMUS
MENAECHMI
AULULARIA
CAPTIVI

H. T. Riley



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PLAUTUS.

COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS

THE TRINUMMUS, MENÆCHMI, AULULARIA, AND CAPTIVI.

Literally Translated into English Prose, with Arguments and Notes.

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The four following plays are selected from the complete translation of Plautus as being at once the most popular and, for other reasons, the best adapted for general reading.

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TRINUMMUS;

THE THREE PIECES OF MONEY.

Dramatis Personæ.

IN THE PROLOGUE.

LUXURY.
POVERTY.

IN THE PLAY.

CHARMIDES, an Athenian merchant.
LESBONICUS, the son of Charmides.
CALLICLES, a friend of Charmides.
MEGARONIDES, a friend of Callicles.
STASIMUS, the servant of Charmides and Lesbonicus.
PHILTO, a wealthy Athenian.
LYSITELES, the son of Philto, and a friend of Lesbonicus.
A SHARPER.

Scene.—A Street in Athens: the house of CHARMIDES on one side, and that of PHILTO on the other.

THE SUBJECT.

CHARMIDES, a wealthy Athenian, his property having been much diminished by the reckless conduct of his son, goes abroad. His dissolute son, Lesbonicus, being left behind at Athens, consumes the little resources left him, and then puts up his father's house for sale. At his departure, Charmides has entrusted his interests and the care of his son and daughter to his friend Callicles, and has also informed him that in his house there is a treasure buried as a reserve against future contingencies. In order that this may not be lost, Callicles buys the house of Lesbonicus for a small sum. Ignorant of his reason for doing so, his fellow-citizens censure him for his conduct, and accuse him of a breach of good faith in ministering to the extravagance of Lesbonicus by supplying him with money. For this reason Megaronides expostulates with his friend Callicles, and greatly censures him; on which, Callicles, in self-defence, entrusts him with the secret of the treasure. Charmides having left behind him a grown-up daughter in the care of Callicles, Lysiteles, a young man of rank and character, falls in love with her, and through his father, Philto, asks her in marriage. Her brother, Lesbonicus, is not averse to the match, but refuses to let her marry without giving her a portion; and he offers her to Lysiteles, on condition that he will receive as her marriage-portion a piece of land near the city, the sole remnant of his fortune. This, however, Lysiteles refuses to accept. In the meantime, Callicles, at the suggestion of Megaronides, determines to give the young woman a dowry out of the treasure buried in the house which he has bought; but that Lesbonicus may not suspect whence the money really comes, a Sharper is hired, with instructions to pretend that he brings letters from Charmides with a thousand gold pieces as a portion for his daughter when she should marry. It happens, that while the Sharper is on his way with his pretended errand to the abode of Callicles, Charmides, having unexpectedly returned to Athens, is going towards his house. He meets the Sharper, who discloses his errand and attempts to impose upon Charmides, who thereupon discovers himself. Charmides then meets his servant Stasimus, who tells him of the purchase of his house by Callicles, whereon he conceives himself to have been betrayed by his friend. Afterwards, on discovering the truth, he praises the fidelity of Callicles, and bestows his daughter on Lysiteles, with a portion of a thousand gold pieces, and, at the intercession of Lysiteles, he forgives his son Lesbonicus, and informs him that he is to be married to the daughter of Callicles.

TRINUMMUS;

THE THREE PIECES OF MONEY.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

CHARMIDES, going abroad, entrusts a treasure (*Thesaurum*) secretly hidden, and all his property (*Rem*), to his friend Callicles. He (*Istoc*) being absent, his son wantonly squanders his estate. For (*Nam*) he sells even the house: *and* Callicles makes purchase of it. His sister, a maiden (*Virgo*) without a dowry, is asked *in marriage*. That in a less degree (*Minus*), with censure, Callicles may bestow on her a dowry, he commissions one (*Mandat*) to say that he has brought the gold from her father. When (*Ut*) *the Counterfeit* has reached the house, the old man (*Senex*), Charmides, as he has *just* returned, disappoints him; his children *then* are married.

THE PROLOGUE[1].

Enter LUXURY *and* POVERTY.

LUX. Follow me this way, daughter, that you may perform your office.

POV. I am following, but I know not what to say will be the end *of our journey*.

LUX. 'Tis here. See, this is the house. Now go you in.

(*Exit* POVERTY, *who enters the house of* CHARMIDES.

LUX. (*to the* AUDIENCE). Now, that no one of you may be mistaken, in a few words I will conduct you into the *right* path, if, indeed, you promise to listen to me. First, then, I will now tell you who I am, and who she is who has gone in here (*pointing to the house*), if you give your attention. In

[1] *The Prologue*) This Prologue is one of the few figurative ones to be found in the Comedies of Plautus. He appropriately represents Luxury as introducing her daughter Poverty to the abode of the dissipated Lesbonicus. Claudian has a somewhat similar passage in his poem to Rufinus:

Et Luxus, populator opum, cui, semper adhærens,
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas.

"And Luxury, the waster of wealth, whom, ever attending, wretched Poverty accompanies with humble step." It has been justly observed, that Plautus here avoids a fault which he often falls into, of acquainting the audience with too much of the plot.

the first place, Plautus has given me the name of Luxury, *and* then he has willed that this Poverty should be my daughter. But why, at my suggestion, she has *just* entered here, listen and give attentive ear while I inform you. There is a certain young man who is living in this house; by my assistance he has squandered away his paternal estate. Since I see that there is nothing left for him to support me, I have given him my daughter, together with whom to pass his life. But expect nothing about the plot of *this* play: the old men who will come hither will disclose the matter to you. The name of this play in the Greek is "The Treasure" [Thesaurus]; Philemon wrote it[1]: Plautus translated it into Latin[2], *and* gave it the name of "The Three Pieces of Money" [Trinummus]. Now, he begs this of you, that it may be allowed the play to keep that name. Thus much *have I to say.* Farewell. Attend in silence. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene I.

Enter Megaronides.

Meg. To reprove one's friend for a fault that deserves it, is a thankless task; but sometimes 'tis useful and 'tis profitable. Therefore, this day will I soundly reprove my friend for a fault that much deserves it. Unwilling *am I,* did not my friendship bid me do it. For this faultiness has encroached too much upon good morals, so drooping now are nearly all *of them.* But while they are in this distempered state, bad morals, in the mean time, have sprung up most plenteously, like well-watered plants; nor is there now anything abundant here but *these same* bad morals. Of them you may now reap a most plenteous harvest: and here a set of men are making the favour of a few of much more value than that in which they may benefit the many. Thus *private* interests outdo that which is to the *public* advantage—*interests* which in many points are a hindrance, and a nuisance, and cause an obstruction both to private and to public welfare.

[1] *Philemon wrote it*)—Ver. 19. Not only Philemon, but Menander also, wrote a play, entitled the "Treasure."

[2] *In Latin*)—Ver. 19. "Barbare." We learn from Festus, and other authors, that the Greeks were in the habit of calling all nations, without exception, but themselves, "barbarians." Hence the present expression, which literally means into barbarous language."

Scene II.

Enter Callicles.

Call. (*as he enters*). I wish our household God[1] to be graced with a chaplet. Wife[2] (*addressing her within*), pay him due respect, that this dwelling may turn out for us prosperous, lucky, happy, and fortunate; and (*in a lower voice*) that, as soon as I possibly may, I may see you dead and gone.

Meg. This is he who in his old age has become a child[3] —who has been guilty of a fault that deserves correction. I will accost the man.

Call. (*looking around*). Whose voice is it that sounds near me?

Meg. Of one who wishes you well, if you are as I desire you to be; but, if you are otherwise, of one who is your enemy, and is angry with you.

Call. Health to you, O my friend and years'-mate! How are you, Megaronides?

Meg. And, i' faith[4], health to you, Callicles! Are you well? Have you been well?

[1] *Household God*)—Ver. 39. Literally, "Lar." The Lares were the household Gods, or tutelary Deities of each family. The figures of them were kept, among the Romans, near the hearth, in the "Lararium," which was a recess formed for that purpose, and in which prayers were offered up on rising in the morning. There were both public and private Lares. The latter were by some thought to have been identical with the "Manes," or "shades," of the ancestors of the family occupying the house. The public Lares were the "Urbani," presiding over the cities; "Rustici," over the country; "Compitales," over cross-roads; and "Marini," over the sea. Varro tells us that there were 265 stations for the statues of the Lares at the corner of the streets of Rome. "Lar" was an Etrurian word, signifying "noble," or "lord." The Greeks adorned their household Gods with the leaves of the plane-tree, the Romans with ears of corn. This was especially done on entering a new house, on which the wish was expressed that it might turn out prosperous, lucky, happy, and fortunate to the new occupants. "Quod bonum, faustum, felix, fortunatumque sit." Callicles here expresses this wish on taking possession of the house which he has just bought of Lesbonicus.

[2] *Wife*)—Ver. 40. Being at the door of his house, before shutting it, he calls to his wife within. His kind wish as to the duration of her life he expresses just as he shuts the door.

[3] *Has become a child*)—Ver. 43. He means to say that he has become a boy, from the fact of his being in need of correction.

[4] *And i' faith*)—Ver. 49. "Hercle," "by Hercules;" "Ecastor," "by Castor

CALL. I am well, and I have been still better.

MEG. *And* how does your wife do? How is she?

CALL. Better than I wish.

MEG. 'Tis well, i' faith, for you, that she is alive and well.

CALL. Troth, I believe that you are glad if I have any misfortune.

MEG. That which I have, I wish for all my friends as well.

CALL. Harkye, how does your wife do?

MEG. She is immortal; she lives, and is likely to live.

CALL. I' faith, you tell me good news; and I pray the Gods that, surviving you, she may last out your life.

MEG. By my troth! if indeed she were only married to yourself, I could wish it sincerely.

CALL. Do you wish that we should exchange?—that I should take yours, and you mine? I'd be making you not to get a bit the better of the bargain of me.

MEG. Indeed, I fancy[1] you would not be surprising me unawares.

CALL. Aye, faith, I should cause you not to be knowing[2] the thing you were about.

MEG. Keep what you've got; the evil that we know is the best. But if I were now to take one that I know not, I should not know what to do.

CALL. In good sooth, just as one lives[3] a long life, one lives a happy life.

MEG. But give your attention to this, and have done with your joking, for I am come hither to you for a given purpose.

"Edepol," "by Pollux," or "by the temple of Pollux," and "Pol," "by Pollux," were the every-day oaths in the mouths of the Romans, and were used for the purpose of adding weight to the asseverations of the speaker. A literal translation of them throughout this work would hardly be in accordance with the euphony required by the English ear. They are therefore rendered throughout by such expressions as "i' faith," "troth," "by my troth," &c.

[1] *Indeed I fancy*)—Ver. 61. "Neque," which implies a negative, seems to be more in accordance with the sense of the passage than the affirmative "nempe," which is the reading of Ritschel; it has therefore been adopted.

[2] *Not to be knowing*)—Ver. 62. That is, "the risk you would run in taking her for your wife."

[3] *Just as one lives*)—Ver. 65. The meaning of this passage seems to be somewha obscure, and many of the Editions give this line to Megaronides. It is probable

Call. Why have you come?

Meg. That I may rebuke you soundly with many harsh words. Call. Me, *do you say?*

Meg. Is there any one else here besides you and me?

Call. (*looking about*). There is no one.

Meg. Why, then, do you ask if 'tis you I *mean to* rebuke? Unless, *indeed*, you think that I am about to reprove my own self. For if your former principles *now* flag in you, or if the manners *of the age* are working a change in your disposition, and if you preserve not those of the olden time, but are catching up *these* new ones, you will strike all your friends with a malady *so* direful, that they will turn sick at seeing and hearing you.

Call. How comes it into your mind to utter these expressions?

Meg. Because it becomes all good men and *all* good women to have a care to keep suspicion and guilt away from themselves.

Call. Both cannot be done. Meg. Why so?

Call. Do you ask? I am the keeper of my own heart, so as not to admit guilt *there;* suspicion is centred in the heart of another. For if now I should suspect that you had stolen the crown from the head of Jupiter in the Capitol[1], *the statue* which stands on the highest summit *of the temple;* if you had not done so, and still it should please me to suspect you, how could you prevent me from suspecting you? But I am anxious to know what this matter is.

however, that Callicles intends, as a consolation for them both, to say that life itself is a blessing, and that they ought not by unnecessary anxieties to shorten it, but rather to submit with patience to their domestic grievances.

[1] *In the Capitol*)—Ver. 84. Plautus does not much care about anachronism or dramatic precision; though the plot of the play is derived from the Greek, and the scene laid at Athens, he makes frequent reference to Roman localities and manners. It is probable that the expression here employed was proverbial at Rome, to signify a deed of daring and unscrupulous character. From ancient writers we learn that there was a statue of Jupiter seated in a chariot, placed on the roof of the Capitoline Temple. Tarquinius Priscus employed Etrurian artists to make a statue of pottery for this purpose; and the original chariot, with its four horses, was made of baked clay. In later and more opulent times, the crown placed on the statue was of great value, so much so as to act as a temptation to one Petilius, who attempted to steal it, and being caught in the fact, was afterwards nicknamed "Capitolinus." Mention is again made of this statue in the Menæchmi, act v, sc. 5, l. 38.

Meg. Have you any friend or intimate acquaintance whose judgment is correct?

Call. Troth, I'll tell you without reserve. There are some whom I know to be friends; there are some whom I suspect *to be so*, but whose dispositions and feelings I am unable to discover, whether they incline to the side of a friend or an enemy; but of my assured friends, you are the most assured. If you know that I have done anything unwittingly or wrongfully, *and* if you do not accuse me of it, *then* you yourself will be to blame.

Meg. I know it; and if I had come hither to you for any other purpose, you request what is right.

Call. If you have anything to say, I am waiting for it.

Meg. Then, first of all, you are badly spoken of in general conversation by the public. Your fellow-citizens are calling you greedy of grovelling gain[1]; and then, *again*, there are others who nickname you a vulture[2], *and say* that you care but little whether you devour enemies or fellow-citizens. Since I have heard these things said against you, I have, to my misery, been sadly agitated.

Call. It is, and it is not, in my power, Megaronides: as to their saying this, that is not *in my power;* as to their saying this deservedly, that is *in my power*.

Meg. Was this Charmides a friend of yours? (*He points to the house of* Charmides.)

Call. He *both* is and he was. That you may believe it to be so, I will tell you a circumstance as a proof. For after this son of his had squandered away his fortune, and he saw himself being reduced to poverty, and that his daughter was grown up a young woman, and that she who was both her mother and his own wife was dead; as he himself was about to go hence to Seleucia[3], he committed to my

[1] *Greedy of grovelling gain*)—Ver. 100. Plautus makes this into one word, "turpilucricupidum." Probably it was used as a nickname for avaricious persons. It is here attempted to be expressed by an alliteration. Thornton renders it "Gripeall."

[2] *A vulture*)—Ver. 101. Both on account of the sordid and greedy habits of that bird, and because, as is stated in the next line, it cares not which side supplies its maw when it follows the course of contending armies.

[3] *Hence to Seleucia*)—Ver. 112. There were several cities of this name. The one in Syria, a maritime city on the Orontes, near Antioch, is probably here referred to.

charge the maiden his daughter, and all his property, and that profligate son. These, I think, he would not have entrusted to me if he had been unfriendly to me.

MEG. What *say* you as to the young man, who you see to be *thus* profligate, *and* who has been entrusted to your care and confidence? Why do you not reform him? Why do you not train him to frugal habits? It would have been somewhat more just for you to give attention to that matter, if you could have somehow made him a better man, *and* not for you yourself to be a party to the same disreputable conduct, and share your dishonour with his disgrace?

CALL. What have I done?

MEG. That which a bad man *would do.*

CALL. That is no *name* of mine.

MEG. Have you not bought this house from *that* young man? (*A pause.*) Why are you silent? *This*, where you yourself are now living. (*He points to the house of* CHARMIDES.)

CALL. I did buy it, and I gave the money *for it*,—forty minæ[1], to the young man himself, into his own hand.

MEG. You gave the money, *do you say?*

CALL. 'Twas done; and I am not sorry 'twas done.

MEG. I' faith—a young man committed to untrusty keeping. Have you not by these means given him a sword with which to slay himself? For, prithee, what else is it, your giving ready money to a young man who loves *women*, and weak in intellect, with which to complete his edifice of folly which he had *already* commenced?

CALL. Ought I not to have paid him the money?

MEG. You ought not to have paid him; nor ought you either to have bought anything of or sold anything to him; nor should you have provided him with the means of becoming worse. Have you not taken in the person who was entrusted to you? Have you not driven out of his house the man who entrusted him to you? By my faith, a pretty

[1] *Forty minæ*)—Ver. 126. Unless he adds the adjective "aurea," "golden," Plautus always means silver "minæ." The "mina" was the sixtieth part of the Attic talent, and contained one hundred "drachmæ," of about ninepence three-farthings each.

trust, and a faithful guardianship! Leave him to take care of himself; he would manage his own affairs *much* better.

Call. You overpower me, Megaronides, with your accusations, in a manner so strange, that what was privately entrusted to my secrecy, fidelity, and constancy, for me to tell it to no one, nor make it public, the same I am now compelled to entrust to you.

Meg. Whatever you shall entrust to me, you shall take up *the same* where you have laid it down.

Call. Look round you, then, that no overlooker may be near us (Megaronides *looks on every side*); and look around every now and then, I beg of you.

Meg. I am listening if you have aught to say.

Call. If you will be silent, I will speak. At the time when Charmides set out hence for foreign parts, he showed me a treasure in this house, here in a certain closet—— (*He starts as if he hears a noise.*) But do look around.

Meg. There is no one.

Call. Of Philippean pieces[1] to the number of three thousand. Alone with myself, in tears, he entreated me, by our friendship and by my honour, not to entrust this to his son, nor yet to any one, from whom that might come to his knowledge. Now, if he comes back hither safe, I will restore to him his own. But if anything should happen to him, at all events I have *a stock* from which to give a marriage-portion to his daughter, who has been entrusted to me, that I may settle her in a condition of life that befits her.

Meg. O ye immortal gods! how soon, in a few words, you have made another man of me; I came to you *quite* a different person. But, as you have begun, proceed further to inform me.

Call. What shall I tell you? How that this worthless fellow had almost utterly ruined his caution and my own trustiness and all the secret.

Meg. How so?

Call. Because, while I was in the country for only six days, in my absence and without my knowledge, without

[1] *Of Philippean pieces*)—Ver. 152. These were gold coins much in circulation throughout Greece, struck by Philip, King of Macedon.

consulting me, he advertised with bills[1] this house for sale.

Meg. The wolf hungered the more, and opened his mouth the wider; he watched till[2] the dog went to sleep; and intended to carry off the whole entire flock.

Call. I' faith, he would have done it, if the dogs had not perceived this in time. But now, in my turn, I wish to ask you this: let me know what it was my duty for me to do. Whether was it right for me to discover the treasure to him, against which *very thing* his father had cautioned me, or should I have permitted another person to become the owner of this house? Ought that money to have belonged to him who bought the house? In preference, I myself bought the house; I gave the money for the sake of the treasure, that I might deliver it safe to my friend. I have not, then, bought this house either for myself or for my own use; for *Charmides* have I bought it back again; from my own *store* have I paid the money. This, whether it has been done rightfully or wrongfully, I own, Megaronides, that I have done. Here, then, are my misdeeds; here, then, is my avarice. Is it for these things that they spread false reports against me?

Meg. Stay—you have overcome your corrector. You have tied my tongue; there is nothing for me to say in answer.

Call. Now I entreat you to aid me with your assistance and counsel, and to share this duty of mine in common with me.

Meg. I promise you my assistance.

Call. Where, then, will you be a short time hence?

Meg. At home.

Call. Do you wish anything else?

Meg. Attend to the trust reposed in you.

Call. That is being carefully done.

Meg. But how say you——?

[1] *Advertised with bills*)—Ver. 168. The method among the Romans of letting, or selling houses, was similar to ours. A bill was fixed upon the house, or some conspicuous place near it, inscribed with "Ædes locandæ," "This house to be let," or "Ædes vendundæ," "This house for sale."

[2] *He watched till)*—Ver. 170. He alludes to the conduct of Lesbonicus, who watched for the absence of his guardian, Callicles, that he might sell the house. This he would attempt to do, probably, on the plea that his father, not having been heard of for a long time, must be presumed to be dead, and the house has consequently descended to him, as his heir.

CALL. What do you want?

MEG. Where is the young man living now?

CALL. This back part[1] of the building he retained when he sold the house.

MEG. That I wanted to know. Now, then, go at once. But what say you, where is the damsel now? She is at your house, I suppose?

CALL. She is so; I take care of her almost as much as of my own *daughter*.

MEG. You act properly.

CALL. Before I go away, are you going to ask me anything else?

MEG. Farewell. (*Exit* CALLICLES.) Really, there is nothing more foolish or more stupid, nothing more lying or indeed more tattling, more self-conceited or more forsworn, than those men of this city everlastingly gossiping about, whom they call Busybodies[2]. And thus have I enlisted myself in their ranks together with them; who have been the swallower of the false tales of those who pretend that they know everything, and *yet* know nothing. They know, *forsooth*, what each person either has in his mind, or is likely to have; they know what the king whispered in the ear of the queen; they know what Juno talked about in conversation with Jupiter; that which neither is nor is likely to be, do these fellows know. Whether they praise or dispraise any one they please, falsely or truly, they care not a straw, so they know that which they

[1] *The back part*)—Ver. 194. "Posticulum" probably means detached buildings at the back of the house, and within the garden walls, which adjoin the "posticum" or "posticula," the "back door" or "garden-gate."

[2] *Call Busybodies*)—Ver. 202. The word "Scurra," which is here rendered "busybody," originally meant "a fellow-townsman," well to do in life, and a pleasant companion. In time, however, the word came to have a bad signification attached to it, and to mean an idle fellow, who did nothing but go about cracking his jokes at the expense of others, gossiping, and mischief-making, and at last to signify "a clown," "buffoon," or "mimic" on the stage. These men are most probably termed here "assidui," "everlasting gossipers," from a habit which many people have of making frequent calls on their neighbours, sitting down, and never thinking of taking their departure till they have exhausted all their stock of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. Gossiping was notoriously the propensity of the Athenians. Numbers did nothing but saunter about the city, and go from spot to spot, with the question τι καινον̃, "Any news?" Few will fail to remember the censure of them in the Seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, v. 21: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

choose to know. All people were in the habit of saying that this Callicles was unworthy of this state, and, himself, to exist, who had despoiled this young man of his property. From the reports of these tale-bearers, in my ignorance I rushed forward to rebuke my guiltless friend. But if the authority was always required from the foundation, upon which they speak of anything they have heard, unless that clearly appeared, the matter ought to be to the peril and loss of the tale-bearer. If this were so, it would be for the public benefit. I would cause those to be but few, who know that which they do not know[1], and *I would make them* have their silly chattering more restricted. (*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.

Enter Lysiteles.

Lys. I am revolving many things in my mind at once, *and* much uneasiness do I find in thinking upon them. I tease, and fret, and wear myself out; a mind that enjoins a hard task[2] is now my master. But this thing is not clear to me, nor has it been enough studied by me, which pursuit of these two I should rather follow for myself; which of the two I should think of the greater stability for passing my life *therein:* whether it were preferable for me to devote myself to love or to aggrandisement; in which alternative there is more enjoyment of life in passing one's days. On this point I am not fully satisfied. But this I think I'll do, that I may weigh both the points together, I must be both judge and culprit in this trial: I'll do so—I like it much. First of all, I will enlarge upon the pursuits of love, how they conduce *to one's welfare.* Love never expects any but the willing man to throw himself in his toils; these he seeks for, these he follows up, *and* craftily counsels against their interests. He is a fawning flatterer, a rapacious grappler[3], a deceiver, a

[1] *They do not know*)—Ver. 221. That is, "who only pretend to know."

[2] *That enjoins a hard task*)—Ver. 226. "Exercitor" means the "instructor or "training master" in the Gymnastic exercises. Of course, to beginners, the "exercitores" would be hard task-masters.

[3] *A rapacious grappler*)—Ver. 239. "Harpago" means either a "grappling-iron" or a "flesh-hook." It was often made in the form of a hand, with the

sweet-tooth, a spoiler, a corrupter of men who court retirement, a pryer into secrets. For he that is in love, soon as ever he has been smitten with the kisses of the object that he loves, forthwith his substance vanishes out of doors *and* melts away. "Give me this thing[1], my honey, if you love me, if you *possibly* can." And then this gudgeon says: "O apple of my eye, be it so: both that shall be given you, and still more, if you wish it to be given." *Then* does she strike while he is wavering[2]; *and* now she begs for more. Not enough is this evil, unless there is still something more—what to eat, what to drink. A thing that creates[3] *a further* expense, the favour of a night is granted; a whole family is *then* introduced for her—a wardrobe-woman[4], a perfume-keeper[5], a cofferer, fan-bearers[6], sandal-bearers[7], singing-girls, casket-

fingers bent inwards. The grappling-iron was used to throw at the enemy's ship, where it seized the rigging and dragged the vessel within reach, so that it might be easily boarded and destroyed. Cupid is so called here, figuratively, from his insidious approaches, and the difficulty which his victims have in shaking him off

[1] *Give me this thing*)—Ver. 244. This is supposed to be pronounced in a mincing or affected way, to imitate the wheedling manners of the frail tempter.

[2] *While he is wavering*)—Ver. 247. Literally, "she strikes him as he hangs." Lindemann seems to think that there is a play upon the word "pendentem," which would apply either to the slave, who, according to the barbarous custom of the Romans, was lashed as he hung from the hook to which he was fastened by the hands, or to the lover who is hesitating between assent and refusal; on which she, by her artfulness—"ferit"—"strikes the decisive blow." Terence has the expression "ferior munere," "to strike with a present."

[3] *A thing that creates*)—Ver. 250. This passage is here read with a period after "comest," and not after "sumpti," as Ritschel's edition has it. This seems more agreeable to the sense of the passage, which is, however, probably in a corrupt state.

[4] *Wardrobe-woman*)—Ver. 252. The duty of the "vestiplica" would be to fold up and try the clothes of her mistress. These slaves were also called "vestispicæ," and servants "a veste."

[5] *A perfume-keeper*)—Ver. 252. The "unctor" was probably a male slave, whose duty it was to procure and keep the perfumes and unguents for his mistress.

[6] *Fan-bearers*)—Ver. 252. Both male and female slaves, and eunuchs, were employed to fan their mistresses. The fans were of elegant form and beautiful colours, and were frequently made of peacocks' feathers, being of a stiff shape, and not pliable, like ours. They were used both for the purpose of cooling the air and driving away flies and gnats.

[7] *Sandal-bearers*)—Ver. 252. The sandal was often one of the most costly articles of the female dress, being much adorned with embroidery and gold. Originally it was worn by both sexes, and consisted of a wooden sole, fastened with

keepers[1], messengers, news-carriers, *so many* wasters of his bread and substance. The lover himself, while to them he is complaisant, becomes a beggar. When I revolve these things in my mind, and when I reflect how little one is valued when he is in need; away with you, Love—I like you not—no converse do I hold with you. Although 'tis sweet to feast and to carouse, Love still gives bitters enough to be distasteful. He avoids the Courts[2] of justice, he drives away your relations, *and* drives yourself away from your own contemplation. Nor do men wish that he should be called their friend. In a thousand ways is Love to be held a stranger, to be kept at a distance, and to be *wholly* abstained from. For he who plunges into love, perishes more dreadfully than if he leapt from a rock. Away with you, Love, if you please; keep your own[3] property to yourself. Love, never be you a friend of mine; some there are, however, whom, in their misery, you may keep miserable and wretched—those whom you have easily rendered submissive to yourself. My fixed determination is to apply my mind to my advancement in life, although, in that, great labour is undergone by the mind. Good men wish these things for themselves, gain, credit, and honour, glory, and esteem; these are the rewards of the upright. It delights me, then, the more, to live together with the upright rather than with the deceitful promulgators of lies.

thongs to the foot. In latter times, its use was confined to females, and a piece of leather covered the toes, while thongs, elegantly decorated, were attached to it. From the present passage it appears that it was the duty of a particular slave to take charge of sandals.

[1] *Casket-keepers*)—Ver. 253. The "cistellatrix" probably had charge of the jewel casket of her mistress. The present passage shows in what affluence and splendour some of the courtesans lived in those days.

[2] *Avoids the Courts*)—Ver. 261. Shakspeare has a somewhat similar passage in Romeo and Juliet:

> "But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
> Should in the furthest East begin to draw
> The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
> Away from light steals home my heavy son,
> And private in his chamber pens himself,
> Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
> And makes himself an artificial night."

[3] *Keep your own*)—Ver. 266. This is as much as to say, "I divorce myself from you, and utterly repudiate you." The words "tuas res tibi habeto" were the formula solemnly pronounced among the Romans by the husband in cases of divorce, when he delivered back to the wife her own separate property.

Scene II.

Enter Philto.

Phil. (*looking about*). Where has this man betaken himself out of doors from the house?

Lys. (*coming up to him*). I am here, father; command me what you will, and I shall cause no delay to you, nor will I hide myself in any skulking-place out of your sight.

Phil. You will be doing what is consonant to the rest of your conduct if you reverence your father. By your duty *to me*, my son, I wish you, for my sake, not to hold any converse with profligate men, either in the street or in the Forum. I know this age—what its manners are. The bad man wishes the good man to be bad, that he may be like himself. The wicked, the rapacious, the covetous, *and* the envious, disorder *and* confound the morals *of the age*: a crew gaping *for gain*, they hold the sacred thing as profane—the public *advantage* as the private *emolument*. At these things do I grieve, these are the matters that torment me. These things am I constantly repeating both day and night, that you may use due precaution *against them*. They only deem it right to keep their hands off that which they cannot touch with their hands; as to the rest, seize it, carry it off, keep it, be off *and* go hide, *that is the word with them*. These things, when I behold them, draw tears from me, because I have survived to *see* such a race of men. Why have I not rather descended to the dead[1] ere this? For these men praise the manners of our ancestors, and defile those same persons whom they commend. With regard, *then*, to these pursuits, I enjoin you not to taint your disposition with them. Live after my fashion, and according to the ancient manners; what I am prescribing to you, the same do you remember and practise. I have no patience with these fashionable manners, upsetting preconceived notions, with which good men are *now* disgracing themselves. If you follow these my injunctions to you, many a good maxim will take root in your breast.

[1] *To the dead*)—Ver. 291. "Ad plures," "to the many," signifies "the dead, inasmuch as they are more in number than the living. It was probably used as a euphemism, as to make mention of death was considered ominous of ill. Homer, in the Odyssey, uses τους πλειονὰς in a similar sense.

Lys. From my earliest youth, even up to this *present* age, I have always, father, paid all submission to the injunctions you have given. So far as my nature was concerned, I considered that I was free; so far as your injunctions were concerned, I deemed it proper that my mind should pay all submission to you.

Phil. The man who is struggling with his inclination from his earliest age, whether he ought to prefer to be so, as his inclination thinks it proper that he should be, or whether, rather so as his parents and his relations wish him to be—if his inclination conquers that man, it is all over with him; he is the slave of his inclination *and* not of himself. But if he conquers his inclination, he *truly* lives *and* shall be famed as a conqueror of conquerors. If you have conquered your inclination rather than your inclination you, you have reason to rejoice. 'Tis better by far that you should be such as you ought to be, than such as pleases your inclination. Those who conquer the inclination will ever be esteemed better men than those whom the inclination *subdues*.

Lys. I have ever esteemed these maxims as the shield of my *youthful* age; never to betake myself to any place where vice was the order of the day[1], never to go to stroll about at night, nor to take from another that which is his. I have taken all precautions, my father, that I might not cause you uneasiness; I have ever kept your precepts in due preservation[2] by my own rule of conduct.

Phil. *And* do you reproach me, because you have acted aright? For yourself have you done so, not for me: my life, indeed, is nearly past[3]; this matter principally concerns your own. Keep on overlaying[4] good deeds with other good

[1] *Where vice was the order of the day*)—Ver. 314. "Damni conciliabulum." Literally, "the place of counsel for wickedness."

[2] *In due preservation*)—Ver. 317. Buildings were said to be "sarta tecta," "in good repair," when the roof was proof against rain. The expression is here used figuratively, to signify, "I have punctually observed your injunctions."

[3] *Is nearly past*)—Ver. 319. It is worthy of remark that this line is quoted by Cicero in his second Epistle to Brutus: "Sed de hoc tu videris. De me possum dicere idem quod Plautinus pater in Trinummo, 'mihi quidem ætas acta ferme est.'" "As for that matter, it is your concern. For my own part, I may say with the father in the Trinummus of Plautus, 'my life is nearly past'"

[4] *Keep on overlaying*)—Ver. 320. Philto is most probably alluding to the metaphorical expression, "sarta tecta," used just before by his son; and he tells him

deeds, that the rain may not come through. He is the upright man who is not content *with it*, however upright and however honest he may *chance to* be. He who readily gives satisfaction to himself, is not the upright man, nor is he really honest: he who thinks *but* meanly of himself, in him is there a tendency to well-doing.

Lys. For this reason, father, I have thought that since there is a certain thing that I wish for, I would request it of you.

Phil. What is it? I am already longing to give assent.

Lys. A young man here, of noble family, my friend and years' mate, who has managed his own affairs but heedlessly and unthinkingly—I wish, father, to do him a service, if you are not unwilling.

Phil. From your own means, I suppose?

Lys. From my own means—for what is yours is mine, and all mine is yours.

Phil. What is he doing? Is he in want?

Lys. He is in want.

Phil. Had he property? Lys. He had.

Phil. How did he lose it? Was he connected with public business[1], or with commercial matters? Had he merchandise or wares to sell, when he lost his property?

Lys. None of these. Phil. What then?

Lys. I' faith, my father, by his good-nature. Besides, to indulge his tastes, he wasted some part of it in luxury.

Phil. By my troth now! a fellow spoken of boldly, and as on familiar terms;—one, indeed, who has never dissipated his fortune by any good means, and is *now* in want. I cannot brook that, with qualities of that description, he should be your friend.

Lys. 'Tis because he is without any bad disposition that I wish to relieve his wants.

Phil. He deserves ill of a beggar who gives him what to eat or to drink; for he both loses that which he gives

that the only way to keep rain from coming in at the roof (that is, to keep evil thoughts out of the mind) is to overlay one good deed with another, just as tile is laid upon tile.

[1] *With public business*)—Ver. 331. He means by this expression, "has he been farming the taxes or the public lands?" which of course would be a pursuit attended with considerable risk.

and prolongs for the other a life of misery. I do not say this because I am unwilling and would not readily do what you desire; but when I apply these expressions to that same person, I am warning you beforehand, so to have compassion on others, that others may not have to pity you.

Lys. I am ashamed to desert him, and to deny him aid in his adversity.

Phil. I' troth, shame is preferable to repentance by just as many letters[1] *as it consists of.*

Lys. In good sooth, father, by the care of the Gods, and of my forefathers, and your own, I may say that we possess much property, honestly obtained. If you do a service to a friend, it ought not to make you repent that you have done so; it ought rather to cause you shame if you do not do it.

Phil. If from great wealth you subtract something, does it become more or less?

Lys. Less, father. But do you know what is wont to be repeated to the niggardly citizen[2]? "That which thou hast mayst thou not have, and mayst thou have that misfortune which thou hast not; since thou canst neither endure it to be enjoyed by thyself nor by another."

Phil. I know, indeed, that so it usually is: but, my son, he is the *truly* niggardly man[3] that has nought with which to pay his dues.

Lys. By the care of the Gods, we have, father, both *enough for us* to enjoy ourselves, and with which to do kind offices to kind-hearted men.

[1] *By just as many letters*)—Ver. 345. Commentators differ as to the meaning of this passage, which is somewhat obscure. Philto seems to say that shame before doing an unwise action is every way preferable to repentance after having done it; preferable, indeed, by each individual letter it is composed of, or, as we should say in common parlance, "every inch of it."

[2] *Niggardly citizen*)—Ver. 350. "Immunis" means one that does not bear his share in the taxes and tribute of the state, or, in other words, pay his scot and lot. Hence, with an extended signification, it means one that will not out of his abundance assist the distress of others, and who is, consequently, a niggardly and covetous person.

[3] *Truly niggardly man*)—Ver. 354. Philto here alludes to the primary meaning of the word "immunis;" and hints that it may be more properly applied to Lesbonicus, who has reduced himself to poverty by his extravagance, than to himself; inasmuch as he is now perforce 'immunis," not having wherewithal to pay the public dues and taxes.

PHIL. Troth, I am not able to refuse you anything that you ask *of me*. Whose poverty do you wish to relieve? Speak out boldly to your father.

LYS. *That of* this young man Lesbonicus, the son of Charmides, who lives there. (*He points to the house of* CHARMIDES.)

PHIL. Why, hasn't he devoured both what he had, and what he had not[1]?

LYS. Censure him not, my father: many things happen to a man which he likes, *many*, *too*, which he does not like.

PHIL. Troth, you say falsely, son; *and* you are doing so now not according to your usual wont. For the prudent man, i' faith, really frames his own fortunes for himself: many things, therefore, do not happen which he does not like, unless he is a bungling workman.

LYS. Much labour is requisite for this workmanship in him who seeks to be a clever workman in fashioning his life—but he is still very young.

PHIL. Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired. Age is the relish of wisdom—wisdom is the nutriment of old age. However, come, say what you wish now to give him.

LYS. Nothing at all, father. Do you only not hinder me from accepting it if he should give anything to me.

PHIL. And will you be relieving his poverty by that, if you shall accept anything of him?

LYS. By that very *means*, my father.

PHIL. Faith, I wish that you would instruct me in that method.

LYS. Certainly. Do you know of what family he is born?

PHIL. I know—of an extremely honourable one.

LYS. He has a sister—a fine young woman *now* grown up: I wish, father, to take her without a portion for my wife.

PHIL. A wife without a portion?

LYS. Just so—your riches saved *as well*. By these means you will be conferring an extreme favour on him, and in no way could you help him to greater advantage.

PHIL. Am I to suffer you *to take* a wife without a portion?

[1] *What he had not*)—Ver. 360. That is, by the dishonest expedient of running into debt for it.

Lys. You must suffer it, father; and by these means you will be giving an estimable character to our family.

Phil. I could give utterance to many a learned saying, and very fluently too: this old age of mine retains stories of old and ancient times. But, since I see that you are courting friendship and esteem for our family, although I have been opposed to you, I thus give my decision—I will permit you; ask *for the girl, and* marry her.

Lys. May the Gods preserve you to me. But, to this favour add one thing.

Phil. But what is this one thing?

Lys. I will tell you. Do you go to him, do you solicit him, *and* do you ask for her yourself.

Phil. Think of that now.

Lys. You will transact it much more speedily: all will be made sure of that you do. One word of yours in this matter will be of more consequence than a hundred of mine.

Phil. See, now, how, in my kindness, I have undertaken this matter. My assistance shall be given.

Lys. You *really* are a kind *father.* This is the house; here he dwells. (*He points to the house of* Charmides.) Lesbonicus is his name. Mind and attend to the business; I will await you at home. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Philto, *alone.*

Phil. These things are not for the best, nor as I think they ought to be; but *still,* they are better than that which is downright bad. But this one circumstance consoles myself and my thoughts—*namely,* that he who counsels in respect to a son nothing else but that which pleases himself alone, *only* plays the fool; he becomes wretched in mind, *and yet* he is no nearer bringing it about. He is preparing a very inclement winter for his own old age when he arouses that unseasonable storm. (*The door of the house of* Charmides *opens.*) But the house is opened to which I was going; *most* conveniently, Lesbonicus himself is coming out of doors with his servant. (Philto *retires to a distance.*)

Scene IV.

Enter Lesbonicus *and* Stasimus.

Lesb. 'Tis less than fifteen days since you received from Callicles forty minæ for this house; is it not as I say, Stasimus?

Stas. When I consider, I think I remember that it was so.

Lesb. What has been done with it?

Stas. It has been eaten and drunk up—spent away in unguents, washed away in baths[1]. The fishmonger *and* the baker have carried it off: butchers, *too, and* cooks, greengrocers, perfumers, *and* poulterers; 'twas quickly consumed. I' faith! that money was made away with not less speedily than if you were to throw a poppy among the ants.

Lesb. By my troth, less has been spent on those items than six minæ?

Stas. Besides, what have you given to your mistresses?

Lesb. That I am including as well in it.

Stas. Besides, what have I pilfered of it?

Lesb. Aye, that item is a very heavy one.

Stas. That cannot *so* appear to you, if you make all due deductions[2], unless you think that your money is everlasting. (*Aside.*) Too late and unwisely,—a caution that should have been used before,—after he has devoured his substance, he reckons up the account too late.

Lesb. The account, however, of this money is by no means clear.

Stas. I' faith, the account is *very* clear: the money's gone[3]. Did you not receive forty minæ from Callicles, and did he *not* receive from you the house in possession?

[1] *Washed away in baths*)—Ver. 409. This will probably refer, not to the money paid for mere bathing at the public baths, which was a "quadrans," the smallest Roman coin, but to the expense of erecting private baths, which generally formed a portion of the luxuries of a Roman house. The public baths, however, may have possibly been the scene of much profligacy, and have afforded to the reckless and dissipated ample opportunities for squandering their money. That this may have been the fact, is rendered the more likely when we consider the equivocal signification of the word "bagnio."

[2] *Make all due deductions*)—Ver. 414. "Si sumas." Literally, "if you subtract."

[3] *The money's gone*)—Ver. 419. Instead of a Latin word, the Greek οἴχεται

LESB. Very good.

PHILTO (*aside*). Troth, I think our neighbour has sold his house[1]. When his father shall come from abroad, his place is in the *beggar's* gate[2], unless, perchance, he should creep into his son's stomach[3].

STAS. There were a thousand Olympic drachmæ[4] paid to the banker[5], which you were owing upon account.

is introduced, which means "is gone," or "has vanished." Greek terms were current at Rome, just as French words and sentences are imported into our language; indeed, the fashions of Rome were very generally set by the Greeks.

[1] *Has sold his house*)—Ver. 422. He feels satisfied now that Lysiteles has been correctly informed, and that Lesbonicus really is in difficulties.

[2] *The beggar's gate*)—Ver. 423. He probably alludes to the "Porta Trigemina" at Rome, which was upon the road to Ostia. It received its name from the three twin-born brothers, the Horatii, who passed beneath it when going to fight the Curiatii. This, being one of the largest and most frequented roads in Rome, was especially the resort of mendicants; among whom, in the opinion of Philto, the father of Lesbonicus will have to take his place. Some Commentators would read "ponte" instead of "portâ," and they think that the allusion is to the Sublician bridge at Rome, where we learn from Seneca and Juvenal that the beggars used to sit and ask alms.

[3] *His son's stomach*)—Ver. 424. He satirically alludes to the reckless conduct of Lesbonicus, who has spent everything to satisfy his love for eating, drinking, and debauchery.

[4] *Olympic drachmæ*)—Ver. 425. As already mentioned, the "drachma" was about ninepence three-farthings in value. As one hundred made a "mina," one-fourth of the price received for the house would go to satisfy the banker's claim.

[5] *To the banker*)—Ver. 426. The "Trapezitæ" were the same as the "Argentarii" at Rome, who were bankers and money-changers on their own account, while the "Mensarii" transacted business on behalf of the state. Their shops, or offices, were situate around the Forum, and were public property. Their principal business was the exchange of Roman for foreign coin, and the keeping of sums of money for other persons, which were deposited with or without interest, according to agreement. They acted as agents for the sale of estates, and a part of their duty was to test the genuineness of coin, and, in later times, to circulate it from the mint among the people. Lending money at a profit was also part of their business. It is supposed that among the Romans there was a higher and a lower class of "argentarii." The more respectable of them probably held the position of the banker of modern times; while those who did business on a paltry scale, or degraded themselves by usury, were not held in any esteem. Their shops, being public property, were built under the inspection of the Censors, and by them were let to the "argentarii." "Trapezitæ," as they are here called, was properly the Greek name for these persons, who were so styled from the τραπεζα, or "table," at which they sat. All will remember the "tables of the money-changers" mentioned in the New Testament. The "mensarii" were employed to lend out the public money to borrowers at interest.

LESB. Those, I suppose, that I was security for[1]?

STAS. Say, rather[2], "Those that I paid down"—for that young man whom you used to say[3] was *so* rich.

LESB. It was so done.

STAS. Yes, just to be squandered away.

LESB. That was done as well. But I saw him in a pitiable state, and I did have pity on him.

STAS. You have pity on others, and you have neither pity nor shame for yourself.

PHIL. (*aside*). 'Tis time to accost him.

LESB. Is this Philto that is coming here? Troth, 'tis he himself.

STAS. I' faith, I could wish he was my slave, together with his savings[4].

PHIL. Philto right heartily wishes health to *both* master and servant, Lesbonicus and Stasimus.

LESB. May the Gods give you, Philto, whatever you may wish for. How is your son?

PHIL. He wishes well to you.

LESB. In good sooth, he does for me what I do for him in return!

STAS. (*aside*). That phrase, "He wishes well," is worthless, unless a person does well *too*. I, too, "wish" to be a free man; I wish in vain. He, *perhaps*, might wish to become frugal; he would wish to no purpose.

PHIL. My son has sent me to you to propose an alliance and bond of friendship between himself and your family. He

[1] *I was security for*)—Ver. 427. "Spondeo," "I promise," was a term used on many occasions among the Romans, derived from the Greek σπενδόμαι, "to pour out a libation;" the usual mode of ratifying a treaty. Among others, it was pronounced by a person when he became security that another should repay money, as Lesbonicus, to his misfortune, had done in the present instance.

[2] *Say, rather*)—Ver. 427. Stasimus will not allow his master to mince the matter in the slightest degree. "Don't say 'I was security for it,' but 'I paid it down.'"

[3] *You used to say*)—Ver. 428. He probably alludes to some former occasion, on which his master, having been duped into the belief, was telling him of the extraordinary wealth of his new acquaintance.

[4] *With his savings*)—Ver. 434. "Peculium" was the property amassed by a slave out of his savings, which he was permitted to keep as his own. According to the strictness of the law, the "peculium" was the property of the master. Sometimes it was agreed that the slave should purchase his freedom with his "peculium" when it amounted to a certain sum.

wishes to take your sister for his wife; and I have the same feelings, and I desire it.

LESB. I *really* don't understand your ways; amid your prosperity you are laughing at my adversity.

PHIL. I am a man[1]: you are a man. So may Jupiter love me, I have neither come to laugh at you, nor do I think you deserving *of it!* But as to what I said, my son begged me to ask for your sister as his wife.

LESB. It is right that I should know the state of my own circumstances. My position is not on an equal footing with yours; seek some other alliance for yourselves.

STAS. (*to* LESBONICUS). Are you really sound in mind or intellect to refuse this proposal? For I perceive that he has been found for you a *very* friend in need[2].

LESB. Get away hence, and go hang yourself[3].

STAS. Faith, if I should commence to go, you would be forbidding me[4].

LESB. Unless you want me, Philto, for anything else, I have given you my answer.

PHIL. I trust, Lesbonicus, that you will *one day* be more obliging to me than I now find you to be. For both to act[5] unwisely and to talk unwisely, Lesbonicus, are sometimes neither of them profitable.

[1] *I am a man*)—Ver. 447. This is somewhat like the celebrated line in Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil alienum a me puto,"

"I am a man, nothing that is human do I think unbecoming to me."

[2] *Friend in need*)—Ver. 456. "Ferentarius." The "ferentarii" were the light-armed troops, who, being unencumbered with heavy armour, were ready to come immediately and opportunely to the assistance of those who were in danger of being overpowered by the army. The word is here used figuratively, to signify "a friend in need."

[3] *And go hang yourself*)—Ver. 457. The word 'dierecte" is supposed to come from an obsolete verb, "dierigo," "to extend out on both sides," and to allude to a punishment inflicted upon slaves, when they were fastened to a stake in the ground, with the arms and legs extended. Applied to a slave, it would be an opprobrious expression, equivalent to "go and be hanged."

[4] *Be forbidding me*)—Ver. 457. He means, that if he should take his master at his word and go away, he would be the first to stop him.

[5] *Both to act*)—Ver. 461-2. The exact meaning of these lines is somewhat obscure. Thornton's translation is:

—— Or in word
Or deed to play the trifler would ill suit
One of my years.

STAS. Troth, he says what's true.

LESB. I will tear out your eye if you add one word.

STAS. Troth, but I will talk; for if I may not be allowed *to do* so as I am, then I will *submit to* be called the one-eyed man[1].

PHIL. Do you now say this, that your position and means are not on an equal footing with ours?

LESB. I do say *so*.

PHIL. Well, suppose, now, you were to come to a building to a *public* banquet, and a wealthy man by chance were to come there as your neighbour[2]. The banquet is set on table, one that they style a public one[3]. Suppose that dainties were heaped up before him by his dependents, *and* suppose anything pleased you that was *so* heaped up before him, would you eat, or would you keep your place next to this wealthy man, going without your dinner?

LESB. I should eat, unless he were to forbid me doing so.

STAS. But I, by my faith, even if he were to forbid me, would eat and cram with both cheeks stuffed out; and what pleased him, that, in especial, would I lay hold of beforehand; nor would I yield to him one jot of my *very* existence. At table it befits no one to be bashful; for there the decision[4] is about things both divine and human.

[1] *The one-eyed man)*—Ver. 465. He means that he is determined to speak out at all risks, even if his master should be as good as his word, and tear his eye out.

[2] *As your neighbour)*—Ver. 469. "Par" here means a close neighbour, as reclining next to him on the same "triclinium," or "couch," at the entertainment.

[3] *Style a public one)*—Ver. 470. It is not certain what kind of public banquets are here referred to. Public entertainments were given to the people on the occasion of any public rejoicing: such, for instance, as a triumph, as we learn from Suetonius in his life of Julius Cæsar. They were also given when the tenths were paid to Hercules. The clients, also, of the Patricians were in the habit of giving entertainments to their patrons on festival days, when each client contributed his share in kind; and numerous invitations were given, abundance and hospitality being the order of the day. Sometimes these feasts were held in a temple, and perhaps they are here referred to. There were also frequent entertainments in the "Curiæ," or "Court-houses" of Rome, at which the "curiales," or men of the "curia," or "ward," met together.

[4] *There the decision)*—Ver. 479. Scaliger supposes that Stasimus is making a parody on the transaction of business by the Senate, who were said "to give their decisions on matters sacred and human;" and that he means to say that the feast is his Senate-house, and the food are the things sacred and human which he is bound to discuss, without respect for anybody.

PHIL. You say what is the fact.

STAS. I will tell you without *any* subterfuge: I would make place for him on the highway, on the footpath, in *the canvass for* public honors; but as to what concerns the stomach—by my troth, not this much (*shows the breadth of his finger-nail*), unless he should *first* have thrashed me with his fists. With provisions at the present prices, a feast is a fortune without incumbrances[1].

PHIL. Always, Lesbonicus, do you take care and think this, that that is the best, according as you yourself are the most deserving: if that you cannot *attain to*, at least be as near as possible to the most deserving. *And* now, Lesbonicus, I wish you to grant and accept these terms which I propose, and which I ask of you. The Gods are rich; wealth and station befit the Gods: but we poor mortal beings are, *as it were*, the salt-cellar[2] for *the salt of* life. The moment that we have breathed forth this, the beggar is held of equal value at Acheron[3] with the most wealthy man when dead.

STAS. (*aside*). It will be a wonder if you don't carry your riches there with you. When you are dead, you may, *perhaps*, be as good as your name imports[4].

PHIL. Now, that you may understand that position and

[1] *Without incumbrances)*—Ver. 484. Every Roman family of consequence was bound to perform particular sacrifices, which were not only ordained by the pontifical laws, but the obligation was also rendered hereditary by the civil law, and ordered to be observed by the law of the Twelve Tables: "Sacra privata perpetua manento," "Let private sacrifices remain perpetual." This law is quoted and commented upon by Cicero in his Second Book on the Laws. He there tells us that "heirs are obliged to continue their sacrifices, be they ever so expensive; and for this reason, as by the above law these sacrifices were to be maintained, no one was presumed to be better able to supply the place of the deceased person than his heir." A property exempt from this necessity, might be truly said to be one without incumbrances.

[2] *The salt-cellar)*—Ver. 492. By this expression, Plautus seems to mean that life is to the body as salt is to flesh; it preserves it from corruption.

[3] *At Acheron)*—Ver. 494. Acheron was a river of the Brutii in Campania. There was another river of this name in Epirus. The word usually denotes one of the rivers of Hell; here it means the Infernal regions themselves.

[4] *As your name imports)*—Ver. 496. The meaning of Stasimus is—"Perhaps when you are dead, in leaving your property to another, you may really prove yourself the amiable man your name would bespeak you to be;" Philto being derived from the Greek φιλέω, "to love."

means have no place here, and that we do not undervalue your alliance; I ask for your sister without a marriage-portion. May the matter turn out happily. Do I understand her to be promised? Why are you silent?

STAS. O immortal Gods, what a proposal!

PHIL. Why don't you say, "May the Gods prosper it. I agree[1]?"

STAS. (*aside*). Alas! when there was no advantage in the expression, he used to say, "I agree;" now, when there is advantage *in it*, he is not able to say so.

LESB. Since you think me, Philto, worthy of an alliance with you, I return you many thanks. But though this fortune of *mine* has sadly diminished through my folly, I have, Philto, a piece of land near the city here; that I will give as a portion to my sister: for, after *all* my follies, that alone, besides my existence, is left me.

PHIL. Really I care nothing at all about a portion.

LESB. I am determined to give her *one*.

STAS. (*whispers to* LESBONICUS). And are you ready, master, to sever that nurse from us which is supporting us? Take care how you do it. What are we ourselves to eat in future?

LESB. (*to* STASIMUS). Once more, will you hold your tongue? Am I to be rendered accountable to you?

STAS. (*aside*). We are evidently done for, unless I devise something or other. Philto, I want you. (*He removes to a distance, and beckons to* PHILTO.)

PHIL. If you wish aught, Stasimus.

STAS. Step a little this way.

PHIL. By all means.

STAS. I tell you this in secrecy, that neither he nor any one else may learn it of you.

PHIL. Trust me boldly with anything you please.

[1] *I agree*)—Ver. 502. "Spondeo" was a word in general use to denote that the person entered into a promise or engagement. Being the nearest male relation of the damsel, Philto wishes Lesbonicus to close the matter by saying "spondeo," "I agree to betroth her," which he hesitates to do; on which, Stasimus, alluding to his having been the security for the thousand drachmæ, tells him that he had been ready enough to say "spondeo" when it was not to his advantage; namely, at the time when he said "spondeo," "I promise," and became the security to the banker for his friend. See Note 1 in page 24.

Stas. By Gods and men I warn you, not to allow that piece of land ever to become yours or your son's. I'll tell you my reasons for this matter.

Phil. Troth, I should like to hear them.

Stas. First of all *then*, when at any time the ground is being ploughed, in every fifth furrow the oxen die.

Phil. Preserve me from it.

Stas. The gate of Acheron is in *that* land of ours. Then the grapes, before they are ripe, hang in a putrid state.

Lesb. (*in a low voice*). He is persuading the man to something, I think. Although he is a rogue, still he is not unfaithful to me.

Stas. Hear the rest. Besides that, when elsewhere the harvest of wheat is most abundant, there it comes up less by one-fourth than what you have sowed.

Phil. Ah! bad habits ought to be sown on that spot, if in the sowing they can be killed.

Stas. And never is there any person to whom that piece of land belongs, but that his affairs turn out most unfortunate. Of those to whom it has belonged, some have gone away in banishment; some are dead outright; some, *again*, have hanged themselves. See this man, now, to whom it belongs, how he has been brought to a regular backgammoned state[1].

Phil. Preserve me from this piece of land.

Stas. "Preserve me from it," you would say still more, if you were to hear everything from me. For there every other tree has been blasted with lightning; the hogs die[2] there most shockingly of inflammation in the throat; the sheep are scabby, as bare *of all wool*, see, as is this hand *of mine*. And then, besides, there is not one of the Syrian natives[3],

[1] *Backgammoned state*)—Ver. 837. "Ad incitas redactus, "brought to a stand-still," was a term borrowed from the game of "Duodecim Scripta," or "twelve points," and was applied when one of the parties got all his men on the twelfth point, and, being able to move no further, lost the game in consequence. Probably the game partook of the nature of both backgammon and chess.

[2] *The hogs die*)—Ver. 540. From Pliny the Elder we learn that "angina," or swelling of the throat, was a common distemper among hogs.

[3] *The Syrian natives*)—Ver. 542. He makes mention of the Syrians, because, living in a hot climate, they would be most likely to be able to endure extreme heat.

a race which is the most hardy of men, who could exist there for six months; so surely do all die *there* of the solstitial fever[1].

PHIL. I believe, Stasimus[2], that it is so; but the Campanian[3] race much outdoes that of the Syrians in hardiness. But, really, that piece of land, as I have heard you describe it, is one to which it were proper for all wicked men to be sent for the public good. Just as they tell of the Islands of the Blest, where all meet together who have passed their lives uprightly: on the other hand, it seems proper that *all* evil-doers should be packed off there, since it is *a place* of such a character.

STAS. 'Tis a *very* receptacle of calamity. What need is there of *many* words? Look for any bad thing whatsoever, there you may find it.

PHIL. But, i' faith, you *may find* it there and elsewhere too.

STAS. Please, take care not to say that I told you of this.

PHIL. You have told it me in perfect secrecy.

STAS. For he, indeed (*pointing at* LESBONICUS), wishes it to be got rid of from himself, if he can find any one to impose upon[4] *about it*.

PHIL. I' faith, *this land* shall never become my property.

STAS. Aye, if you keep in your senses. (*Aside.*) I' faith, I have cleverly frightened[5] the old fellow away from this land; for, if *my master* had parted with it, there is nothing for us to live upon.

[1] *The solstitial fever*)—Ver. 544. He seems to mean, that if a person went to live there at the beginning of the year, he could not possibly live there beyond six months, being sure to die of fever at the time of the Solstice, or Midsummer.

[2] *I believe, Stasimus*)—Ver. 545. Philto only says so for peace sake, as no man in his senses was likely to believe a word of it. As he does not want the piece of land for his son, he wishes to make no words about it.

[3] *But the Campanian*)—Ver. 545. He just makes this remark casually, probably to show Stasimus that he knows about things in general as well as he does. Some think, however, that he intends to correct Stasimus, and to tell him that even the Campanians, who were considered an effeminate race, could boast of more hardihood than the Syrians.

[4] *To impose upon*)—Ver. 558. "Os quoi sublinat"—literally, "can besmear his face." This expression alludes to the practical joke of making a fool of a person by painting his face while he is asleep.

[5] *I have cleverly frightened*)—Ver. 560. As before remarked, he is probably much mistaken in thinking so.

PHIL. Lesbonicus, I *now* return to you.

LESB. Tell me, if you please, what has he been saying to you?

PHIL. What do you suppose? He is a man[1]; he wishes to become a free *man*, but he has not *the money* to give.

LESB. And I wish to be rich, but all in vain.

STAS. (*aside*). You might have been, if you had chosen; now, since you have nothing, you cannot be.

LESB. What *are you talking about* to yourself, Stasimus?

STAS. About that which you were saying just now: if you had chosen formerly, you might have been *rich;* now you are wishing too late.

PHIL. No terms can be come to with me about the marriage-portion; whatever pleases you, do you transact it yourself with my son. Now, I ask for your sister for my son; *and* may the matter turn out well. What now? are you still considering?

LESB. What—about that matter? Since you will have it so—may the Gods prosper it—I promise her.

PHIL. Never, by my troth, was a son born so ardently longed for by any one, as was that expression "I promise her," *when* born for me.

STAS. The Gods will prosper *all* your plans.

PHIL. So I wish. Come this way with me, Lesbonicus, that a day may be agreed on for the nuptials, in the presence *of Lysiteles: this agreement* we will ratify on that same day.

(*Exit* PHILTO.

LESB. Now, Stasimus, go you there (*points to the house which he has sold to* CALLICLES) to the house of Callicles, to my sister; tell her how this matter has been arranged.

STAS. I will go. LESB. And congratulate my sister.

STAS. Very well. LESB. Tell Callicles to meet me——

STAS. But rather do you go now——

LESB. That he may see what is necessary to be done about the portion.

STAS. Do go now. LESB. For I have determined not to give her without a portion.

STAS. But rather do you go now. LESB. And I will never allow it to be a detriment to her *by reason of*——

STAS. Do be off now. LESB. My recklessness——

[1] *He is a man*)—Ver. 563. His meaning seems to be, "he is a man, with feelings like ourselves, and naturally wishes for his freedom."

Stas. Do go now[1]. Lesb. It seems by no means just, but that, since I have done wrong——

Stas. Do go now. Lesb. It should be chiefly a detriment to myself.

Stas. Do go now. Lesb. O my father! and shall I ever see you *again?*

Stas. Do go now. Go—go now.

Lesb. I am going. Do you take care of that which I have asked you. I shall be here directly.

(*Exit* Lesbonicus.

Scene V.

Stasimus.

Stas. At length I have prevailed on him to go. In the name of the *immortal* Gods, i' faith, 'tis a matter well managed by wrongful means of performance, inasmuch as our piece of land is safe; although even now 'tis still a very doubtful matter what may be the result of this affair. But, if *the land* is parted with, 'tis all over[2] with my neck; I must carry a buckler in foreign lands, a helmet *too, and my* baggage. He will be running away from the city when the nuptials have been celebrated; he will be going hence to extreme and utter ruin, somewhere or other, to serve as a soldier, either to Asia or to Cilicia[3]. I will go there (*looking at the door of the house bought by* Callicles), where he has ordered me *to go*, although I detest this house ever since he has driven us out of our abode.

(*Exit into the house of* Charmides.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene I.

Enter Callicles *and* Stasimus.

Call. To what effect were you speaking about this, Stasimus?

[1] *Do go now*)—Ver. 586. Stasimus is continually urging him to follow Philto, and bring the matter to a conclusion, as he fears that so good an opportunity may be lost through his master's habitual carelessness, especially as Philto has agreed not to receive the land as a marriage-portion.

[2] *'Tis all over*)—Ver. 595. He means that he will no longer have any support from his master, and that he will have to turn soldier, and so earn his livelihood.

[3] *Asia or to Cilicia*)—Ver. 599. Alluding, probably to the wars which were con-

Stas. That Lesbonicus, the son of my master, has betrothed his sister; in those terms.

Call. To what person has he betrothed her?

Stas. To Lysiteles, the son of Philto; without a portion, *too*.

Call. Without a portion, will he marry her into a family so rich[1]? You are telling me a thing not to be credited.

Stas. Why, faith, you would be for never believing. If you don't believe this, *at all events* I shall be believing——

Call. What? Stas. That I don't care a fig *for your belief*.

Call. How long since, or where, was this matter agreed to?

Stas. On this very spot—here, before his door (*pointing to* Philto's *house*). This moment-like[2], as the man of Præneste says.

Call. And has Lesbonicus, amid his ruined fortunes, become so much more frugal than in his prosperous circumstances?

Stas. Why, in fact, Philto himself came of his own accord to make the offer for his son.

Call. (*aside.*) By my troth, it really will be a disgrace, if a portion is not given to the maiden. In fine, I think, i' faith, that that matter concerns myself. I will go to my corrector, and will ask advice of him. (*Exit.*

Stas. I pretty nearly guess, and I have a strong suspicion, why he makes such speed *on this: namely*, that he may turn Lesbonicus out of his bit of land, after he has turned him out of his house. O Charmides, my master! since your property here is being torn to pieces in your absence, I wish I

tinually occurring between the Greeks and the Persian monarchs, or else to the custom of hiring themselves out as mercenary soldiers, as Xenophon and the ten thousand did to the younger Cyrus.

[1] *Into a family so rich*)—Ver. 605. "In tantas divitias," literally, "into so great wealth."

[2] *This moment-like*)—Ver. 609. "Tammodo." He is joking upon the patois of the people of Prænestе, who said "tammodo," instead of "modo," "this instant," or "just now." Festus also alludes to this expression, as used by the Prænestines. In the Truculentus, act iii., sc. 2, l. 23, he again takes them off for cutting "Ciconia" down to "Conia." Prænestе was a town of Latium, not far from Rome. Its present name is Palestrina.

could see you return safe, that you might *both* take vengeance on your enemies, and give the reward to me according as I have behaved, and do behave towards you. 'Tis an extremely difficult thing for a friend to be found *really* such as the name imports, to whom, when you have entrusted your interests, you may sleep without any care. But lo! I perceive our son-in-law[1] coming, together with his neighbour. Something—what, I know not—is wrong between them. They are *walking*, each with a hasty step; the one is catching the other that is before him by the cloak. They have come to a stop in no very courteous fashion. I'll step aside here a little distance. I have a wish to hear the conversation of these two that are to be connected by marriage. (*He retires to a distance.*)

Scene II.

Enter Lysiteles *and* Lesbonicus.

Lys. Stay, this moment; don't turn away, and don't hide yourself from me. (*He catches hold of his cloak.*)

Lesb. (*shaking him off*). Can't you allow me to go whither I was proceeding?

Lys. If, Lesbonicus, it seems to be to your interest, either for your glory or for your honour, I will let you go.

Lesb. You are doing a thing that it is very easy *to do*.

Lys. What is that? Lesb. An injury to a friend.

Lys. It is no way of mine, and I have not learned so to do.

Lesb. Untaught *as you are*, how cleverly you do it. What would you have done, if any one had taught you to be thus annoying to me? *You*, who, when you pretend to be acting kindly to me, use me ill, and are intending evil.

Lys. What!—I? Lesb. Yes—you.

Lys. How do I use you ill?

Lesb. Inasmuch as you do that which I do not wish.

Lys. I wish to consult your advantage.

Lesb. Are you kinder to me than I am to myself? I

[1] *Our son-in-law*)—Ver. 622. He means Lysiteles, the contemplated son-in-law of his master Charmides, whom he has just been apostrophising.

have sense enough; I see sufficiently well those things that are for my own advantage.

Lys. And is it having sense enough to refuse a kindness from a well-wisher?

Lesb. I reckon it to be no kindness, when it does not please him on whom you are conferring it. I know, and I understand myself what I am doing, and my mind forsakes not its duty; nor will I be driven by your speeches from paying due regard to *my own* character.

Lys. What do you say? For *now* I cannot be restrained from saying to you the things which you deserve. Have your forefathers, I pray, so handed down this reputation to you, that you, by your excesses, might lose what before was gained by their merit, and that you might become a bar to the honour of your own posterity? Your father and your grandfather made an easy and a level path for you to attain to honour; *whereas* you have made it to become a difficult one, by your extreme recklessness and sloth, and your besotted ways. You have made your election, to prefer your passions to virtue. Now, do you suppose that you can cover over your faults by these means? Alas! 'tis impossible. Welcome virtue to your mind, if you please, and expel slothfulness from your heart. Give your attention to your he-friends in the Courts of justice[1], *and* not to the couch of your she-friend, as you are wont *to do*. And earnestly do I now wish this piece of land to be left to you for this reason, that you may have wherewithal to reform yourself; so that *those* citizens, whom you have for enemies, may not be able altogether to throw your poverty in your teeth.

Lesb. All these things which you have been saying, I know—could even set my seal[2] to them: how I have spoiled my patrimonial estate and the fair fame of my forefathers. I knew how it became me to live; to my misfortune I was not able to act *accordingly*. Thus, overpowered by the force of passion, inclined to ease, I fell into the snare; and now to you, quite as you deserve, I do return most hearty thanks.

[1] *In the Courts of justice*)—Ver. 651. It was the custom of the young men of the Patrician class among the Romans to plead gratuitously for their friends and clients, in the Forum or Court of justice.

[2] *Set my seal*)—Ver. 655. Affixing the seal to an instrument was then, as now the most solemn way of ratifying it.

Lys. Still, I cannot suffer my labour to be thus lost, and yourself to despise these words; at the same time, it grieves me that you have *so* little shame. And, in fine, unless you listen to me, and do this that I mention, you yourself will easily lie concealed behind your own self, so that honour cannot find you; when you will wish yourself to be especially distinguished, you will be lying in obscurity. I know right well, for my part, Lesbonicus, your highly ingenuous disposition; I know that of your own accord you have not done wrong, but that it is Love that has blinded your heart; and I myself comprehend all the ways of Love. As the charge of the balista[1] is hurled, so is Love; nothing is there so swift, or that *so swiftly* flies; he, too, makes the manners of men both foolish and froward[2]. That which is the most commended pleases him the least[3]; that from which he is dissuaded pleases him. When there is a scarcity, *then* you long for *a thing;* when there is an abundance of it, then you don't care for it. The person that warns him off from *a thing*, the same invites him; he that persuades him to it interdicts him. 'Tis a misfortune of insanity for you to fly to Cupid for refuge. But I advise you again and again to think of this, how you should seek to act. If you attempt to do according as you are now showing signs[4], you will cause the

[1] *Charge of the balista*)—Ver. 668. The word "balista" here signifies the charge of the military engine known as the "balista." It was used by the ancients for the purpose of discharging stones against the higher part of the walls of besieged places, while the "catapulta" was directed against the lower. The charge of the "balista" varied from two pounds to three hundred-weight.

[2] *Foolish and froward*)—Ver. 669. "Moros." This word is derived from the Greek μωρὸς, "foolish." It seems to be used in juxtaposition with "morosos," for the sake of the alliteration.

[3] *Pleases him the least*)—Ver. 670. So Shakspeare alludes to the contradictory nature of love in Romeo and Juliet:

"Love—heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms."

[4] *Are now showing signs*)—Ver. 675. The meaning of this passage is extremely obscure. Perhaps, however, it is this, "If you persist in your extravagance, and are resolved to part with this land, the very last of your possessions, you will prove the conflagration and ruin of your family. Then you will be seeking a remedy—water with which to quench it. When you have got this remedy, as you cleverly suppose, in going abroad to fight and earn glory, you will ply it with such zeal, that you will overdo it, and, in getting killed yourself, will thereby quench the last spark on which the very existence of your house depended." On

conflagration of your family; and then, in consequence, you will have a desire for water with which to quench *this conflagration of* your family. And if you should obtain it, just as lovers are subtle in their devices, you will not leave even one spark with which your family may brighten up.

Lesb. 'Tis easy to be found: fire is granted, even though you should ask it of a foe. But you, by your reproof, are urging me from my faults to a viler course. You are persuading me to give you my sister without a portion. But it does not become me, who have misused so great a patrimony, to be still in affluent circumstances, and to be possessing land, but her to be in want, so as with good reason to detest me. Never will he be respected by others who makes himself despised by his own relatives. As I said, I will do; I do not wish you to be in doubt any longer.

Lys. And is it so much preferable that for your sister's sake you should incur poverty, and that I should possess that piece of land rather than yourself, who ought to be upholding your own walls?

Lesb. I do not wish you so much to have regard to myself, in order that you may relieve my poverty, as that in my neediness I may not become disgraced: that people may not spread about this report of me, that I gave my own sister without a portion to you, rather in concubinage[1] than in marriage. Who would be said to be more dishonorable than I? The spreading of this report might do credit to you, but it would defile me, if you were to marry her without a portion. For you it would be a gain of reputation, for me it would be something for people to throw in my teeth.

Lys. Why so? Do you suppose[2] that you will become Dictator if I accept the land of you?

this Lesbonicus says, though not carrying on the metaphor in the same sense, "I will find means, even amid the enemy, to render my name illustrious, for there the fire may be found which is to keep my family from becoming extinguished."

[1] *Rather in concubinage*)—Ver. 690. His pride is hurt at the idea of his sister being married without a portion, and thereby losing one of the distinctive marks between a wife and a mistress. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a female to be given in marriage without a portion, however small.

[2] *Do you suppose*)—Ver. 695. Lysiteles says, satirically, and rather unkindly, it would seem, "What, do you suppose that, if I accept this piece of land of you, you will attain the Dictatorship as the reward of your high spirit?' The Dictatorship was the highest honour in the Roman Republic.

Lesb. I neither wish, nor require, nor do I think so; but still, to be mindful of his duty, is *true* honour to an upright man.

Lys. For my part, I know you, how you are disposed in mind; I see it, I discover it, I apprehend. You are doing this, that when you have formed an alliance between us, and when you have given up this piece of land, and have nothing here with which to support life, in beggary you may fly from the city, in exile you may desert your country, your kindred, your connexions, your friends,—the nuptials once over. People would suppose that you were frightened hence by my means, and through my cupidity. Do not fancy in your mind that I will act so as to allow that to happen.

Stas. (*advancing*). Well, I cannot but exclaim, "Well done, well done, Lysiteles, encore[1]." Easily do you win the victory; the other is conquered: your performance is superior. This one (*pointing to* Lysiteles) acts better in character, and composes better lines[2]. By reason of your folly do you still dispute it? Stand in awe of the fine.

Lesb. What means this interruption of yours, or your intrusion here upon our conversation?

Stas. The same way that I came here I'll get me gone.

Lesb. Step this way home with me, Lysiteles; there we will talk at length about these matters.

Lys. I am not in the habit of doing anything in secret. Just as my feelings are I will speak out. If your sister, as I think it right, is thus given to me in marriage without a portion, and *if* you are not about to go away hence, that which shall be mine, the same shall be yours. But if you are minded otherwise, may that which you do turn out for you for the best. I will never be your friend on any other terms; such is my determination.

(*Exit* Lesbonicus, *followed by* Lysiteles.

[1] *Encore*)—Ver. 705. Παλὶν. This Greek word was no doubt used by the Romans just as we employ the French word "encore." In a similar manner it was probably used in the theatres, the usage of which is here figuratively referred to.

[2] *Composes better lines*)—Ver. 707. In the line before, he alludes to the contest of the Comic poets for the prize of Comedy, to be decided according to the merits of their respective plays. As the poets were often the actors of their plays, he addresses them in this line in the latter capacity. Then, in the next line, he refers to the custom of the Romans in early times of training slaves as actors, where, if they did not please the spectators, they were taken off the stage and fined or beaten for their carelessness

Scene III.

Stasimus.

Stas. Faith, he's off. D'ye hear—Lysiteles? I want you. He's off as well. Stasimus, you remain alone. What am I now to do, but to buckle up my baggage and sling my buckler on my back[1], and order soles to be fastened[2] beneath my shoes? There is no staying *now*. I see that no long time hence I shall be a soldier's drudge. And when my master has thrown himself into the pay[3] of some potentate, I guess that among the greatest warriors he will prove a brave[4]—hand at running away, and that there he will capture the spoil, who—shall come to attack my master. I myself, the moment that I shall have assumed my bow and quiver and arrows, *and* the helmet on my head, shall—go to sleep very quietly in my tent. I'll be off to the Forum; I'll ask that talent[5] back of the person to whom I lent it six days since, that I may have some provision for the journey to carry with me. (*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Enter Megaronides *and* Callicles.

Meg. According as you relate the matter to me, Callicles,

[1] *On my back*)—Ver. 719. When marching, the "clypeus," or "shield," was slung on the back of the soldier. The "sarcina," or "baggage," probably resembled our knapsack.

[2] *Soles to be fastened*)—Ver. 720. The "soccus" was a slipper or low shoe, which did not fit closely, and was not fastened by a tie. These were worn both by men and women, and especially by Comic actors. His meaning probably is, that he will be obliged to have high heels and thick soles put to his shoes, so as to turn them into "caligæ," the heavy kind of shoes worn by the Roman soldiers.

[3] *Into the pay*)—Ver. 722. "In saginam," means "for his food;" as what we technically call "the mess" was provided for the soldier by those who hired him The term "sagina" is found especially applied to the victuals of the gladiators, who were trained up and dieted on all kinds of nourishing food for the purpose of adding to their strength, and thereby heightening interest attendant on their combats.

[4] *Prove a brave*)—Ver. 723. In this line and the next he is witty upon the sorry figure which he fancies Lesbonicus will make in the field of battle.

[5] *Ask that talent*)—Ver. 727. Many a truth is said in jest, and perhaps part of this talent is the fruit of the theft which he seems in joke only to admit in l. 414; as some Commentators have remarked, where was Stasimus, a slave, to get so much money as a talent, more than 200*l.*? As, however, in other respects, he seems to have been a faithful servant, let us in charity suppose that he came honestly by his talent, and that it was his fairly acquired "peculium"

it really can by no means be but that a portion must be given to the girl.

Call. Why, troth, it would hardly be honestly done *on my part*, if I were to allow her to contract a marriage without a portion, when I have her property in my possession at home. * * * * *

Meg. * * * * A portion is ready at your house; unless you like to wait until her brother has disposed of her in marriage without a portion. After that, you might go to Philto yourself, and might say that you present her with a portion, *and* that you do it on account of your intimacy with her father. But I dread this, lest that offer might bring you into crimination and disgrace with the public. They would say that you were *so* kind to the girl not without some good reason; that the dowry which you presented her was given you by her father; they would think that you were portioning her out of that, and that you had not kept it safe for her just as it was given, and that you had withheld *some part*. Now, if you wish to await the return of Charmides, the time is very long; meanwhile, the inclination to marry her may leave this *Lysiteles;* this proposal, too, is quite a first-rate one for her.

Call. All these very same things suggest themselves to my mind.

Meg. Consider if you think this more feasible and *more* to the purpose: go to the young man himself, *and* tell him how the matter *really* stands.

Call. Should I now discover the treasure to a young man, ill-regulated, *and* brimful of passion and of wantonness? No, faith, most assuredly, by no means. For I know, beyond a doubt, that he would devour even all that spot where it is buried. I fear to dig for it, lest he should hear the noise; lest, *too*, he might trace out the matter itself, if I should say I will give her a portion.

Meg. By what method, then, can the portion be secretly taken out?

Call. Until an opportunity can be found for that business, I would, in the meanwhile, ask for a loan of the money from some friend or other.

Meg. Can it be obtained from some friend or other?

Call. It can. Meg. Nonsense; you'll certainly meet

with this answer at once: "O, upon my faith, I really have not anything that I can lend you."

CALL. Troth, I would rather they would tell me the truth than lend me the money *with a bad grace.*

MEG. But consider this plan, if it pleases you.

CALL. What is the plan? MEG. I have found out a clever plan, as I think.

CALL. What is it? MEG. Let some person, now, be hired, of an appearance as much unknown as possible, such as has not been often seen. Let this person be dressed up to the life after a foreign fashion, just as though he were a foreigner.

CALL. What is he to understand that he must do after that?

MEG. It is necessary for him to be some lying, deceiving, impudent fellow—*a lounger* from the Forum.

CALL. And what then, after that?

MEG. Let him come to the young man as though from Seleucia, from his father; let him pronounce his salutation to him in the words of his father, say that he is prospering in business, and is alive and well, and that he will be shortly coming back again. Let him bring two letters; let us seal these, as though they are from his father. Let him give the one to him, *and* let him say that he wishes to give the other to yourself.

CALL. Go on, and tell me still further.

MEG. Let him say that he is bringing some gold as a marriage-portion from her father for the girl, and that his father has requested him to deliver it to you. Do you understand me now?

CALL. Pretty nearly; and I listen with great satisfaction.

MEG. Then, in consequence, you will finally give the gold to the young man when the girl shall be given in marriage.

CALL. Troth, 'tis very cleverly *contrived.*

MEG. By this means, when you have dug up the treasure, you will have removed *all cause for* suspicion from the young man. He will think that the gold has been brought to you from his father; *whereas*, you will be taking it from the treasure.

CALL. Very cleverly and fairly contrived; although I am ashamed, at this time of life, for me to be playing a double

part. But when he shall bring the letters sealed, don't you suppose that the young man will then recollect the impression of his father's signet[1]?

Meg. Will you be silent now? Reasons innumerable may be found for that circumstance. That which he used to have he has lost, *and* he has since had another new one made. Then, if he should bring them not sealed at all, this might be said,—that they had been unsealed for him by the custom-house officers[2], and had been examined. On matters of this kind, *however*, 'tis mere idleness to spend the day in talk; although a long discussion might be spun out. Go now, at once, privately to the treasure; send to a distance the men-servants *and* the maids; and—do you hear?

Call. What is it? Meg. Take care that you conceal this matter from that same wife of yours as well; for, i' faith, there is never any subject which they can be silent upon. Why are you standing now? Why don't you take yourself off hence, and bestir yourself? Open the treasure, take thence as much gold as is requisite for this purpose; at once close it up again, but secretly, as I have enjoined you; turn all out of the house.

Call. I will do so. Meg. But, really, we are continu-

[1] *His father's signet)*—Ver. 789. The custom of wearing rings among the Romans was said to have been derived from the Sabines. The stones set in them were generally engraved with some design, and they were universally used by both Greeks and Romans for the purpose of a seal. So common was the practice among the Greeks, that Solon made a very wholesome law which forbade engravers to keep the form of a seal which they had sold. In some rings the seal was cut in the metal itself. The designs engraved on rings were various; sometimes portraits of ancestors or friends, and sometimes subjects connected with the mythology or the worship of the Gods. The onyx was the stone most frequently used in rings. The genuineness of a letter was tested, not by the signature, but by the seal appended to it; hence the anxiety of Callicles on the present occasion.

[2] *The custom-house officers)*—Ver. 794. The "portitores" were the officers who collected the "portorium," or "import duty," on goods brought from foreign countries. These "portitores," to whom it was frequently farmed, greatly annoyed the merchants by their unfair conduct and arbitrary proceedings. At Rome, all commodities, including slaves, which were imported for the purpose of selling again, were subject to the "portorium." The present instance is an illustration of the license of their proceedings, for we can hardly suppose that they were entitled as of right to break open the seals of letters from foreign countries.

ing too long a discourse; we are wasting the day, whereas there is need now of all expedition. There is nothing for you to fear about the seal; trust me *for that*. This is a clever excuse to give, as I mentioned, that they have been looked at by the officers. In fine, don't you see the time of day? What do you think of him *being* of such a nature and disposition? He is drunk already; anything you like may be proved for him. Besides, what is the greatest point of all, this person will say that he brings, *and* not that he applies for, *money*.

CALL. Now, that's enough.

MEG. I am now going to hire a sharper[1] from the Forum, and then I will seal the two letters; and I'll send him thither (*pointing to the house of* CHARMIDES), well tutored in his part, to *this* young man.

CALL. I am going in-doors then to my duty in consequence. Do you see about this matter.

MEG. I'll take care it's done in the very cleverest style.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARMIDES.

CHARM. To Neptune, potent o'er the deep and most powerful, the brother of æthereal Jove, joyously *and* sin-

[1] *A sharper*)—Ver. 815. "Sycophanta." At an early period there was a law at Athens against the exportation of figs. In spite, however, of prohibitions and penalties, the fig-growers persisted in exporting the fruit. To inform the authorities against the practice was deemed mean and vexatious, so the statute came in time to be looked upon as obsolete. Hence, the term συκοφαντεῖν, "to inform relative to the exportation of figs," came to be applied to all mean and dishonest accusations. In time, the word "sycophant" came to be applied to a man who was a cunning and villanous character, and who, as it has been justly observed, in Dr Smith's Dictionary, was "a happy compound of the common barretor, informer, pettifogger, busybody, rogue, liar, and slanderer." In fact, he was such a person as we mean by the epithet "swindler" or "sharper." Information being encouraged by the policy of Athens, and the informer gaining half the reward, it was upon this honourable calling that the "sycophantæ" in general thrived. They were ready, however, for any other job, however dishonorable, and perjury would not be declined by them if they could obtain their price. They would, consequently, be much in the neighbourhood of the Courts of justice; and the "Forum, as in the present instance, would not be an unlikely place to meet with them.

cerely do I proffer praise, and return my grateful thanks; to the salt waves, too, with whom lay *supreme* power over myself,—*one, too*, that existed over my property and my life, —inasmuch as from their realms they have returned me safe and sound even to my own native city. And, Neptune, before the other Deities, do I both give and return to you extreme thanks. For all people talk of you as being cruel and severe, of voracious habits, filthy, unsightly, unendurable, *and* outrageous; on the other hand, I have experienced your *kindly* aid. For, in good sooth, I have found you mild and merciful upon the deep, even to that degree that I wished. This commendation, too, I had already heard with *these* ears before of you among men,—that you were accustomed to spare the poor, *and* to depress and overawe the rich. Adieu! I commend you; you know how to treat men properly, according as is just. This is worthy of the Gods; they should ever prove benignant to the needy; to men of high station, quite otherwise. Trusty have you proved, *though* they are in the habit of saying that you cannot be trusted. For, without you, it would have happened, I am very sure, that on the deep your attendants would have shockingly torn in pieces and rent asunder wretched me, and, together with me, my property as well, in every direction throughout the azure surface *of ocean*. But just now, like *raging* dogs, *and* no otherwise, did the winds in hurricane beset the ship; storms and waves, and raging squalls *were about* to roar, to break the mast, to bear down the yards, to split the sails; had not your favouring kindness been nigh at hand. Have done with me, if you please; henceforth have I now determined to give myself up to ease; enough have I got. With what pains have I struggled, while I was acquiring riches for my son. But who is this[1] that is coming up the street with his new-fangled garb and appearance? I' faith, though I wish to be at home, I'll wait *awhile;* at the same time, I will give my attention *to see* what business this *fellow* is about. (*He retires aside.*)

[1] *But who is this*)—Ver. 840. It seems at first sight rather absurd that Charmides, who has just returned from a voyage, should wait in the street to gossip with a stranger who is coming towards him; but we must remember that he sees that the fellow is making straight for his house, and his curiosity is excited by that fact, combined with the very extraordinary dress which Megaronides has hired for him from the playhouse, and has thereby probably much overdone the character which he is intended to represent.

Scene II.

Enter the Sharper.

Sharp. To this day I give the name of "*The Festival of* the Three Pieces" (Trinummus); for, on this day, have I let out my services in a cheating scheme for three pieces of money. I am *just* arrived from Seleucia, Macedonia, Asia, and Arabia,—*places* which I never visited either with my eye or with my foot. See now, what business poverty brings upon the man that is wretchedly destitute; inasmuch as I am now obliged, for the sake of three pieces of money, to say that I received these letters from a certain person, about whom I don't know, nor have I *ever* known, who the man is, nor do I know this for certain, whether he was ever born or not.

Charm. (*behind*). Faith, this fellow's surely of the mushroom genus; he covers himself entirely with his top[1]. The countenance of the fellow appears to be Illyrian; he comes, *too*, in that garb.

Sharp. He who hired me, when he had hired me, took me to his house; he told me what he wanted *to be done;* he taught and showed me beforehand how I was to do everything. If, then, I should add anything more, my employer will on that account the better forward his plan through me. As he dressed me out, so am I *now* equipped; *his* money did that. He himself borrowed my costume, at his own risk, from the theatrical wardrobe[2]; if I shall be able, now, to impose on this man through my garb, I will give him occasion clearly to find that I am a very trickster.

Char. (*behind*). The more I look *at him*, the less does the appearance of the fellow please me. 'Tis a wonder if that

[1] *With his top*)—Ver. 851. The Sharper, as personating a foreigner, has on a "petasus," or hat with very wide brims, extending straight out on each side. For this reason Charmides wittily compares him to a mushroom—all head. The "causia" was a similar hat worn by the Macedonians, with the brims turned up at the sides.

[2] *The theatrical wardrobe*)—Ver. 858. "Chorego"—literally, "from the Choregus." It was the duty of this person at Athens to provide the Choruses for tragedies and comedies, the Lyric Choruses of men and boys, the dancers for the Pyrrhic dance, the Cyclic Choruses, and the Choruses of flute-players for the religious festivals of Athens. He also had to provide the Chorus with the requisite dresses, wreaths, and masks—whence the application to him on the present occasion.

fellow there is not either a night-robber[1] or a cutpurse. He is viewing the locality; he is looking around him and surveying the houses; troth, I think he is reconnoitring the spot for him to come and rob bye and bye. I have a still greater desire to watch what he is about: I'll give attention to this matter.

SHARP. This employer of mine pointed out these localities to me; at this house are my devices to be put in practice. I'll knock at the door.

CHARM. (*behind*). Surely this *fellow* is making in a straight line for my house; i' faith, I think I shall have to keep watch this night of my arrival.

SHARP. (*knocks at the door of the house of* CHARMIDES). Open this *door!*—open it! Hallo, there! who now has the care of this door[2]?

CHARM. (*coming up to him*). Young man, what do you want? What is it you wish? Why are you knocking at this *door?*

SHARP. Eh! old gentleman; I am inquiring here for a young man *named* Lesbonicus, where in this quarter he lives —and likewise for another person, with such white hairs on his head *as yours;* he that gave me these letters said his name was Callicles.

CHARM. (*aside*). In fact, this fellow is looking for my own son Lesbonicus and my friend Callicles, to whom I entrusted both my children and my property.

SHARP. Let me know, respected sir[3], if you are acquainted with it, where these persons live.

[1] *A night-robber*)—Ver. 862. "Dormitator" seems to mean a thief, who slept during the day and pursued his avocations by night. "Sector zonarius" is a "cutter of girdles," similar to our "cutpurse." It was the custom of persons of the middle and lower classes to wear their purses suspended from the "zona," or "girdle," round the waist; and sometimes they used the folds of the girdle itself for the purpose of depositing their money therein.

[2] *Care of this door*)—Ver. 870. It was not the usage to enter a house without giving notice to those within. This was done among the Spartans by shouting, while the Athenians, and other nations, either used the knocker of the door or rapped with the knuckles or a stick. In the houses of the rich a porter was always in attendance to open the door. He was commonly a slave or eunuch, and was, among the Romans, chained to his post. A dog was also in general chained near the entrance, and the warning, "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog," was sometimes written near the door.

[3] *Respected sir*)—Ver. 877. "Pater," literally, "father."

CHARM. Why are you inquiring for them? Or who are you?—Or whence are you?—Or whence do you come?

SHARP. I gave the return correctly to the Censor[1], when I was questioned by him——

CHARM. * * * *

SHARP. You ask a number of things in the same breath; I know not which in especial to inform you upon. If you will ask each thing singly, and in a quiet manner, I'll both let you know my name, and my business, and my travels.

CHARM. I'll do as you desire. Come then; in the first place, tell me your name.

SHARP. You begin by demanding an arduous task.

CHARM. How so?

SHARP. Because, respected sir, if you were to begin before daylight, i' faith, to commence at the first part of my name[2], 'twould be the dead of the night before you could get to the end of it.

CHARM. According to your story, a person should have a long journey's provision crammed tightly in for your name.

SHARP. I have another *name* somewhat less,—about the size of a wine-cask[3].

CHARM. What is this name of yours, young man?

SHARP. "Hush," that's my name[4]; that's my every-day one.

CHARM. I' faith, 'tis a scampish name; just as though[5]

[1] *To the Censor*)—Ver. 879. "Juratori." It was the duty of the Censor, among the Romans, to make these inquiries of every person when taking the Census. As the Censors were bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of their duties, they were, in common with all persons so bound, called "juratores," "oathsmen." The Sharper gives Charmides an impudent answer, saying that he has answered the Censor on these points, and that is enough.

[2] *Beginning of my name*)—Ver. 855. He probably alludes to his varied calling, commensurate with everything in the line of roguery. See the Note to line 815.

[3] *Size of a wine cask*)—Ver. 888. He alludes, probably, to the "amphora," or large earthen jar, in which wine was kept. This was, perhaps, a cant saying, just as if we should say, "As little as a hogshead."

[4] "*Hush*," *that is my name*)—Ver. 889. "Pax." This word was used to enjoin silence, like our word "Hush," or "Whist." He seems to allude to his own thieving avocation, which often required him to be as mute as a mouse. Some of the editions have "tax," as though from "tango," "to prig," or "steal." This, Thornton renders "Touchit."

[5] *Just as though*)—Ver. 891. This passage is of obscure signification. A note of exclamation ought to be inserted after "pax," and then the meaning of the old

you were to say, "Hush," if I *were* confiding anything to you, *and then* it is at an end forthwith. (*Aside.*) This fellow is evidently a sharper. What say you, young man——?

Sharp. What is it *now?* Charm. Speak out; what do these persons owe you whom you are seeking?

Sharp. The father of this young man, Lesbonicus, delivered to me these two letters; he is a friend of mine.

Charm. (*aside*). I have *now* caught him in the fact; he says that I gave him the letters. I will have some fine sport with the fellow.

Sharp. As I have begun, if you will give attention, I will say on.

Charm. I'll give you my attention.

Sharp. He bade me give this letter to his son, Lesbonicus, and this other one, as well, he bade me give to his friend Callicles.

Charm. (*aside*). Troth, but since he is acting the impostor, I, on the other hand, have an inclination to act the cheat as well. Where was he himself?

Sharp. He was carrying on his business prosperously.

Charm. But where? Sharp. At Seleucia.

Charm. * * * * * And did you receive these from himself?

Sharp. With his own hands he himself delivered them into my hands.

Charm. Of what appearance is this person?

Sharp. He is a person somewhere about half a foot taller than you.

Charm. (*aside*). This is an odd matter, if in fact I am taller when absent than when present. Do you know *this* person?

man seems to be, that, as in conversation a stop is instantly put to the discourse on saying "hush!" so, if anything is entrusted to him, it is as easily done for (periisse), and that it vanishes the instant you call him by his name. This is the explanation given by Lindemann. Ritschel reads "pax," but most of the old Commentators have "tax," which seems the more probable reading. The passage is thus rendered in Thornton's translation:

Sharp. 'Tis Touchit;—that, sir, is my name.
A common one.
Charm. A very knavish name:
As though you meant to say if anything
Was trusted to you, *touch it*, and 'tis gone-——

SHARP. You are asking me a ridiculous question; together with him I was in the habit of taking my meals.

CHARM. What is his name?

SHARP. One, i' faith, that belongs to an honorable man.

CHARM. I would like to hear it.

SHARP. Troth, his name (*hesitating*)—his—his— (*Aside.*) Woe to unfortunate me.

CHARM. What's the matter? SHARP. Unguardedly, I this moment swallowed the name.

CHARM. I like not the *man* that has his friends shut up within his teeth.

SHARP. And yet this moment 'twas dwelling on the very edge of my lips.

CHARM. (*aside*). I've come to-day in good time before this fellow.

SHARP. (*aside*). To my sorrow I'm caught in the fact.

CHARM. Have you now recollected the name?

SHARP. 'Fore Gods and men, i' faith, I'm ashamed *of myself.*

CHARM. See, now, how well you know this man.

SHARP. As well as my own self. This is in the habit of happening: the thing you are holding in your hand, and seeing with your eyes, that same you are looking for as lost. I'll recollect it letter by letter. C is the beginning of the name.

CHARM. Is it Callias? SHARP. *No*: it isn't that.

CHARM. Callippus? SHARP. It isn't that.

CHARM. Callidemides? SHARP. It isn't that.

CHARM. Callinicus? SHARP. *No*: it isn't that.

CHARM. Or is it Callimachus?

SHARP. 'Tis in vain *you suggest;* and, i' faith, I really don't care one fillip about it, since I recollect *enough* myself for my own purpose.

CHARM. But there are many people here of the name of Lesbonicus; unless you tell *me* the name of his father, I cannot show *you* these persons whom you are looking for. What is it like? Perhaps we can find it out by guessing.

SHARP. It is something like this: Char——

CHARM. Chares? Or Charicles? Or is it Charmides?

SHARP. Ah! that's he; may the Deities confound him.

CHARM. I have said to you once before already * * * * that it is proper for you rather to speak well of a man that is your friend, than to curse him.

SHARP. Isn't it the fact[1] that this most worthless fellow has lain perdu between my lips and my teeth?

CHARM. Don't you be cursing an absent friend.

SHARP. Why, then, did this most rascally fellow hide himself away from me?

CHARM. If you had *only* called him, he would have answered to his name. But where is he himself *now?*

SHARP. Troth, I left him at Rhadama[2], in the isle of Apeland.

CHARM. * * * * * *(aside)*. What person is there a greater simpleton than I, who myself am making inquiries where I am? But it is by no means unimportant to this *present* purpose. What do you say *as*——*?*

SHARP. What now?

CHARM. I ask you this. What places have you visited?

SHARP. *Places* exceedingly wonderful in astonishing ways.

CHARM. I should like to hear *about them*, unless it is inconvenient.

SHARP. Really I quite long to tell you. First of all we were conveyed to Pontus, to the land of Arabia[3].

[1] *Isn't it the fact*)—Ver. 925. He alludes to his having forgotten the confounded name, which was on the very tip of his tongue.

[2] *At Rhadama*)—Ver. 928. Rhadama is a fictitious name—pure gibberish. Cercopia" is a preferable reading to "Cecropia," which was an epithet of Athens, itself supposed to be the scene of the Comedy. The other word would imply some unknown region, called "Apeland," as the Sharper's only aim is to impose upon the credulity of Charmides, and to hinder him from asking unseasonable questions. He coins the word upon the spur of the moment, though there really were the "Ape Islands," or the isles of Pithecusæ, off the coast of Campania. They are mentioned by Ovid, in the 14th book of the Metamorphoses, l. 291: "For the father of the Gods, once abhorring the frauds and perjuries of the Cercropians, and the crimes of the fraudulent race, changed these men into ugly animals; that these same beings might be able to appear unlike men and yet like them. He both contracted their limbs and flattened their noses, bent back from their foreheads; and he furrowed their faces with the wrinkles of old age; and he sent them into this spot with the whole of their bodies covered with long yellow hair. Moreover, he first took away from them the use of language and of their tongues, made for dreadful perjury; he only allowed them to be able to complain with a harsh jabbering."

[3] *Land of Arabia*)—Ver. 933. He gets out of depth directly he leaves imaginary places and touches on real countries. He makes Arabia to be in Pontus, while they were realy about two thousand miles asunder

CHARM. How now; is Arabia then in Pontus?

SHARP. It is. Not that *Arabia* where frankincense is produced, but where the wormwood grows[1], and the wild marjoram which the poultry love.

CHARM. *(aside)*. An extremely ingenious knave this. But the greater simpleton I, to be asking of this fellow from what place I have come back, *a thing* which I know, and he does not know; except that I have a mind to try how he will get out of it at last. But what say you *further?* Whither did you go next from thence?

SHARP. If you give me your attention, I will tell you. To the source of the river which arises out of the heavens, from beneath the throne of Jupiter.

CHARM. Beneath the throne of Jupiter?

SHARP. Yes: I say so.

CHARM. Out of the heavens?

SHARP. Aye, out of the very middle.

CHARM. How now; and did you ascend even to the heavens?

SHARP. Yes: we were carried in a little skiff[2] right on, up the river, against the tide.

CHARM. And did you see Jupiter as well?

SHARP. The other Gods said that he had gone to his country-house, to dole out the victuals for his slaves. Then, after that——

CHARM. Then after that—I don't want you to relate anything more.

SHARP. Troth, I'm silent, if it's troublesome.

CHARM. Why, no decent person[3] ought to tell it, who has gone from the earth to heaven.

SHARP. I'll leave you, as I see you wish it. But point me out these persons whom I am looking for, *and* to whom I must deliver these letters.

[1] *Wormwood grows*)—Ver. 935. If he really refers here to Pontus, he accidentally hits upon the truth. Ovid, when in banishment there, says, in the Tristia, El. 13, l. 21, "Let the white wormwood first be wanting in the freezing Pontus." The Sharper tries to correct himself by saying he means another Arabia, and not the one generally known, where the frankincense grows.

[2] *In a little skiff*)—Ver. 942. "Horiola," or "horia," was a small skiff or smack used by fishermen.

[3] *No decent person*)—Ver 947. He is supposed covertly to allude to the disgraceful story of Ganymede being carried off by the eagle to minister to the lust of Jupiter.

CHARM. What say you? If now perchance you were to see Charmides himself, him, *I mean*, who you say gave you these letters, would you know the man?

SHARP. By my troth now, do you take me to be a brute beast, who really am not able to recognise *the person* with whom I have been spending my life? And would he have been such a fool as to entrust to me a thousand Philippean pieces, which gold he bade me carry to his son, and to his friend Callicles, to whom he said that he had entrusted his affairs? Would he have entrusted them to me if he had not known me, and I him, very intimately?

CHARM. (*aside*). I really have a longing now to swindle this swindler, if I can cozen him out of these thousand Philippean pieces which he has said that I have given to him. A person, that I know not who he is, and have never beheld him with my eyes before this day, should I be entrusting gold to him? *A man*, to whom, if his life were at stake, I would not entrust a dump of lead. This fellow must be adroitly dealt with by me. Hallo! *Mister* Hush, I want three words with you.

SHARP. Even three hundred, *if you like.*

CHARM. Have you that gold which you received from Charmides?

SHARP. Yes, and Philippeans, too, counted out on the table with his own hand, a thousand pieces.

CHARM. You received it, you mean, from Charmides himself?

SHARP. 'Twere a wonder if I had received it of his father, or of his grandfather, who are dead.

CHARM. Then, young man, hand me over this gold.

SHARP. (*staring at him*). What gold am I to give you?

CHARM. That which you have owned you received from me.

SHARP. Received from you?

CHARM. *Yes*, I say so.

SHARP. Who are you? CHARM. I am Charmides, who gave you the thousand pieces of money.

SHARP. I' faith, you are not he; and this day, you never shall be he, for this gold, at any rate. Away with you, if you please, *you* impostor! (*Aside.*) You are trying to cheat the cheater.

CHARM. I am Charmides. SHARP. I' faith, you are so to

no purpose, for I carry[1] no gold. Right cleverly were you down upon me, at the very nick of time. After I said that I was bringing the gold, that instant you became Charmides. Before I made mention of the gold, you were not he. It won't do. Just, therefore, in such manner as you Charmidised yourself, do you again un-Charmidise yourself.

CHARM. Who am I, then, if in fact I am not he who I *really* am?

SHARP. What matters that to me? So long as you are not he whom I do not choose you to be, you may be who you like, for what I care. Just now, you were not he who you were, now you are become he who then you were not.

CHARM. Come, despatch, if you are going to do it.

SHARP. What am I to do?

CHARM. Give me back the gold.

SHARP. You are dreaming, old gentleman.

CHARM. Did you own that Charmides delivered the gold to you?

SHARP. Yes—in writing[2]. CHARM. Are you making haste or not, you night-robber, to be off with all speed this very instant from this neighbourhood, before I order you to be soundly cudgelled on the spot?

SHARP. For what reason? CHARM. Because I am that self-same Charmides about whom you have been *thus* lying, *and* who you said gave the letters to you.

SHARP. How now; prithee, are you *really* he?

CHARM. I really am he. SHARP. Say you *so*, pray? Are you *really* he himself?

CHARM. I do say so. SHARP. Are you his own self?

CHARM. His own self, I say. I am Charmides.

SHARP. And are you then his own self?

CHARM. His own very self. Begone hence out of my sight.

[1] *For I carry*)—Ver. 973. He takes the other to be as great a rogue as himself and means, that his being Charmides only depended on whether he himself admitted that he was in possession of the gold of Charmides.

[2] *Yes, in writing*)—Ver. 982. This, of course, was the fact, as Megaronides and Callicles would know better than entrust the fellow with any money. It probably means that he was entrusted with a letter to Callicles, enclosing a counterfeit bill at sight, or order on the Athenian bankers for payment of a thousand Philippeans to Callicles. This, Callicles was to show to Lesbonicus, to put him off the scent as to the treasure whence the money really was taken. The Sharper has told Charmides that he has the money with him, merely by way of boasting of his trustworthy character.

Sharp. Since you really have made your appearance here thus late, you shall be beaten both at my own award[1] and that of the new Ædiles.

Charm. And are you abusing me as well?

Sharp. Yes; seeing that you have arrived in safety[2], may the Gods confound me, if I care a straw for you, had you perished first. I have received the money for this job; you, I devote to bad luck. But who you are, or who you are not, I care not one jot. I'll go *and* carry word[3] to him who gave me the three pieces, that he may know that he has thrown them away. I'm off. Live with a curse, and fare you ill; may all the Gods confound you, Charmides, for coming from abroad[4]. (*Exit.*

Scene III.

Charmides.

Char. Since this fellow has gone, at last a time and opportunity seem to have arrived for speaking out without restraint. Already does this sting pierce my breast—what business he could have before my house? For these letters summon apprehensions into my heart; those thou-

[1] *At my own award*)—Ver. 990. He means to tell Charmides, that by delaying his return thus late, he has spoilt his prospect of a lucrative job; and he then adds, that he deserves a thrashing, equally with the actor who came on the stage too late. The actors in early times, being often slaves, were liable to punishment if they offended the audience. The Ædiles were the officers under whose superintendence the plays were performed; and probably with them lay the decision whether the actor should be punished for coming late on the stage, after he had been pronounced deserving of it in the opinion (arbitratu) of the spectators. See the Note to l. 707.

[2] *Have arrived in safety*)—Ver. 991. "Advenis." After this word, Callicles might suppose that the Sharper is going to congratulate in the usual terms on his safe arrival; but, instead of that, the fellow pauses, and then finishes with a malediction.

[3] *Go and carry word*)—Ver. 995. To tell him that he has given the three pieces to no purpose, for the real Charmides has made his appearance, and has completely spoiled the plot.

[4] *From abroad*)—Ver. 997. This scene is replete with true comic spirit It has been supposed by some that the disgrace of the pedant in Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew, and his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, were suggested by this scene. A similar incident is met with in the old play of Albumazar act iv., sc. 3, and most probably it was borrowed from the present passage.

sand pieces, too—what purpose they were to serve. I' faith, a bell[1] is never rung for no purpose; unless some one handles it or moves it, 'tis mute, 'tis dumb. But who is this, that is beginning to run this way along the street? I should like to observe what he is about. I'll step aside this way. (*He retires aside.*)

Scene IV.

Enter Stasimus.

Stas. (*to himself*). Stasimus, make you haste with all speed; away with you to your master's house, lest on a sudden, through your folly, fears should arise for your shoulder-blades[2]. Quicken your pace, make haste; 'tis now a long while since you left the house. If you shall be absent when inquired after by your master, take you care, please, that the smacks of the bull's-hide[3] don't clatter thick upon you. Don't you cease running. See *now*, Stasimus, what a worthless fellow you are; and isn't it the fact that you have forgotten your ring[4] at the liquor-shop[5], after you have been washing

[1] *I' faith, a bell*)—Ver. 1004. He aptly compares the worthless fellow to a bell, and then shrewdly judges that a bell cannot ring unless it is put in motion by somebody.

[2] *For your shoulder-blades*)—Ver. 1009. The slaves among the Romans were whipped most unmercifully with the "flagellum," a whip, to the handle of which a lash was fastened, made of cords or thongs of leather, especially from the ox's hide. It was often knotted with bones, or pieces of bronze, or terminated by hooks, and was then not inaptly termed "a scorpion." The infliction of punishment with this on the naked back was sometimes fatal, and was carried into execution by a class of slaves who were called "lorarii."

[3] *Smacks of the bull's-hide*)—Ver. 1011. "Cottabus" was a game played by the Sicilians and Greeks, in which the players had in turn to throw wine out of a goblet into a metal basin at a certain distance, in such a way as not to spill any of the wine. The methods in which the game was played are stated with precision in an able article in Dr. Smith's Dictionary. As one of the merits of the game was that the wine thrown should in its fall produce the strongest and most pat sound, Stasimus here calls the smacks of the whip on his back so many "bubuli cottabi," "ox-hide smacks."

[4] *Forgotten your ring*)—Ver. 1014. We learn from Cælius Rhodiginus that "condalium" was a peculiar kind of ring worn by slaves.

[5] *At the liquor-shop*)—Ver. 1013. The "thermopolia" are supposed to have been the same as the "popinæ," shops where drinks and ready-dressed provisions were

your throat with warm drink? Turn about, and run back *now*, to seek it, while the thing has but just happened.

Charmides (*behind*). Whoever he is, his throat is his taskmaster[1]; that teaches this fellow the art of running.

Stas. What, good-for-nothing fellow, are you not ashamed of yourself? having lost your memory after *only* three cups? And really, because you were there drinking together with such honest fellows, who could keep their hands off[2] the property of another without difficulty;—is it among such men that you expect you may recover your ring? Chiruchus was *there*, Cerconicus, Crimnus, Cricolabus, Collabus[3], whipped-necks[4], whipped-legs, iron-rubbers, whipped-knaves. By my faith, *any* one of these could steal the sole of his shoe from a running footman[5].

sold. They were very numerous throughout Italy. The keepers of them were called "popæ." In the present instance we learn what kind of people visited them, and Cicero tells us that they were frequented by the slaves and the lower orders. They sat on stools or benches, while they drank "calda," or "calida," "mulled wine," which was always kept hot. It was probably mixed with spices, and was the favourite drink of the lower classes. It was measured out in "poteria," "draughts," which are here mentioned; and which formed, probably, about a moderate cupful. Claudius commanded the "thermopolia" to be closed at one period of his reign.

[1] *His throat is his taskmaster*)—Ver. 1016. He has overheard what Stasimus has said about warming his throat in l. 1014; and, talking to himself, he remarks that his throat will be the cause of his learning how to run, as he warms his throat, gets drunk, loses his ring, runs homeward, and then runs back to find it.

[2] *Would keep their hands off*)—Ver. 1019. There is no doubt that this is intended to be said satirically.

[3] *Cricolabus, Collabus*)—Ver. 1021. These are either nicknames, or, possibly, names really given to slaves, as in all ages and countries masters have especially tried to show their wit in naming their slaves.

[4] *Whipped-necks*)—Ver. 1022. "Collicrepidæ" and "Cruricrepidæ" were probably cant terms for slaves, who carried the marks of punishment on their necks and legs. "Crepidæ" is from the verb "crepo," to "crack," and alludes to the sound of the lashes. "Ferriterius" was a slave who bore the marks of the chain with which he had been fastened for refractory conduct, while "mastigia" was a name given to a slave who had passed the ordeal of flogging. A liquor-shop was a likely place for the resort of worthless and refractory slaves.

[5] *From a running footman*)—Ver. 1023. "Cursores" were slaves who ran before the carriage of their masters for the same purpose as our outriders. Perhaps, however, this is not the meaning of the word here, as the name was given to all slaves whom their masters employed in carrying letters and messages. Stasimus hints by this that his boon companions were not only very expert at thieving, but that they would prey just as readily on a fellow-slave as any other person.

CHARM. (*behind*). So may the Gods love me, a finished thief.

STAS. Why should I go seek what is gone for ever? Unless I would bestow my pains, too, by way of addition over and above to my loss. Why, then, don't you consider that what is gone is gone? Tack about, *then*[1]. Betake yourself back to your master.

CHARM. (*behind*). This fellow is no runaway; he remembers his home.

STAS. I wish that the old-fashioned ways of old-fashioned days, *and* the old-fashioned thriftiness, were in greater esteem here, rather than *these* bad ways.

CHARM. (*behind*). Immortal Gods! this man really is beginning to talk of noble doings! He longs for the old-fashioned ways; know that he loves the old-fashioned ways, after the fashion of our forefathers.

STAS. For, now-a-days, *men's* manners reckon of no value what is proper, except what is agreable. Ambition now is sanctioned by usage, *and* is free from the laws. By usage, people have the license to throw away their shields, and to run away from the enemy. To seek honor *thereby* in place of disgrace is the usage.

CHARM. (*behind*). A shameless usage.

STAS. Now-a-days, 'tis the usage to neglect the brave.

CHARM. (*behind*). *Aye*, 'tis really shocking.

STAS. The *public* manners have now got the laws in their power; to them they are more submissive than are parents to their children[2]. In their misery, these *laws* are even hung up[3] against the wall with iron nails, where it had been much more becoming for bad ways to be fixed up.

CHARM. (*behind*). I'd like to go up and accost this person; but I listen to him with much pleasure, and I'm afraid, if I address him, that he may begin to talk on some other subject.

[1] *Tack about, then*)—Ver. 1026. "Cape vorsoriam" was a sea-phrase, meaning "turn," or "tack about;" as "vorsoria" was the name of the rope by which the sail was turned from one direction to another

[2] *Parents to their children*)—Ver. 1038. This is said satirically in reference to the corruptness of the age, in which all the relations and duties of life were turned upside down.

[3] *Are even hung up*)—Ver. 1039. He alludes to the custom among the Romans of writing or engraving the laws and ordinances on wood or brass, and hanging them up for public inspection upon pegs or rails in the Capitol, Forum, and Curiæ, or Court-houses.

STAS. And, for these *ways*, there is nothing rendered sacred by the law. The laws are subservient to usage; but *these* habits are hastening to sweep away both what is sacred and what is public property.

CHARM. (*behind*). By my troth, 'twere right for some great calamity to befal these bad customs.

STAS. Ought not this *state of things* to be publicly censured? For this kind of men are the enemies of all persons, and do an injury to the entire people. By a non-observance of their own honour, they likewise destroy *all* trust even in those who merit it not; inasmuch as people form an estimate of the disposition of these from the disposition of those *fellows*. If you lend[1] a person any money, it becomes lost for *any purpose as* one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may find a friend *made* an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press still further, the option of two things ensues—either you must part with that which you have entrusted, or else you must lose that friend. As to how this suggests itself to me, I have by actual experience been lately put in mind of it.

CHARM. (*behind*). Surely this is my servant Stasimus?

STAS. For *as to him* to whom I lent the talent, I bought myself an enemy with my talent, *and* sold my friend. But I am too great a simpleton to be attending to public matters rather than (what's my immediate interest) obtain safety for my back. I'll go home. (*Moves as if going.*)

CHARM. Hallo, you! Stop, this instant! Harkye; hallo, you!

STAS. I'll not stop. CHARM. I want you.

STAS. What if I myself don't want you to want me.

CHARM. Why, Stasimus, *you are behaving* very rudely.

STAS. 'Twere better for you to buy some one to give your commands to.

CHARM. I' faith, I have bought one, and paid the money, *too*. But if he is not obedient to my orders, what am I to do?

[1] *If you lend*)—Ver. 1050. Stasimus has experienced this, and has applied for the talent which he lent, but in vain; unless, indeed, his meaning is that he got back the talent, but lost his friend. Shakspeare has a somewhat similar passage in Hamlet:

> Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loseth both itself and friend

STAS. Give him a severe punishment.

CHARM. You give good advice; I am resolved to do so.

STAS. Unless, indeed, you are under obligations to him.

CHARM. If he is a deserving person, I am under obligations to him; but if he is otherwise, I'll do as you advise me.

STAS. What matters it to me whether you have good or bad slaves?

CHARM. Because you have a share in this matter both of the good and of the bad.

STAS. The one share I leave to yourself; the other share, that in the good, do you set down[1] to my account.

CHARM. If you shall prove deserving, it shall be so. Look back at me—I am Charmides.

STAS. Ha! what person is it that has made mention of *that* most worthy man?

CHARM. 'Tis that most worthy man himself.

STAS. O seas, earth, heavens, by my trust in you—do I see quite clearly with my eyes? Is this he, or is it not? 'Tis he! 'Tis certainly he; 'tis he beyond a doubt! O my most earnestly wished-for master, health to you!

CHARM. Health to you, *too*, Stasimus!

STAS. That you are safe and sound, *I*——

CHARM. (*interrupting him*). I know it, and I believe you. But wave the rest; answer me this; how are my children, my son and daughter, whom I left here?

STAS. They are alive, *and* well.

CHARM. Both of them, say you? STAS. Both of them.

CHARM. The Gods willed me to be safe and preserved *from dangers*. The rest that I want to know I will inquire about in-doors at my leisure. Let us go in-doors; follow me.

STAS. Where are you going now? CHARM. Where else but to my house?

STAS. Do you suppose that we are living here?

[1] *Do you set down*)—Ver. 1067. "Appone." This word is used figuratively, it being employed to mean, in mercantile matters, "to set down to one's account." So Horace says:

Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone———

"Whatever lot each day shall bring, set that down as clear gain." This, we may here observe, is a similar sentiment to that conveyed in the remark of Callicles, l. 65.

CHARM. Why, where else should I suppose?
STAS. Now—— CHARM. What *about* "now?"
STAS. This house is not our own.
CHARM. What is it I hear from you?
STAS. Your son has sold this house.
CHARM. I'm ruined. STAS. For silver minæ; ready money counted out.
CHARM. How many? STAS. Forty.
CHARM. I'm undone. Who has purchased it?
STAS. Callicles, to whom you entrusted your affairs; he has removed here to live, and has turned us out of doors.
CHARM. Where is my son now living?
STAS. Here, in these back buildings. (*Points to the side of the house.*)
CHARM. I'm utterly undone.
STAS. I thought that this would be distressing to you when you heard of it.
CHARM. To my sorrow, amid extreme dangers I have been borne over vast oceans, with the peril of my life I have preserved myself among robbers full many in number, *and* I have returned safe. Now, to my misery, I am here undone by reason of those same persons for whose sake I have been struggling at this time of life Grief is depriving me of my senses. Support me, Stasimus.
STAS. Do you wish me to fetch you some water?
CHARM. When my fortunes were in their mortal struggle, then was it befitting that *water* should be sprinkled[1] upon them.

SCENE V.

Enter CALLICLES.

CALL. What noise is this that I hear before my house?
CHARM. O Callicles! O Callicles! O Callicles! to what sort of friend have I entrusted my property?
CALL. To one good, and faithful, and trusty, and of strict

[1] *Should be sprinkled*)—Ver. 1092. His meaning is, "you should have been as ready to give your assistance at the time when my fortunes were in their death-struggle through the conduct of my son Lesbonicus."

integrity. Health to you, and I rejoice that you have arrived safe and sound[1].

* * * * * *

[Charm. How, health to me? Troth, I have no patience with such health. This I wish to know; how have you kept your trust, who, without my knowledge, have utterly destroyed my property and my children that I entrusted to you and committed to your charge when going hence abroad?

Call. I don't think that it is fair, when you don't understand the matter, to censure your old friend with harsh words. For you are both mistaken and you are doing me a very great injustice.

Charm. Have you not bought this house which you came out of just now, and driven thence my son Lesbonicus? Is this so as I say, or is it not? Answer me.

Call. I myself did buy the house; I bought it that I might keep it for you. And without that it would have happened that your son would have sold it to another person; and *then* you would have lost both it and that treasure together, which, concealed there, you had entrusted to my charge. See, I restore it safe to you; for you did I buy it, not for myself.

Charm. Prithee, what do you say? By my trust in Gods and men, you make me suddenly to be quite ashamed of my error in speaking unkindly to my friend in return for his services.

Call. How, then; do you now think that I am trusty and faithful?]

Charm. I do think *so*, if all these matters are so as you relate them. But what means[2] this garb of yours?

Call. I'll tell you. I was digging up the treasure indoors, as a marriage-portion to be given to your daughter.

[1] *Safe and sound*)—Ver. 1097. The lines after this, enclosed in brackets, are supplied by Ritschel in Latin verse, to supply the "lacuna" here, where it is clear that some part of the play has been lost. They are cleverly composed, and do great credit to his ingenuity.

[2] *But what means*)—Ver. 1099. As he has been interrupted while digging up the treasure, it is probable that he has run out with his sleeves tucked up, and perhaps with the spade in his hand, which causes Charmides to make the present inquiry.

But I will relate to you both this and the rest in the house. Follow me.

CHARM. Stasimus. STAS. Well!

CHARM. Run with all haste to the Piræus[1], and make but one run of it. There you will at once see the ship, on board of which I was carried *hither*. Bid Sagario take care that the things are brought which I enjoined him, and do you go together *with them*. The duty has been already paid[2] to the custom-house officer.

STAS. I make no delay. CHARM. Get you gone with all speed; *and* be back directly.

STAS. I am *both* there and here *in an instant*.

CALL. (*to* CHARMIDES.) Do you follow me this way indoors. CHARM. I follow.

(*Exeunt* CALLICLES *and* CHARMIDES *into the house.*

STAS. This man alone has remained a firm friend to my master; nor has he allowed his mind to swerve from unshaken fidelity, although I believe that he has undergone many troubles, by reason of the property and the children of my master. Still, this person, as I suspect, alone has maintained his fidelity. (*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter LYSITELES.

LYS. This individual[3] is the very first of all men; excelling *all* in pleasures and delights. So *truly* do the blessings which I desire befal me, *that* whatever I undertake is brought about, *and* constantly succeeds: so does one delight succeed *other* delights. Just now, Stasimus, the servant of Lesbonicus, came to me at home. He told me that his

[1] *The Piræus)*—Ver. 1103. The Piræus was the main harbour of Athens, with which it was connected by long walls.

[2] *Been already paid)*—Ver. 1107. Among the Romans, merchandise which a person brought with him from abroad for his own use was in general exempt from "portorium," or import duty; but this was not the case if it belonged rather to the luxuries than the necessaries of life.

[3] *This individual)*—Ver. 1115. He is speaking of himself in the third person, and is congratulating himself on his being about to obtain the hand of the daughter of Charmides.

master, Charmides, had arrived here from abroad. Now he must be forthwith waited upon by me, that the father may prove a more sure foundation in that matter on which I have treated with his son. I'll go. But this door, with its creaking, inopportunely causes me delay. (*He retires to a distance.*)

Scene II.

Enter Charmides *and* Callicles.

Charm. There never was, nor will there be, nor yet do I think that there is a person upon the earth, whose fidelity and constancy towards his friend equals yours. For without you, it would have been that he would have ousted me out of this house.

Call. If I have in any way acted well towards my friend, or have faithfully consulted his advantage, I seem not to be deserving of praise, *but* I think I am free from fault. For a benefit which is conferred on a man for his own, at once is lost *to the giver;* what is given *only* as a loan, the same there is a right to ask back, whenever you please.

Charm. 'Tis so as you say. But I cannot sufficiently wonder at this, that he has betrothed his sister into a family so influential.

Call. Aye; to Lysiteles, the son of Philto.

Lys. (*behind*). Why, he is mentioning my name.

Charm. He has got into a most worthy family.

Lys. (*behind*). Why do I hesitate to address these persons? But still, I think, I may wait *awhile;* for something is going to be said to the purpose about this matter.

Charm. O—— Call. What's the matter?

Charm. I forgot just now to tell you of it in-doors. As I was coming hither, a while ago, a certain swindling fellow met me—a very finished sharper. He told me that he was carrying a thousand gold pieces, of my giving, to you and my son Lesbonicus; a fellow, that I know not who he was, nor have I ever seen him anywhere before. But why do you laugh?

Call. He came by my directions, as though he was one bringing the gold from you to me, to give as a portion to your

daughter; that your son, when I should give it to her from my own hands, might suppose that it had been brought from you, and that he might not anyhow be enabled to discover the fact itself—that your treasure was in my possession, and demand it of me[1], as having belonged to his father, by the public laws.

CHARM. Cleverly contrived, i' troth. CALL. Megaronides, a common well-wisher of yours and mine, planned this.

CHARM. Well, I applaud his device, and approve of it.

LYS. (*behind*). Why, in my foolishness, while I fear to interrupt their discourse, am I standing *here* alone, and am not forwarding the business that I was intending to transact? I will accost these persons. (*He advances.*)

CHARM. Who is this person that is coming this way towards us?

LYS. (*going up to* CHARMIDES). Lysiteles salutes his father-in-law Charmides.

CHARM. May the Gods grant you, Lysiteles, whatever you may desire.

CALL. Am I not worthy of a salutation?

LYS. Yes; health to you, Callicles. It is right that I should give him the preference: the tunic is nearer[2] *the skin* than the cloak.

CALL. I trust that the Gods may direct your plans aright.

CHARM. I hear that my daughter has been betrothed to you?

LYS. Unless you are unwilling. CHARM. Nay, I am not unwilling.

LYS. Do you, then, promise your daughter for my wife?

CHARM. I promise a thousand gold Philippean pieces, as well, for a portion.

LYS. I care nothing about a portion.

CHARM. If she pleases you, the portion which she presents to you must be pleased as well. In fine, the object which

[1] *And demand it of me*)—Ver. 1146. On the supposition of his father's death, the laws would probably have decreed it to him as his father's heir.

[2] *The tunic is nearer*)—Ver. 1154. This was, perhaps, a proverbial saying, used when a preference was expressed. Of course he would pay more respect to his anticipated father-in-law than to an ordinary friend. The "tunica" supplied the place of the shirt of modern times.

you desire you shall not have, unless you shall take that which you do not desire.

CALL. (*to* LYSITELES). He asks *but* justice.

LYS. He shall obtain it, you the advocate and the judge. On these conditions, do you engage that your daughter shall be given to me as my wife?

CHARM. I do promise her. CALL. And I promise her likewise.

LYS. O save you, my connexions by marriage. (*He embraces them.*)

CHARM. But, in good sooth, there are some matters on account of which I still am angry with you.

LYS. What have I done? CHARM. Because you have allowed my son to become dissolute.

LYS. Had that been done by my consent, there would have been cause for you to blame me. * * * * * But allow me to obtain of you this one thing which I entreat?

CHARM. What is it? LYS. You shall know. If he has done anything imprudently, that you will dismiss it all *from your mind.* Why do you shake your head?

CHARM. My heart is tortured, and I fear——

LYS. What is it now? CHARM. Because he is such as I would that he was not,—by that am I tortured. I fear that if I refuse you what you ask of me, you may suppose that I am indifferent towards you. I won't make difficulties, *however;* I will do as you wish.

LYS. You are a worthy man. I am going to call him out. (*He goes to the door of the house of* CHARMIDES.)

CHARM. 'Tis a shocking thing if one is not allowed to punish bad deserts just as they merit.

LYS. (*knocking at the door*). Open *the door*, open quickly, and call Lesbonicus out of doors, if he is at home. The occasion is very sudden, therefore I wish him to come to me with all haste.

SCENE III.

Enter LESBONICUS *from the house.*

LESB. What person has been calling me out of doors with so loud a knocking?

LYS. 'Tis your well-wisher and friend

LESB. Is all quite right?—tell me.

Lys. All's well. I am glad *to say* that your father has returned from abroad.

Lesb. Who says so? Lys. I.

Lesb. Have you seen him? Lys. Aye, and you yourself may see him too. (*He points to* Charmides.)

Lesb. O my father, my father, blessings on you.

Charm. Many blessings on you, my son.

Lesb. If, father, any trouble[1]—— Charm. Have no fear, nothing has happened. My affairs prosperously managed, I have returned safe. If you are only wishful to be steady, that daughter of Callicles has been promised you.

Lesb. I will marry both her, father, and any one else besides that you shall bid me.

Charm. Although I have been angry with you, one misery[2], in fact, is more than enough for one man.

Call. Nay, rather, 'twere too little for him; for if he were to marry a hundred wives for his sins, it were too little.

Lesb. But henceforth, in future, I will be steady.

Charm. *So* you say; if you will only do it.

Lesb. Is there any reason why I should not bring my wife home to-morrow?

Charm. 'Tis very good. *And* you, *Lysiteles*, be ready to be married the day after to-morrow.

A Comedian.

Give your applause[3].

[1] *If, father, any trouble)*—Ver. 1181. Lesbonicus seems to be about to apologise to Charmides for any trouble he may have given him, but, as the old man has already agreed to forgive him at the intercession of Lysiteles, he will not allow a word more to be said about it.

[2] *One misery)*—Ver. 1185. The old gentleman tells his son that he will be quite sufficiently punished for his faults by having one wife. It is either said as a joke in a bantering way, or else it means, that, what will be a great punishment to him, he must now reform his mode of life, for common decency sake and out of respect to his wife.

[3] *Give your applause)*—Ver. 1189. "Plaudite." Literally, "clap your hands." Ritschel, on a full examination of the MSS., comes to the conclusion that this was said, not, as is generally thought by one of the characters in the play, but by one of the actors or singers, probably, of the Chorus, who commenced their song the moment the play was finished. All the applause bestowed on the writer and the actors seems to have been usually reserved for the end of the play.

MENÆCHMI;
OR, THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.
MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, his twin-brother.
PENICULUS, a Parasite.
MESSENIO, the servant of Menæchmus Sosicles.
CYLINDRUS, a Cook.
AN OLD MAN, father-in-law of Menæchmus Sosicles.
A DOCTOR.

THE WIFE OF MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.
EROTIUM, a Courtesan.
MAID-SERVANT of Erotium.

Scene.—Epidamnus, a city of Illyricum. The house of MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus is on one side of the street, and that of EROTIUM on the other.

THE SUBJECT.

MOSCHUS, a merchant of Syracuse, had two twin-sons who exactly resembled each other. One of these, whose name was Menæchmus, when a child, accompanied his father to Tarentum, at which place he was stolen and carried away to Epidamnus, where in course of time he has married a wealthy wife. Disagreements, however, arising with her, he forms an acquaintance with the Courtesan Erotium, and is in the habit of presenting her with clothes and jewels which he pilfers from his wife. The original name of the other twin-brother was Sosicles, but on the loss of Menæchmus, the latter name has been substituted by their grandfather for Sosicles, in remembrance of the lost child. Menæchmus Sosicles, on growing to manhood, determines to seek his lost brother. Having wandered for six years, he arrives at Epidamnus, attended by his servant, Messenio. In consequence of his resemblance to his brother, many curious and laughable mistakes happen between him and the Courtesan Erotium, the wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, the Cook Cylindrus, the Parasite Peniculus, the father-in-law of Menæchmus of Epidamnus, and lastly Messenio himself. At length, through the agency of the latter, the brothers recognise each other; on which Messenio receives his liberty, and Menæchmus of Epidamnus resolves to make sale of his possessions and to return to Syracuse, his native place.

MENÆCHMI;

OR, THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT.

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

A Sicilian merchant (*Mercator*) who had two sons, on one being stolen from him (*Ei*), ended his life. As a name (*Nomen*) for him who is at home, his paternal grandfather (*Avus*) gives him that of Menæchmus instead of Sosicles. And (*Et*) he, as soon as he is grown up, goes to seek his brother about (*Circum*) all countries. At last he comes to Epidamnus; hither (*Huc*) the one that was stolen has been carried. All think that the stranger, Menæchmus (*Menæchmum*), is their fellow-citizen, and address him (*Eum*) *as such:* Courtesan, wife, and father-in-law. There (*Ibi*) at last the brothers mutually recognize each other.

THE PROLOGUE.

In the first[1] place now, Spectators, at the commencement, do I wish health and happiness[2] to myself and to you. I bring you Plautus, with my tongue, not with my hand: I beg that you will receive him with favouring ears. Now learn the argument, and give your attention; in as few words as possible will I be brief. And, in fact, this subject is a Greek one; still, it is not an Attic[3], but a Sicilian one. But in their Comedies the poets do this; they feign that all the business takes place at Athens[4], in order that it may appear

[1] *In the first*)—Ver. 1. This Play was the foundation of Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors. See the Note at the end of the Play.

[2] *Health and happiness*)—Ver. 1. "Salutem propitiam." Literally, "propitious health."

[3] *It is not an Attic*)—Ver. 7. "Græcissat—Atticissat—Siculissat." Perhaps these words might be more literally translated, "Græcize," "Atticize," and "Sicilicize."

[4] *At Athens*)—Ver. 10. As the majority of the Greek Comic Poets were either natives of, or residents at, Athens, they would naturally take that extensive, opulent, and bustling city as the scene of many of their Comedies. In the time of Plautus, Greek was yet the language of the Sicilians. In Cicero's time the language of the Sicilians was a mixture, partly Greek and partly Latin. Apuleius informs us that in his day they spoke Greek, Latin, and a language peculiar to themselves, called the Sicilian.

the more Grecian to you. I will not tell you that *this matter* happened anywhere except where it is said to have happened. This has been my preface to the subject of this play. Now will I give the subject, meted out to you, not in a measure, nor yet in a threefold measure[1], but in the granary itself; so great is my heartiness in telling you the plot.

There was a certain aged man, a merchant at Syracuse[2]; to him two sons were born, twins, children so like in appearance that their own foster-mother[3], who gave the breast, was not able to distinguish them, nor even the mother herself who had given them birth; as a person, indeed, informed me who had seen the children; I never saw them, let no one of you fancy *so*. After the children were now seven years old, the father freighted a large ship with much merchandize. The father put one of the twins on board the ship, and took him away, together with himself, to traffic at Tarentum[4]; the other one he left with his mother at home. By accident, there were games at Tarentum when he came there: many persons, as *generally happens* at the games, had met together; the child strayed away there from his father among the people. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; he picked up the child, and carried it away to Epidamnus[5]. But its father, after he had lost the child, took it heavily to heart, and through grief at it he died a few days after at Tarentum. Now, after news reached the grandfather of the children at home about this matter, how that one of the children had been stolen, the grandfather changed the name of that other twin. So much did he love that one which had been stolen, *that* he gave his

[1] *A threefold measure*)—Ver. 15. "Trimodius." This was a measure for corn, consisting of three "modii," which last contained about a peck of English measure.

[2] *At Syracuse*)—Ver. 17. Syracuse was the principal city of Sicily famed for its commerce and opulence.

Foster-mother)—Ver. 19. "Mater." Literally, "mother."

[4] *At Tarentum*)—Ver. 27. Tarentum was a city of Calabria, in the south of Italy. It was said to have been founded by the Lacedæmonians.

[5] *To Epidamnus*)—Ver. 33. Epidamnus, or Epidamnum, was a town of Macedonia, situate on the Adriatic Sea. It was much resorted to for the purpose of transit to the opposite shores of Italy. It received its original name from Epidamnus, one of its kings; but on falling into the possession of the Romans, they changed its name, as we are informed by Pliny the Elder, into Dyrrachium, from a superstitious notion that when they were going to "Epidamnum," they were going "to their loss," as "damnum" is the Latin for "loss" or "destruction," and ἐπὶ, or "epi, is the Greek preposition signifying to Cicero was banished to this place.

name to the one that was at home. That you may not mistake hereafter, I tell you then this beforehand; the name of both the twin-brothers is the same. He gave the same name of Menæchmus *to this one* as the other had; and by the same name the grandfather himself was called. I remember his name the more easily for the reason that I saw him cried with much noise[1]. Now must I speed back on foot to Epidamnus, that I may exactly disclose this matter to you. If any one of you[2] wishes anything to be transacted for him at Epidamnus, command me boldly and speak out; but on these terms, that he give me *the means* by which it may be transacted for him. For unless a person gives the money, he will be mistaken; (*in a lower tone*) except that he who does give it will be very much more *mistaken*[3]. But I have returned to that place whence I set forth, and *yet* I am standing in the self-same spot. This person of Epidamnus, whom I mentioned just now, that stole that other twin child, had no children, except his wealth. He adopted as his son the child *so* carried off, and gave him a well-portioned wife, and made him his heir when he himself died. For as, by chance, he was going into the country, when it had rained heavily, entering, not far from the city, a rapid stream, in its rapidity[4] it threw the ravisher of the child off his legs, and hurried the man away to great and grievous destruction. *And* so a very large fortune fell to that *youth*. Here (*pointing to the house*) does the stolen twin *now* dwell. Now that twin, who dwells at Syracuse, has come this day to Epidamnus with his servant to make enquiry for this own twin-brother of his. This is the city of Epidamnus while this play is acting; when another shall be acted, it will become another town; just as our companies, too, are wont to be shifted about. The same person now acts the procurer, now the youth, now the old man, the pauper, the beggar, the king, the parasite, the soothsayer * * * *

* * * * * * * *

[1] *Cried with much noise*)—Ver. 48. Probably the word "flagitarier" means that the lost child was cried publicly by the "præco," or "crier."

[2] *If any one of you*)—Ver. 51. This is said facetiously to the Audience for the purpose of catching a laugh.

[3] *Very much more mistaken*)—Ver. 55. Because he will keep the money and not execute the commission.

[4] *In its rapidity*)—Ver. 65. He means to pun upon the words "rapidus," "rapid" or "carrying away," and "raptor," the "carrier away" or "ravisher." "The stream carried away the carrier away."

Act I. — Scene I.

Enter Peniculus.

Pen. The young men have given me the name of Peniculus[1], for this reason, because when I eat, I wipe the tables clean. * * * * * * * * * * The persons who bind captives with chains, and who put fetters upon runaway slaves, act very foolishly, in my opinion at least. For if bad usage is added to his misfortune for a wretched man, the greater is his inclination to run away and to do amiss. For by some means *or other* do they release themselves from the chains; while *thus* fettered, they either wear away a link with a file, or else with a stone they knock out the nail; 'tis a mere trifle this. He whom you wish to keep securely that he may not run away, with meat and with drink ought he to be chained; do you bind down the mouth of a man to a full table. So long as you give him what to eat and what to drink at his own pleasure in abundance every day, i' faith he'll never run away, even if he has committed an offence that's capital; easily will you secure him so long as you shall bind him with such chains. So very supple are these chains of food, the more you stretch them so much the more tightly do they bind. But now I'm going directly to Menæchmus; whither for this long time I have been sentenced, *thither* of my own accord I am going, that he may enchain me. For, by my troth, this man does not nourish persons, but he *quite* rears and reinvigorates them; no one administers medicine more agreably. Such is *this* young man; himself with a very well-stocked larder, he gives dinners fit for Ceres[2]; so does he heap the tables up, *and* piles so vast of dishes does he arrange, you must stand on your couch if you wish for anything at the top. But I have now had an interval these many days, while I've been lording it at home all along

[1] *Name of Peniculus*)—Ver. 77. This word means "a sponge" which was fastened to a stick, and was used for the purpose of cleansing tables. He says that the youths so called him from his own propensity for clearing the tables of their provisions. The tails of foxes and of oxen were also used as "penicilli." Colman and Warner, in their translations of Terence and Plautus, render the word "dishclout."

[2] *Fit for Ceres*)—Ver. 101. As Ceres was the Goddess of corn and the giver of plenty, the entertainments in honor of her would of course be very bounteous.

together with my dear ones[1];—for nothing do I eat or purchase but what it is most dear. But inasmuch as dear ones, when they are provided, are in the habit of forsaking us, I am now paying him a visit. But his door is opening; and see, I perceive Menæchmus himself; he is coming out of doors.

SCENE II.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus, from his house.*

MEN. (*speaking at the door to his* WIFE *within*). Unless you were worthless, unless *you were* foolish, unless you were stark wild and an idiot, that which you see is disagreable to your husband, you would deem to be so to yourself *as well.* Moreover, if after this day you do any such thing to me, I'll force you, a divorced woman, turned out of *my* doors to go visit your father. For as often as I wish to go out of the house, you are detaining me, calling me back, asking me questions; whither I am going, what matter I am about, what business I am transacting, what I am wanting, what I am bringing, what I have been doing out of doors? I've *surely* brought home a custom-house officer[2] *as my wife;* so much am I obliged to disclose all my business, whatever I have done and am doing. I've had you *hitherto* indulged too much. Now, therefore, I'll tell you how I am about to act. Since I find you handsomely in maids, provisions, wool, gold trinkets, garments, *and* purple, and you are wanting in nought, you'll beware of a mischief if you're wise; you'll leave off watching your husband. (*In a lower voice.*) And therefore, that you mayn't be watching me in vain, for your pains I shall find me a mistress to-day, and invite her to dinner somewhere out of doors.

PEN. (*apart*). This fellow pretends that he's upbraiding his wife, *but* he's addressing myself; for if he does dine out of doors, he really is punishing me, not his wife.

MEN. (*to himself*). Hurra! I' troth, by my taunts I've driven my wife from the door at last. Where *now* are your

[1] *With my dear ones*)—Ver. 105. "Cum caris meis." When he says this, it might be supposed that he is meaning his family by these words of endearment. The next line shows that such is not the case. He has had a supply of victuals, purchased at his own cost; he has been consuming these victuals, and right dear (carissimum) has he found them. He is now coming out to look for Menæchmus, and to make up for lost time.

[2] *A custom-house officer*)—Ver. 117. The "portitores" examined those who landed or embarked at any port, to see that they had no merchandize about them which had not paid duty. They also made the necessary enquiries who the parties were, and what was their destination. He compares his wife to one of these unquisitive persons

intriguing husbands? Why do they hesitate, all returning thanks, to bring presents to me who have fought *so* gallantly? This mantle[1] of my wife's (*taking it from under his cloak*) I've just now stolen from in-doors, *and* I'm taking it to my mistress. This way it's proper for a clever trick to be played this knowing *husband*-watcher. This is a becoming action, this is right, this is skilful, this is done in workman-like style; inasmuch as at my own risk I've taken this from my plague, this *same* shall be carried off to destruction[2]. With the safety of my allies[3] I've gained a booty from the foe.

PEN. (*aloud, at a distance*). Harkye! young man; pray what share have I[4] in that *booty?*

MEN. I'm undone; I've fallen into an ambuscade.

PEN. Say a safeguard rather. Don't be afraid.

MEN. What person's this? PEN. 'Tis I. (*Coming up to him.*)

MEN. O my convenient friend—O my ready occasion, save you.

PEN. *And* save you. (*They shake hands.*) MEN. What are you about?

PEN. Holding my *good* Genius in my right hand.

MEN. You couldn't have come to me more à propos than you have come.

MEN. I'm in the habit *of doing* so; I understand all the points of ready occasion.

MEN. Would you like to be witness of a brilliant exploit?

PEN. What cook has cooked it? I shall know at once if he has made any mistake, when I see the remnants[5].

[1] *This mantle*)—Ver. 130. The "palla," a kind of "mantle" or "cloak," was worn indifferently by both sexes among the Greeks and Romans. This will account for the circumstance of Menæchmus Sosicles wearing, as we shall see in the sequel, the "palla" of a female, without expecting to attract the notice of passers-by. The "palla," which by the prose writers is also called "pallium," was used for many other purposes than that of a garment. See Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

[2] *To destruction*)—Ver. 133. "Ad damnum." He calls the Courtesan "damnum," "sheer loss" or "wastefulness" *par éminence.*

[3] *Of my allies*)—Ver. 134. By these he means the Courtesan Erotium and the Parasite Peniculus, who have run no risk by helping him to filch away the mantle.

[4] *What share have I*)—Ver. 135. Thinking himself alluded to as one of the "socii" or "allies," the Parasite immediately appears before him and asks what share, then, he is to have of the booty.

When I see the remnants)—Ver. 142. He thinks that Menæchmus is alluding

MEN. Tell me—did you ever see a picture painted on a wall, where the eagle is carrying off Ganymede[1], or Venus Adonis?

PEN. Many a time. But what are these pictures to me?

MEN. Come, look at me[2]. Do I at all bear any resemblance to them?

PEN. What's this garb of yours?

MEN. Pronounce me to be a very clever fellow.

PEN. Where are we to feed? MEN. Only do you say that which I requested you.

PEN. *Well*, I do say *so;* very clever fellow.

MEN. And don't you venture to add anything of your own to it?

PEN. — And very pleasant *fellow.* MEN. Go on.

PEN. I' faith, I really can't go on, unless I know for what reason. You've had a fall-out with your wife; on that ground am I the more strongly on my guard[3] against you.

MEN. While you are interrupting me, you are delaying yourself.

PEN. Knock out my only eye[4], Menæchmus, if I speak one word but what you bid me.

MEN. * * * * where, unknown to my wife, we will erect the funeral pile * *

to something in the eating way, and says that he can tell whether the cook has done his duty well or not, by only looking at the scraps of the entertainment.

[1] *Ganymede*)—Ver. 144. He is mentioned in the text under another name of a gross nature. Ganymede was the son of Tros, King of Troy. Jupiter was said, in the form of an eagle, to have carried him off, and made him cupbearer to the Gods, in the place of Hebe, the Goddess of youth.

[2] *Come, look at me*)—Ver. 145. Saying this, he probably takes the "palla" from behind him, and putting it on, stalks about with it upon him. This he could do without the risk of being seen by his wife, as on the Roman stage a number of streets and lanes were seen to terminate, up which the actor would go a little way to escape observation from a house situate just at the end of another street. He means to ask the Parasite if he does not quite equal Ganymede or Adonis, as represented in the pictures, by reason of his tasteful attire.

[3] *On my guard*)—Ver. 151. As Menæchmus has fallen out with his wife, the Parasite thinks there is no chance of a "cœna" at his house. He is the more careful then to make enquiries, lest Menæchmus should contrive to baulk him of his banquet altogether.

My only eye) — Ver. 152. By this it appears that Peniculus has but one eye. In the Curculio, the Parasite of that name is also represented as having but one eye.

* * * * * and let us consume this day[1] *upon it.*

Pen. Well, come then, since you request what's fair, how soon am I to set fire to the pile? Why really, the day's half dead already down to its navel[2].

Men. Come this way from the door.

Pen. Be it so. (*Moves from the door.*) Men. Come still more this way.

Pen. Very well. (*Moves.*) Men. Even still, step aside boldly from the lioness's den.

Pen. (*still moving*). Well done; by my troth, as I fancy, you really would be an excellent charioteer[3].

Men. Why so? Pen. That your wife mayn't follow you, you are looking back ever and anon.

Men. But what say you? Pen. What, I? Why, whatever you choose, that same do I say, and that same do I deny.

Men. Could you make any conjecture at all from the smell, if perchance you were to take a smell at something?

Pen. Were the college *of Augurs* summoned * * * * * * * *

Men. (*holds out the skirt of the mantle*). Come then, take a sniff at this mantle that I'm holding. What does it smell of? Do you decline?

Pen. It's as well to smell the top of a woman's garment; for at this *other* place the nose is offended with an odour that can't be washed out.

Men. (*holding another part*). Take a smell here then, Peniculus, as you are so daintily nice.

Pen. Very well. (*He smells it.*) Men. How now? What does it smell of? Answer *me.*

[1] *Let consume this day*)—Ver. 155. He supposes the day to be dead so far as business is concerned; the "cœna," which generally commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon (and sometimes, perhaps, the "prandium" as well), was followed by "potatio" or "drinking," which by such characters as Menæchmus and the Parasite would be prolonged to midnight, when they would see the day dead, and celebrate its funeral in their orgies.

[2] *To its navel*)—Ver. 157. "Umbilicus," the "navel," was a term much used to signify the middle part of anything. Thus Delphi was called the "umbilicus," or "navel," of the world.

[3] *An excellent charioteer*)—Ver. 160. The drivers of the chariots at the Circensian games were called "agitatores." Of course they would look back every now and then to see how near their opponents were, that they might keep the lead.

PEN. Theft, a mistress, *and* a breakfast. To you * * * * * * * *

MEN. You have spoken out * * * * * now it shall be taken to this mistress *of mine*, the Courtesan Erotium. I'll order a breakfast at once to be got ready, for me, you, and her; then will we booze away even to the morrow's morning star.

PEN. Capital. You've spoken out distinctly. Am I to knock at the door then?

MEN. Knock—or hold, rather. PEN. You've removed[1] the goblet a *full* mile *by that.*

MEN. Knock gently. PEN. You're afraid, I think, that the doors are made of Samian *crockery.* (*Goes to knock.*)

MEN. Hold, prithee, hold, i' faith; see, she's coming out herself. (*The door of* EROTIUM'S *house is opened.*) Ha you behold the sun, is it not quite darkened in comparison with the bright rays of her person.

SCENE III.—*Enter* EROTIUM, *from her house.*

ERO. My life, Menæchmus, save you.

PEN. *And* what for me? ERO. You are out of my number.

PEN. * * * * * that same thing is wont to be done for the other supernumeraries[2] of the legion.

MEN. I would order a skirmish to be got ready there at your house for me to-day.

ERO. To-day it shall be done.

MEN. In that skirmish we two shall drink. Him shall you choose that shall be found there the better warrior with the goblet; do you make up your mind with which of the two you'll pass this night. How much, my love, when I look upon you, do I hate my wife.

[1] *You've removed*)—Ver. 178. Peniculus now loses patience, and reflects that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.

[2] *Supernumeraries*)—Ver. 184. The "adscriptivi," who were also called "accensi," were a body of reserve troops who followed the Roman army without any military duties to perform, and who were drafted off to supply the deficiencies in the legions. In battle they were placed in the rear of the army. Of course they could not claim the same advantages as the regular soldier; and his own position is likened by the Parasite to theirs.

ERO. Meantime, however, you cannot help being wrapped in something of hers. What's this? (*Takes hold of the mantle.*)

MEN. (*taking it off*). 'Tis a new dress for you, and a spoil from[1] my wife, my rosebud.

ERO. You have a ready way of prevailing, so as to be superior in my eyes to any one *of those* that pay me suit. (*Embraces him.*)

PEN. (*aside*). The harlot's coaxing in the meantime, while she's looking out what to plunder * * * * * * * * (*to* EROTIUM) for if you *really* loved him, by this his nose ought to have been off with your teething him[2].

MEN. Take hold of this, Peniculus: I wish to dedicate the spoil that I've vowed.

PEN. Give it me. (*Holds it while* MENÆCHMUS *puts it on.*) But, i' faith, prithee, do dance afterwards with the mantle on in this way.

MEN. I—dance? I' faith, you're not in your senses.

PEN. Are you or I the most? If you won't dance, then take it off.

MEN. (*to* EROTIUM). At a great risk have I stolen this to-day. In my opinion, indeed, Hercules didn't ever carry off the belt from Hippolyta[3] with danger as great. Take this for yourself (*he takes it off, and gives her the mantle*), since you are the only one alive that's compliant with my humours.

ERO. With such feelings 'tis proper that real lovers should be animated.

PEN. (*aside*). Those, indeed, who are making haste to bring themselves down to beggary.

MEN. I purchased that for my wife a year since at the price of four minæ.

PEN. (*aside*). The four minæ are clearly gone for ever, as the account *now* stands.

[1] *A spoil from*)—Ver. 191. "Exuviæ" means either the slough or cast skin of a snake, or the spoil taken from the enemy. Perhaps the latter is the sense in which it is here meant, as he has described his operations as a perfect campaign.

[2] *With your teething him*)—Ver. 195. Judging from this remark, perhaps she has accidentally forgotten to kiss her dupe, Menæchmus.

[3] *From Hippolyta*)—Ver. 200. Hercules was commanded by Eurystheus to obtain the belt or girdle of Hippolyta, or Antiope, the Queen of the Amazons. This he effected, and gave her in marriage to his companion Theseus, by whom, after giving birth to Hippolytus, she was put to death. Some accounts, however, state that she was slain by Hercules.

MEN. Do you know what I wish you to attend to?

ERO. I don't know; but I'll attend to whatever you do wish.

MEN. Order a breakfast, then, to be provided for us three at your house, and some dainties to be purchased at the market; kernels of boars' neck, or bacon off the gammon[1], or pig's head, or something in that way, which, when cooked *and* placed on table before me, may promote *an appetite* like a kite's: and—forthwith——

ERO. I' faith, I will. MEN. We're going to the Forum: we shall be here just now. While it's cooking, we'll take a whet in the meantime.

ERO. Come when you like, the things shall be ready.

MEN. Only make haste, *then*. Do you follow me (*to* PENICULUS).

PEN. By my troth, I certainly shall keep an eye on you, and follow you. I wouldn't take the wealth of the Gods to lose you this day. (*Exeunt* MENÆCHMUS *and* PENICULUS.

ERO. (*speaking at the door of her house*). Call Cylindrus, the cook, out of doors this moment from within.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* CYLINDRUS, *from the house.*

ERO. Take a hand-basket and some money. See, you have three *didrachms* here. (*Giving him money.*)

CYL. I have *so*. ERO. Go and bring some provisions, see that there's enough for three; let it be neither deficient nor overmuch.

CYL. What sort of persons are these to be?

ERO. Myself, Menæchmus, and his Parasite.

CYL. Then these make ten, for the Parasite easily performs the duty of eight persons[2].

ERO. I've *now* told you the guests; do you take care of the rest.

CYL. Very well. It's cooked *already;* bid them go and take their places.

ERO. Make haste back. CYL. I'll be here directly.

(*Exit* CYLINDRUS, *and* EROTIUM *goes into her house.*

[1] *Bacon off the gammon*)—Ver. 210. He facetiously calls bacon "pernonides;" literally, "the son of the gammon."

[2] *Duty of eight persons*)—Ver. 223. Athenæus, Book I., quotes a passage from Eubulus, the Comic writer, where he represents a Parasite as being counted of two or even three at table.

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Menæchmus Sosicles *and* Messenio.

Men. Sos. There's no greater pleasure to voyagers, in my notion, Messenio, than at the moment when from sea they espy the land afar.

Mess. There is a greater, I'll say it without subterfuge,—if on your arrival you see the land that is your own. But, prithee, why are we now come to Epidamnus? Why, like the sea, are we going round all the islands?

Men. Sos. To seek for my own twin-brother born?

Mess. Why, what end is there to be of searching for him? This is the sixth year that we've devoted our attention to this business. We have been already carried round the Istrians[1], the Hispanians, the Massilians, the Illyrians, all the Upper Adriatic Sea, and foreign Greece[2], and all the shores of Italy, wherever the sea reaches them. If you had been searching for a needle, I do believe you would, long ere this, have found the needle, if it were visible. Among the living are we seeking a person that's dead; for long ago should we have found him if he had been alive.

Men. Sos. For that reason I am looking for a person to give me that information for certain, who can say that he knows that he *really* is dead; after that I shall never take any trouble in seeking *further*. But otherwise I shall never, while I'm alive, desist; I know how dear he is to my heart.

Mess. You are seeking a knot in a bulrush[3]. Why don't we return homeward hence, unless we are to write a history[4]?

[1] *The Istrians*)—Ver. 235. The Istrians were a people of the north of Italy, near the Adriatic Sea, and adjoining to Illyricum. The Illyrians inhabited the countries now called Dalmatia and Sclavonia. The Massilians were the natives of the city of Massilia, now called Marseilles, in the south of France, where Pontius Pilate ended his days in banishment. The Hispani were the inhabitants of Hispania, now Spain.

[2] *And foreign Greece*)—Ver. 236. The "Græcia exotica," or "foreign Greece," here mentioned, was the southern part of Italy, which was also called "Magna Græcia," in consequence of the great number of Grecian settlements there. The Greeks were in the habit of calling the Sicilians and Calabrians Ἕλληνας ἐξωτικούς, "barbarian" or "foreign Greeks."

[3] *In a bulrush*)—Ver. 247. Those who made difficulties when there really was no difficulty at all, were said "in scirpo nodum quærere," "to seek a knot in a bulrush," the stem of which is perfectly smooth.

[4] *To write a history*)—Ver. 248. A narrative or history of their travels. Boxhorn thinks that the remark alludes to the voyage of Ulysses, a counterpart

MEN. SOS. Have done with your witty sayings, and be on your guard against a mischief. Don't you be troublesome; this matter shan't be done at your bidding.

MESS. (*aside*). Aye, aye; by that same expression do I rest assured that I'm a slave; he couldn't in a few words have said more in a plain-spoken way. But still I can't restrain myself from speaking. (*Aloud.*) Do you hear, Menæchmus? When I look in the purse, *I find*, i' faith, we're only equipped for our journey like summer travellers[1]. By my troth, I guess, if you don't be returning home, while you're seeking your twin-*brother*, you'll surely be groaning[2], when you have nothing *left*. For such is this race of people; among the men of Epidamnus there are debauchees and very great drinkers; swindlers besides, and many wheedlers are living in this city; then the women in the harlot line are said nowhere in the world to be more captivating. The name of Epidamnus was given to this city for the very reason, because hardly any person sojourns here without some damnable mishap[3].

MEN. SOS. I'll guard against that. Just give me the purse this way.

MESS. What do you want with it?

MEN. SOS. I'm apprehensive then about yourself, from your expressions.

MESS. Why are you apprehensive? MEN. SOS. Lest you should cause me some damnable mishap in Epidamnus. You are a great admirer of the women, Messenio, and I'm a passionate man, of an unmanageable disposition; of both these things will I have a care, when I've got the money, that you shall not commit a fault, and that I shall not be in a passion with you.

MESS. (*giving him the purse*). Take and keep it; with all my heart you may do so.

of which voyage could not be written without great personal observation, and an extensive knowledge of geography.

[1] *Like summer travellers*)—Ver. 255. Of course lighter garments and a less weight of luggage would be carried by travellers in the heat of summer

[2] *You'll surely be groaning*)—Ver. 257. He intends a puerile play upon the resemblance of the words "gemes," "will be groaning," and "geminum," "twin-brother."

[3] *Some damnable mishap*)—Ver. 264. "Sine damno." Literally, "without mischief" or "mishap." He puns on the resemblance of "damnum" to "Epidamnum." An attempt has been made in the translation to preserve the resemblance in some degree.

SCENE II.—*Enter* CYLINDRUS, *with a basket of provisions.*

CYL. I've catered well, and to my mind. I'll set a good breakfast before the breakfasters. But see, I perceive Menæchmus. Woe to my back; the guests are now already walking before the door, before I've returned with the provisions. I'll go and accost him. Save you, Menæchmus.

MEN. SOS. The Gods bless you, whoever you are. *

CYL. * * * * who I am?

MESS. I' faith, not I, indeed. CYL. Where are the other guests?

MEN. SOS. What guests are you enquiring about?

CYL. Your Parasite. MEN. SOS. My Parasite? Surely this fellow's deranged.

MESS. Didn't I tell you that there were many swindlers here?

MEN. SOS. What Parasite of mine, young man, are you enquiring about?

CYL. Peniculus. MEN. SOS. * * * * Where is my * * * * * ?

MESS. See, I've got your sponge[1] [*Peniculus*] all safe in the wallet.

CYL. Menæchmus, you've come here too soon for breakfast; I'm but now returning with the provisions.

MEN. SOS. Answer me *this*, young man: at what price do pigs sell here[2], unblemished ones, for sacrifice?

CYL. At a didrachm a-piece.

MEN. SOS. (*holding out his hand*). Receive, *then*, a didrachm of me; bid a sacrifice be made for you at my expense; for, by my faith, I really am sure in very truth that you are deranged, who are annoying me, a person that's a stranger, whoever you are.

CYL. I am Cylindrus; don't you know my name?

MEN. SOS. Whether you are Cylindrus or Caliendrus[3],

[1] *I've got your sponge*)—Ver. 286. Menæchmus takes Cylindrus to mean as though he were really talking about a "peniculus," or "sponge," used for the purposes of a napkin. He turns to Messenio, and probably says (in the mutilated passage), "Where is my peniculus?" on which the servant, taking it out of the "vidulus," or travelling-bag, says, "Here it is, quite safe."

[2] *Do pigs sell here*)—Ver. 289. Pigs without blemish were sacrificed to the Lares, or household Gods, in behalf of those who were afflicted with insanity. Menæchmus Sosicles adopts this as a quiet way of telling Cylindrus that he must be mad.

[3] *Cylindrus or Caliendrus*)—Ver. 295. Probably Cylindrus is so called from the words "cylindrus," "a cylinder," in the sense of a "rolling-pin." Sosicles plays

confound you. I don't know you, and, in fact, I don't want to know you.

CYL. Well, your name, however, is Menæchmus, that I do know.

MEN. SOS. You speak like a sane person when you call me by my name. But where have you known me?

CYL. Where have I known you, you who have Erotium, this mistress of mine (*pointing to the house*), for your lady?

MEN. SOS. By my troth, I have not, nor do I know yourself what person you are.

CYL. Not know who I am, who have many a time filled the cups for your own self at our house, when you've been drinking?

MESS. Woe to me, that I've got nothing with which to break this fellow's head.

MEN. SOS. Are you in the habit of filling the cups for me, who, before this day, have never beheld Epidamnus, nor been there?

CYL. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. Upon my honor, I decidedly do deny it.

CYL. Don't you live in that house? (*Pointing to the house of* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. SOS. May the Gods send to perdition those that live there.

CYL. Surely, this fellow's mad, who is *thus* uttering curses against his own self. Do you hear, Menæchmus?

MEN. SOS. What do you want? CYL. If you take my advice, that didrachm, which you just now promised to give me—you would order, if you were wise, a pig to be procured *with it* for yourself. For, i' faith, you really for sure are not in your senses, Menæchmus, who are now uttering curses against your own self.

MEN. SOS. Alas! By my faith, a very silly fellow, and an annoyance to me.

CYL. (*to* MESSENIO). He's in the habit of often joking with me in this fashion. How very droll he is, when his wife isn't present. How say you——?

MEN. SOS. What do you mean, you rascal?

CYL. (*pointing to the basket*). Has this that you see been provided in sufficient quantity for three persons, or am

upon its resemblance to "caliendrus," which perhaps meant a "peruke" or "wig," as the Latin word "caliendrum" had that signification.

I to provide still more for yourself and the Parasite and the lady?

MEN. SOS. What ladies—what Parasites are you talking about?

MESS. What, you villain, urges you to be an annoyance to him?

CYL. Pray what business have you with me? I don't know you; I'm talking to this person, whom I do know.

MEN. SOS. By my troth, you are not a person in his right senses, *that* I know for sure.

CYL. I'll have these things cooked directly; there shall be no delay. Don't you be going after this anywhere at a distance from the house. Do you want anything?

MEN. SOS. You to go to utter and extreme perdition.

CYL. I' faith, 'twere better for you to go in-doors at once and take your place, while I'm subjecting these things to the strength of the fire[1]. I'll go in-doors now, and tell Erotium that you are standing here, that she may fetch you away hence, rather than you be standing here out of doors. (*He goes into the house.*)

SCENE III.—MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENIO.

MEN. SOS. Is he gone then? He is gone. By my faith, I find by experience that your words are not untrue.

MESS. Do you only be on your guard; for I do believe that some woman in the harlot line is living here, as, in fact, this madman said, who has just gone away from here.

MEN. SOS. But I wonder how he came to know my name.

MESS. I' faith, 'tis far from surprising: courtesans have this custom; they send servant-boys *and* servant-girls down to the harbour; if any foreign ship comes into port, they enquire of what country it is, *and* what its name is; after that, at once they set themselves to work, *and* fasten themselves upon him; if they inveigle him, they send him home a ruined man. Now in this harbour there stands a piratical craft, against which I really think that we must be on our guard.

MEN. SOS. I' troth, you really counsel aright.

MESS. Then, in fine, shall I be sure that I've counselled aright, if you are rightly on your guard.

Strength of the fire)—Ver. 330. Vulcani ad violentiam. Literally "to the violence of Vulcan," the God of fire

MEN. SOS. Be silent for a moment, then; for the door makes a noise. Let's see who's coming out from there.

MESS. Meanwhile, I'll lay this down. (*He puts down the wallet.*) Do you keep watch upon these things, if you please, you sailors[1].

SCENE IV.—*Enter* EROTIUM, *from her house.*

ERO. (*speaking to her* SERVANTS *within*). Leave the door *ajar*[2] thus; begone. I don't want it shut: prepare, attend, *and* provide within; what is requisite, let it be done. Lay down the couches, burn the perfumes; neatness, that is the charm for the minds of lovers. Our agreableness is for the lover's loss, for our own gain. (*To herself.*) But where is he whom the Cook said was in front of the house? O, I see him there—one who is of service to me, and who profits me very much. And right willingly is such usage shown to him, as he deserves to be of especial importance in my house. Now I'll accost him; I'll address him of my own accord. (*To* MENÆCHMUS.) My dear life, it seems wonderful to me that you are standing here out of doors, for whom the door is wide open, more so than your own house, inasmuch as this house is at your service. Everything's ready as you requested and as you desired; nor have you now any delay in-doors. The breakfast, as you ordered, is prepared here; when you please, you may go and take your place.

MEN. SOS. To whom is this woman addressing herself?

ERO. Why, I'*m talking* to yourself.

MEN. SOS. What business have I ever had with you, or have I now?

[1] *You sailors*)—Ver. 350. Some Commentators think that by the words "navales pedes" he means "oars," as being the feet, or source of motion to the ship, and that Messenio puts his luggage upon some oars on the ground close by, telling them to be good enough to keep it all safe. It is more probable, however, that he is addressing some of the crew, perhaps the rowers who have carried the luggage from the ship. Others suggest that the luggage-porters, who awaited the arrival of ships with passengers and merchandize, are here referred to. This line, in Cotter's translation, is rendered, "Observe these things now, if you please. Behold the ship!" with this note, "Navales pedes, the oars of a ship, put for the ship itself."! De l'Œuvre ingeniously suggests that "pædes" is the correct reading, and the word is the Greek παιδὲς Latinized, and signifying, in the present instance, the "ship-boys" or "servants."

Leave the door ajar)—Ver. 351. Ladies of Erotium's character would find it more convenient to have their doors ajar, that persons might step in unperceived: besides, in the present instance, she wishes the "janitor" not to shut the door, as she expects to return directly with Menæchmus.

Ero. Troth, inasmuch as Venus has willed that you singly above all I should exalt; and that not without your deserving it. For, by my faith, you alone make me, by your kindnesses, to be thriving.

Men. Sos. For sure this woman is either mad or drunk, Messenio, that addresses me, a person whom she knows not in so familiar a way.

Mess. Didn't I say that these things are in the habit of occurring here? The leaves are falling now; in comparison with this, if we shall be here for three days, the trees will be tumbling upon you. For to such a degree are all these Courtesans wheedlers out of one's money. But only let me address her. Harkye, woman, I'm speaking to you.

Ero. What's the matter? Mess. Where have you yourself known this person?

Ero. In that same place where he *has known* me for this long time, in Epidamnus.

Mess. In Epidamnus? *A man* who, until this day, has never put a foot here inside of this city.

Ero. Heyday! You are making fun, my *dear* Menæchmus. But, prithee, why not go in? There, it will be more suitable for you.

Men. Sos. I' faith, this woman really does address me rightly by my name. I wonder very much what's the meaning of this business.

Mess. (*aside*). That purse that you are carrying has been smelt out by her.

Men. Sos. (*aside*). I' faith, and rightly have you put me in mind. Take it, then; I'll know now whether she loves myself or the purse most. (*Gives him the purse.*)

Ero. Let's go in the house to breakfast.

Men. Sos. You invite me kindly; so far, my thanks.

Ero. Why then did you bid me a while since prepare a breakfast for you?

Men. Sos. I, bid you prepare?

Ero. Certainly you *did*, for yourself and your Parasite.

Men. Sos. A plague, what Parasite? Surely this woman isn't quite right in her senses.

Ero. Peniculus. Men. Sos. Who is this Peniculus The one with which the shoes are wiped clean[1]?

[1] *Are wiped clean*)—Ver. 391. "Baxæ" or "baxeæ" were sandals made of twigs or fibres. They were often worn on the stage by Comic actors, and probably

ERO. Him, I mean, who came with you a while ago, when you brought me the mantle which you purloined from your wife.

MEN. SOS. What do you mean? I, gave you a mantle, which I purloined from my wife? Are you in your senses? Surely this woman dreams standing, after the manner of a gelding[1].

ERO. Why does it please you to hold me in ridicule, and to deny to me things that have been done by you?

MEN. SOS. Tell me what it is that I deny after having done it?

ERO. That you to-day gave me your wife's mantle.

MEN. SOS. Even still do I deny it. Indeed, I never had a wife, nor have I one; nor have I ever set my foot here within the *city* gate since I was born. I breakfasted on board ship; thence did I come this way, and *here* I met you.

ERO. See that now; I'm undone, wretched creature that I am! What ship are you now telling me about?

MEN. SOS. A wooden one, weather-beaten full oft, cracked full oft, many a time thumped with mallets. Just as the implements of the furrier[2]; *so* peg is close to peg.

ERO. Now, prithee, do leave off making fun of me, and step this way with me.

MEN. SOS. * * * * * * for, madam, you are looking for some other person, I know not whom, not me.

ERO. Don't I know you, Menæchmus, the son of your father Moschus, who are said to have been born in Sicily, at Syracuse, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Pintia[3], the third Liparo, who at his death left the kingdom to Hiero—*which* Hiero is now *king?*

on saying this, Menæchmus Sosicles points to his own. The Egyptians made them of palm-leaves and papyrus. They were much worn by the philosophers of ancient times. Probably the "peniculi," made of the tails of oxen, were much used for the purpose of dusting shoes.

[1] *Manner of a gelding*)—Ver. 395. He compares her to a horse, which sleeps and dreams (if it dreams at all) in a standing posture.

[2] *Of the furrier*)—Ver. 404. The "pellio," "furrier" or "skinner," would require a great many pegs in fastening down the skins for the purpose of stretching them. Meursius thinks that Plautus intends a sly hit here at Pellio, the bad actor, who is mentioned in the Second Scene of the Second Act in the Bacchides. If so, the joke is quite lost on us.

[3] *After him Pintia*)—Ver. 410. She is supposed, by the Commentators, to be

Men. Sos. You say, madam, what is not untrue.

Mess. By Jupiter, hasn't this woman come from there, who knows you so readily? * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Men. Sos. (*apart*). Troth, I think she must not be denied.

Mess. (*apart*). Don't you do it. You are undone, if you enter inside her threshold.

Men. Sos. (*apart*). But you only hold your tongue * * * * * * * * The matter goes on well. I shall assent to the woman, whatever she shall say, if I can get some entertainment. Just now, madam (*speaking to her in a low voice*), I contradicted you not undesignedly; I was afraid of that *fellow*, lest he might carry word to my wife about the mantle and the breakfast. Now, when you please, let's go in-doors.

Ero. Are you going to wait for the Parasite as well?

Men. Sos. I'm neither going to wait for him, nor do I care a straw for him, nor, if he should come, do I want him to be admitted in-doors.

Ero. By my faith, I shall do that not *at all* reluctantly. But do you know what I beg you to do?

Men. Sos. Only command me what you will.

Ero. For you to take that mantle which you gave me just now to the embroiderer's[1], that it may be trimmed again, and that some work may be added which I want.

purposely represented here as quite mistaken in her historical facts, and as making nothing but a confused jumble of them. Some think that the words "Pintia" and "Liparo" are ablative cases; but it is much more probable that they are nominatives. Gronovius thinks that one Phintias is alluded to, who, as we are told by Diodorus Siculus, assumed the government at Agrigentum after the death of Agathocles. He did not, however, reign at Syracuse. We do not learn from history that Hiero received the government from Liparo, but, on the contrary, that his virtuous character was the sole ground for his election to the sovereignty. Lipara was the name of one of the Æolian islands (now called the Isles of Lipari), not far from the coast of Sicily. Some think that she means to call Agathocles by the additional names of Plintias (and not Pintia) from πλιντὸς, "pottery," as he had exercised the trade of a potter, and of "Liparo," from the Greek λυπηρὸς, "savage," by reason of the cruelty of which he was guilty in the latter part of his life. This notion seems, however, to be more fanciful than well-founded.

[1] *To the embroiderer's*)—Ver. 425. "Phrygionem." As the natives of Phrygia were very dexterous at embroidering, and their services were much sought for the purposes of luxury, all embroiderers in time came to be called "phrygiones.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, you say what's right; in such a way shall it be disguised that my wife shan't know that you are wearing it, if she should see you in the street.

ERO. Then take it away with you just now, when you go away.

MEN. SOS. By all means. ERO. Let's go in-doors. (*Goes into her house.*)

MEN. SOS. I'll follow you this instant; I only wish to speak to this person. So, there! Messenio, step to me this way.

MESS. What's the matter? MEN. SOS. Listen.

MESS. What need for it? MEN. SOS. There is need. I know what you'll say to me——

MESS. So much the worse. MEN. SOS. Hold your tongue * * * * * * * * I've got some spoil; thus much of the business have I begun upon. Go, and, as quick as you can, take away those people[1] at once to an inn[2]. Then do you take care to come and meet me[3] before sunset.

MESS. Don't you know that these people are harlots, master?

MEN. SOS. Hold your tongue, I say, and go you away from here. It will cost me pain, not you, if I do anything here that's foolish. This woman is silly and inexperienced. So far as I've perceived just now, there's some spoil for us here. (*He goes into the house of* EROTIUM.)

MESS. I'm undone. Are you going away then? He is certainly ruined; the piratical craft is now leading the boat straight to destruction. But I'm an unreasonable fellow to wish to rule my master; he bought me to obey his orders,

Cotter renders "ad phrygionem" here "to Phrygia," and so throughout the whole play!

[1] *Those people*)—Ver. 436. By "istos" he probably means the sailors or porters who were carrying the luggage.

[2] *To an inn*)—Ver. 436. The accommodation of the "taberna diversoria,' or 'diversorium," was generally of a humble kind, and these places were mostly adapted for the poorer classes only.

[3] *Come and meet me*)—Ver. 437. That is, as his "adversitor," which was the title given to the servant whose duty it was to fetch his master home in the evening.

not to be his commander. (*To the* Attendants.) Follow me, that, as I'm ordered, I may come in good time to meet my master.

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Peniculus.

Pen. More than thirty years have I been born yet during that time I never did any more mischievous or more evil trick than this day, when, to my misfortune, I thrust myself into the midst of the assembly[1]: while I was gaping about there, Menæchmus stole away from me, and went, I suppose, to his mistress, and didn't want to take me. May all the Divinities confound that man who first mischievously devised the holding of an assembly, which keeps men *thus* engaged. By my troth, is it not fitting that men who are disengaged should be chosen for that purpose? These, when they are cited, if they are not present, let the *officers* exact the fine[2] forthwith * * * * the senate * * * * * * * * Abundance of men are there who every day eat their victuals alone, who have no business, who are neither invited nor invite to feast; these ought to give their attendance at the assembly and the law-courts[3]. If so it had been, this say I shouldn't have lost my breakfast; to which I deemed myself as much accustomed, as to see myself alive. I'll go; even yet the hope of the scraps comforts my mind. But why do I see Menæchmus here? He's coming out of doors with a chaplet on? The banquet is removed; i' faith, I come just in time to meet him. I'll watch the fellow, what he's about, then I'll go and accost him. (*He steps aside.*)

[1] *Midst of the assembly*)—Ver. 448. This "concio" was the sitting of the court for the trial of causes, to which we shall find further reference in the sequel, when it is explained how he happened to lose sight of Menæchmus.

[2] *Exact the fine*)—Ver. 454. He suggests that Menæchmus has possibly been summoned, in his capacity as a citizen, to the "concio," for the purpose of being present at the trials going on. The Parasite curses this custom, and wishes that they would summon only the idle men, and not those engaged in the important business of feasting their friends. There is some doubt as to the meaning of "census capiant," but it probably signifies 'let them exact the fine."

[3] *And the law-courts*)—Ver. 459. The 'comitia" of the Romans have been referred to in a previous Note.

SCENE II.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *from the house of* EROTIUM, *with the mantle on.*

MEN. SOS. (*speaking to* EROTIUM *within*). Can't you rest content, if this day I bring it you back in good time, nicely and properly trimmed? I'll cause you to say it isn't itself, so much shall it be disguised.

PEN. (*apart*). He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, the breakfast finished and the wine drunk up, *and* the Parasite shut out of doors. By my troth, I'm not the person that I am, if I don't handsomely avenge this injury and myself. 'Tis requisite I should watch * * * * * * * * * * * * * I'll give something.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). O ye immortal Gods! on what man ever have you conferred more blessings in one day, who hoped for less? I've been breakfasting, drinking, feasting with a mistress; *and* I've carried off this *mantle*, of which she shall no more be owner after this day.

PEN. Isn't he now talking about me, and my share *of the repast?* I can't well hear what he says.

MEN. SOS. (*to himself*). She says that I secretly gave her this, and that I stole it away from my wife. When I perceived that she was mistaken, at once I began to assent, as though I *really* had had acquaintanceship with her. Whatever the woman said, the same said I. What need of many words? I was never entertained at less expense.

PEN. (*apart*). I'll accost the fellow; for I quite long to have a row.

MEN. SOS. Who's this that's coming up towards me? (*Takes off the mantle, and hides it.*)

PEN. What say you, *you* fellow lighter than a feather, most rascally and most abandoned—you disgraceful man—you cheat, and most worthless fellow? Why have I deserved this of you? For what reason should you ruin me? How you stole yourself away from me just now at the Forum. You've been performing the funeral of the breakfast in my absence. Why did you dare to do so, when I was entitled *to it* in an equal degree?

MEN. SOS. Young man, prithee, what business with me have you, who are thus purposely insulting a person whom

you know not? Do you wish a punishment to be given you for your abuse?

PEN. Do be quiet; by my faith, I discover that you've done that already indeed.

MEN. SOS. Answer me, young man, I beg; what is your name?

PEN. Are you laughing at me, as well, as though you didn't know my name?

MEN. SOS. By my troth, I never saw or knew you, that I'm aware of, before this day; but at all events, whoever you are, if you do what's right, you won't be an annoyance to me.

PEN. Don't you know me? MEN. SOS. I shouldn't deny it if I did know you.

PEN. Menæchmus, awake. MEN. SOS. I' troth, I really am awake, so far as I know.

PEN. Don't you know your own Parasite?

MEN. SOS. Young man, I find that your headpiece isn't sound.

PEN. Answer me; have you not purloined that mantle from your wife to-day, and given it to Erotium?

MEN. SOS. I' faith I have no wife, nor have I given the mantle to Erotium, nor have I purloined it.

PEN. Are you really in your senses? * * * * * * * * * * This matter's settled[1]. Did I not see you coming out of doors clad in a mantle?

MEN. SOS. Woe to your head. Do you think that all people are effeminate rogues[2] because you *are one?* Do you declare that I was clothed in a mantle?

PEN. Troth, I really do. MEN. SOS. Why don't you go where you are deserving *to go*, or else request yourself to be atoned for, you downright madman?

PEN. By my troth, never shall any one prevail upon me not to tell your wife the whole matter now, just as it happened. All these insults shall be retorted upon yourself. I'll take care that you shan't have devoured the breakfast unpunished. (*He goes into the house of* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus.*)

MEN. SOS. What's the meaning of this business? Why,

[1] *This matter's settled*)—Ver. 512. "Occisa est hæc res." Literally, "this matter is killed;" somewhat similar to our expression, "the murder is out."

[2] *Effeminate rogues*)—Ver. 514. "Cinædos." Literally, "dancers" or "dancing-masters," who, being effeminate persons, would be more likely to wear a "palla" of gay colours.

just as I see each person, do they all make fun of me in this way? But the door makes a noise.

SCENE III.—*Enter a* MAID-SERVANT, *from the house of* EROTIUM.

MAID. Menæchmus, Erotium says that she entreats you much, that at the same opportunity you'll take this to the goldsmith's, and add to it an ounce in weight of gold, and order the bracelet[1] to be fashioned anew. (*Gives him a bracelet.*)

MEN. SOS. Tell her that I'll attend both to this and anything else that she shall wish, if she wishes anything else attended to.

MAID. Do you know what this bracelet is?

MEN. SOS. I don't know, unless it's of gold.

MAID. This is the same one that you once said that you had secretly stolen out of the closet from your wife.

MEN. SOS. By my troth, 'twas never done.

MAID. Prithee, don't you remember it?

MEN. SOS. Not in the least. MAID. Give it me back then, if you don't remember it. (*Tries to take it.*)

MEN. SOS. Stop. (*Pretends to examine the bracelet.*) O yes, I really do remember it; it's the same, I believe, that I presented to her.

MAID. I' faith, it is the same. MEN. SOS. Where are the clasps which I gave her together with them?

MAID. You never gave her any. MEN. SOS. Why, faith, I gave them together with this * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

MAID. Shall I say that you'll attend to it?

MEN. SOS. Do say so; it shall be attended to. I'll take care that the mantle and the bracelet are brought back together.

MAID. My *dear* Menæchmus, do, pray, give me some earrings[2], the pendants to be made two didrachms in weight;

[1] *Order the bracelet*)—Ver. 527. "Spinter" or "spinther" is another name, derived from the Greek σφιγκτήρ, for the Latin "armilla" or bracelet. It received its Greek name, from its keeping in its place by compressing the arm of the wearer. Festus tells us that the bracelet called "spinter" was worn by the Roman ladies on the left arm, while the "armilla" was worn on either.

[2] *Give me some earrings*)—Ver. 541. The drops of the earrings were probably to be of the weight of two didrachms. The earring was called among the Romans "inauris," and by the Greeks ἐνώτιον. The Greeks also called it ἐλλόβιον, from its being inserted in the lobe of the ear. These ornaments were

that I may look on you with delight when you come to our house.

Men. Sos. Be it so. Give me the gold[1]; I'll find the price of the workmanship.

Maid. Give it yourself, please; at a future time I'll give it you back.

Men. Sos. No, give it yourself; at a future time I'll give it you twofold.

Maid. I haven't any. Men. Sos. But when you have it, do you give it *me*, then.

Maid. Do you wish for aught? Men. Sos. Say that I'll attend to these things, (*aside*) to be sold as soon as they can, and for what they'll fetch. (*The* Maid-Servant *goes into the house.*) Has she now gone off in-doors? She's gone, *and* has shut the door. Surely all the Gods are favouring, amplifying, and prospering me. But why do I delay while opportunity and time are granted me to get away from these procurers' dens? Make haste, Menæchmus; pull foot *and* quicken your pace. I'll take off this chaplet[2], and throw it away on the left hand side (*throws the chaplet down*), that, if they follow me, they may think I've gone in that direction. I'll go and meet my servant, if I can, that he may learn from me these blessings which the Gods confer upon me.

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter, from her house, the Wife *of* Menæchmus *of Epidamnus, followed by* Peniculus.

Wife. And shall I allow myself to remain in wedlock[3]

worn by both sexes among the Lydians, Persians, Libyans, Carthaginians, and other nations. Among the Greeks and Romans, the females alone were in the habit of wearing them. As with us, the earring consisted of a ring, and a drop, called "stalagmium," the ring being generally of gold, though bronze was sometimes used by the common people. Pearls, especially those of elongated form, called "elenchi," were very much valued for pendants.

[1] *Give me the gold*)—Ver. 544. He asks for the gold with the intention of stealing it; for, in spite of their wealth, it is evident, from this, and what appears in the sequel, that both he and his brother are by nature arrant thieves.

[2] *Take off this chaplet*)—Ver. 555. This he had been wearing at the "prandium," or "breakfast," at Erotium's house. The latter appears to be a more fitting name for a meal that was taken generally about twelve o'clock; while "the cœna," which commenced in general at about three, cannot with propriety be termed anything else than a "dinner."

[3] *To remain in wedlock*)—Ver. 559. As already observed in the Notes to the

here, when my husband secretly pilfers whatever's in the house, and carries it thence off to his mistress?

PEN. Why don't you hold your peace? I'll let you now catch him in the fact; do you only follow me this way. (*They go to the opposite side of the stage.*) In a state of drunkenness, with a chaplet on, he was carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, which he purloined from you at home to-day. But see, here is the chaplet which he had on. (*Seeing the chaplet on the ground.*) Now am I saying false? Aha, this way has he gone, if you wish to trace his footsteps. And, by my faith, see, here he comes on his way back most opportunely, but he isn't wearing the mantle.

WIFE. What now shall I do to him?

PEN. The same as usual; abuse him.

WIFE. So I am resolved. PEN. Let's step aside this way watch him from ambush. (*They retire on one side.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus.*

MEN. (*to himself*). Howwe do practise a custom here *that is* very foolish and extremely troublesome, and how *even* those who are the most worthy and great[1] do follow this habit: all wish their dependants to be many in number; whether they are deserving or undeserving, about that they don't enquire. Their property is more enquired about, than what the reputation of their clients is for honor. If any person is poor and not dishonest, he is considered worthless; but if a rich man is dishonest, he is considered a good client. Those who neither regard laws nor any good *or* justice at all, *the same* have zealous patrons. What has been entrusted to them, they deny to have been *so* entrusted; men full of litigation, rapacious, *and* fraudulent; who have acquired their property either by usury or by perjury; their *whole* pleasure is in litigation. When the day for trial is appointed, at the same time it is mentioned to their patrons, in order that they may plead for

Stichus and the Miles Gloriosus, the facilities for divorce, by reason of incompatibility and other circumstances, were very great among the Romans.

[1] *Most worthy and great*)—Ver. 572. "Optumi maximi." This was properly an epithet of Jupiter, and is, perhaps, satirically applied to the "little Gods," the great men of Rome. In the previous line he uses "morus," the Greek word μωρὸς, signifying "foolish," on account of its resemblance to the word "more, 'manner" or "custom."

them, about what they have done amiss. Before the people[1], or at law *before the Prætor*, or before the Ædile, is the cause tried. Just so, this day, a certain dependant has kept me very much engaged, nor was it allowed me to do what I wished, or in company with whom I wished; so fast did he stick to me, so much did he detain me. Before the Ædile, in behalf of his doings, very many and very disgraceful, did I plead his cause; a compromise I obtained, obscure *and* perplexed—more than enough I said, *and* than I needed to say, that surety *for him*[2] might end this litigation. What did he do? *Well*, what? He gave bail. And never did I at any time see any person more clearly detected; three very adverse witnesses against all his misdeeds were there. May all the Gods confound him, he has so spoilt this day for me; and myself as well, who ever this day beheld the Forum with my eyes. I ordered a breakfast to be prepared; my mistress is expecting me, I'm sure; as soon as ever I had the opportunity, I made haste immediately to leave the Forum. Now, I suppose, she's angry with me; the mantle, *however*, will appease her that I gave her, the one I took away to-day from my wife and carried to Erotium here.

PEN. (*apart to the* WIFE). What say you *now?*

WIFE (*apart*). That I'm unfortunately married to a worthless fellow.

PEN. (*apart*). Do you perfectly hear what he says?

WIFE (*apart*). Quite well. MEN. If I am wise, I shall be going hence in-doors, where it may be comfortable for me.

PEN. (*coming forward*). Stop; on the contrary, it shall be uncomfortable.

MEN. * * * * * she is very sorrowful; this doesn't quite please me, but I'll speak to her. Tell me, my wife, what is it amiss with you?

[1] *Before the people*)—Ver. 587. It is thought that he here refers to the three modes of trial in civil cases among the Romans—"apud populum," before the people in the Comitia centuriata, or full assembly; "in jure," before the "Prætor," or his delegates, the "Recuperatores" or "Judices selecti," "commissioned judges;" and before the Ædile, or city officer. He says, that on being summoned to the "concio," a "cliens" or dependant suddenly accosted him, and insisted on his defending him, which greatly detained him, but that in spite of the worthlessness of his client's cause, he was at last successful in effecting a compromise.

[2] *That surety for him*)—Ver. 592. He probably means that he gained time for his client to pay the debt, on condition of his giving bail or security that he would do so within a certain time.

PEN. (*to the* WIFE). The pretty fellow's soothing you.

MEN. Can't you cease being annoying to me? Did I address you?

WIFE. (*turning away from* MENÆCHMUS). Take yourself off—away with your caresses from me. Do you persist in it?

MEN. Why are you offended with me?

WIFE. You ought to know. PEN. The rascal knows, but he pretends not to know.

MEN. Has any one of the servants done amiss? Do either the maid or the men-servants give you saucy answers? Speak out; it shan't be *done* with impunity.

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Surely you are angry at some one of the domestics?

WIFE. You are trifling. MEN. Are you angry with me at all events?

WIFE. Now you are not trifling. MEN. I' faith, I haven't done wrong in anything.

WIFE. Ah! now you are trifling again.

MEN. Wife, what's the matter? WIFE. Do you ask me *that?*

MEN. Do you wish me to ask him? (*To* PENICULUS.) What's the matter?

WIFE. The mantle. MEN. The mantle?

WIFE. A certain person *has taken* a mantle. (MENÆCHMUS *starts.*)

PEN. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). Why are you alarmed?

MEN. For my part, I'm not alarmed at all—(*aside*) except about one thing; the mantle makes[1] my face mantle.

PEN. (*aside to* MENÆCHMUS). But as for me, you shouldn't have slily devoured the breakfast. (*To the* WIFE.) Go on against your husband.

MEN. (*making signs to* PENICULUS). Won't you hold your tongue?

PEN. Faith, I really will not hold my tongue. (*To the* WIFE.) He's nodding to me not to speak.

MEN. On my word, I really never did nod to you, or wink in any way.

[1] *The mantle makes*)—Ver. 616. "Palla pallorem incutit." In his alarm he cannot avoid a pun on the resemblance between "palla," the "mantle," and "pallor," paleness. The meaning is, literally, "the mantle strikes paleness *into me*;" but an attempt is made in the Translation to imitate the play upon the words

PEN. Nothing is more audacious than this man, who resolutely denies those things which you see.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife, that I did not nod to him; isn't that enough for you?

PEN. She now believes you about that matter; go back again there.

MEN. Go back where? PEN. Why, to the embroiderer, as I suppose. Go *and* bring the mantle back.

MEN. What mantle is it? PEN. Now I hold my tongue, since he doesn't remember his own business.

WIFE. Did you suppose that you could possibly commit these villanies unknown *to me?* By heavens, you have assuredly taken that away from me at a heavy usury; such is the return[1]. (*Shaking her fist.*)

PEN. Such is the return. Do you make haste to eat up the breakfast in my absence; *and* then in your drunkenness make fun of me, with your chaplet on, before the house.

MEN. By all the powers, I have neither breakfasted, nor have I this day set foot inside of that house.

PEN. Do you deny it? MEN. By my troth, I really do deny it.

PEN. Nothing is there more audacious than this fellow. Did I not just now see you standing here before the house, with a chaplet of flowers *on*, when you were declaring that my headpiece wasn't sound, and declaring that you didn't know me, *and* saying that you were a foreigner?

MEN. On the contrary, as some time since I parted with you, *so* I'm now returning home at last.

PEN. I understand you. You didn't think it was in my power to take vengeance upon you; i' faith, I've told it all to your wife.

MEN. Told her what? PEN. I don't know; ask her own self.

MEN. (*turning to his* WIFE). What's this, wife? Pray, what

[1] *Such is the return*)—Ver. 626. "Sic datur." Literally, "thus it is given," or "on these terms it is lent." Some Commentators will have it, that these words are accompanied with a slap on the face, in which case they will be equivalent to "there, take that." They may, however, simply mean, "such are the terms" on which you had my mantle, "such are the results of your lending;" her abuse and indignation, accompanied, perhaps, with a threat, being the "fœnus, or "interest" for the loan.

has he been telling you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don't you say what it is?

WIFE. As though you didn't know. I' faith, I certainly am a miserable woman.

MEN. Why are you a miserable woman? tell me.

WIFE. Do you ask me? MEN. Faith, I shouldn't ask you if I knew.

PEN. O the wicked fellow; how he does dissemble. You cannot conceal it; she knows the matter thoroughly; by my faith, I've disclosed everything.

MEN. What is it? WIFE. Inasmuch as you are not at all ashamed, and don't wish to confess of your own accord, listen, and attend to this; I'll both let you know why I'm sorrowful, and what he has told me. My mantle has been purloined from me at home.

MEN. Mantle purloined from me? PEN. (*to the* WIFE). D'you see how the rogue is catching you up? (*To* MENÆCHMUS.) It was purloined from her, not from you; for certainly if it had been purloined from you, it would now be safe.

MEN. (*to* PENICULUS). I've nothing to do with you. But (*to his* WIFE) what is it you say?

WIFE. A mantle, I say, has been lost from home.

MEN. Who has stolen it? WIFE. I faith, he knows that, who took it away.

MEN. What person was it? WIFE. A certain Menæchmus.

MEN. By my troth, 'twas villanously done. Who is this Menæchmus?

WIFE. You are he, I say. MEN. I?

WIFE. You. MEN. Who accuses me?

WIFE. I, myself. PEN. I, too; and you carried it off to Erotium here, your mistress.

MEN. I, gave it her? PEN. You, you, I say. Do you wish for an owl[1] to be brought here, to say "you, you," continually to you? For we are now quite tired of it.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the Gods, I swear, wife (and isn't that enough for you?), that I did not give it.

PEN. Aye, and I, by all the powers, that we are telling no untruth.

[1] *Wish for an owl*—Ver. 654. "Tu, tu." He alludes to the note of the owl which to the Romans would seem to say "tu, tu" "you, you."

MEN. But I haven't given it away, but just only lent it to be made use of.

WIFE. But, i' faith, for my part, I don't lend either your scarf or your cloak out of the house, to any one, to be made use of. 'Tis fair that the woman should lend out of the house the woman's apparel, the man the man's. But why don't you bring the mantle home again?

MEN. I'll have it brought back. WIFE. For your own interest you'll do so, as I think; for you shall never enter the house to-day unless you bring the mantle with you. I'm going home.

PEN. (*to the* WIFE). What's there to be for me, who have given you this assistance?

WIFE. Your assistance shall be repaid, when anything shall be purloined from your house. (*The* WIFE *goes into the house.*)

PEN. Then, by my troth, that really will never be; for nothing have I at home to lose. May the Gods confound you, both husband and wife. I'll make haste to the Forum, for I see clearly that I've quite fallen out with this family. (*Exit.*

MEN. My wife thinks that she does me an injury when she shuts me out of doors; as though I hadn't another better place to be admitted into. If I displease you, I must endure it; I shall please Erotium here, who won't be shutting me out of her house, but will be shutting me up in her house *rather*. Now I'll go; I'll beg her to give me back the mantle that I gave her a while since. I'll purchase another for her—a better one. Hallo! is any one the porter here? (*Knocks at* EROTIUM'S *door.*) Open *here*, and some one *of you* call Erotium before the door.

SCENE III.—*Enter* EROTIUM, *from her house.*

ERO. Who's enquiring for me here?

MEN. One that's more of an enemy to his own self than to yourself[1].

ERO. My *dear* Menæchmus? Why are you standing before the house? Do follow me in-doors.

[1] *Than to yourself*)—Ver. 675. "Ætati tuæ." Literally, "to your age," a circumlocution for "yourself."

MEN. Stop. Do you know why it is that I'm come to you?

ERO. I know *well;* that you may amuse yourself with me.

MEN. Why no, troth, that mantle which I gave you a while since, give it me back, I entreat you; my wife has become acquainted with all the transaction, in its order, just as it happened. I'll procure for you a mantle of twofold greater value than you shall wish.

ERO. Why, I gave it your own self a little while since, that you might take it to the embroiderer's, and that bracelet, too, that you might take it to the goldsmith's that it might be made anew.

MEN. You, gave me the mantle and the bracelet? You'll find 'twas never done. For, indeed, after I gave it you a while ago, and went away to the Forum, I'm but just returning, *and* now see you for the first time since.

ERO. I see what plan you are upon; that you may defraud me of what I entrusted *to you*, at that thing you are aiming——

MEN. On my word, I do not ask it for the sake of defrauding you. But I tell you that my wife has discovered *the matter.*

ERO. Nor did I of my own accord beg you to give it me; of your own accord you yourself brought it me. You gave it me as a present; now you're asking for the same thing back again. I'll put up with it; keep it to yourself; take it away; make use of it, either yourself or your wife, or squeeze it into your money-box[1] even. After this day, that you mayn't be deceived, you shan't set your foot in this house, since you hold me in contempt, who deserve so well of you. Unless you bring money, you'll be disappointed; you can't cajole me. Find some other woman, henceforth, for you to be disappointing.

MEN. By my troth, very angry at last. Hallo! you; stay, I bid you. Come you back. Will you stay now? Will you even for my sake come back? (EROTIUM *goes into her house, and shuts the door.*) She has gone in-doors, *and* shut the house. Now I'm regularly barred out; I have

[1] *Into your money-box*)—Ver. 691. "As you make so much fuss about it, and it is so valuable, squeeze it up into your money-box."

neither any credit at home now, nor with my mistress. I'll go and consult my friends on this matter, as to what they think should be done. (*Exit.*

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter Menæchmus Sosicles, *with the mantle on.*

Men. Sos. I did very foolishly a while since, in entrusting my purse to Messenio with the money. I suspect he has got himself into some bad house[1] *or other.*

Enter the Wife *of* Menæchmus *of Epidamnus, from the house.*

Wife. I'll look out *to see* how soon my husband is going to return home. But here he is; I see him; I'm all right, he's bringing back the mantle.

Men. Sos. (*to himself*). I wonder where Messenio can be walking now.

Wife. I'll go and receive the fellow with such language as he deserves. (*Accosting him.*) Are you not ashamed to come forward in my presence, you disgraceful man, in that garb?

Men. Sos. What's the matter? What thing is troubling you, woman?

Wife. Do you dare, you shameless fellow, to utter even a single word, or to speak to me?

Men. Sos. Pray, what wrong have I committed, that I shouldn't dare to speak to you?

Wife. Do you ask me? O dear, the impudent audacity of the fellow!

Men. Sos. Don't you know, madam, for what reason the Greeks used to say that Hecuba was a bitch[2]?

[1] *Into some bad house*)—Ver. 704. The "ganeæ" or "ganea" were, probably, very similar to the "popinæ," the loose character of which, and the "thermopolia," has been alluded to in a preceding Note.

[2] *Hecuba was a bitch*)—Ver. 714. Hecuba was the daughter of Cisseus or of Dymas, and the wife of Priam, King of Troy. In the distribution of the spoil, after the siege of Troy, she fell to the share of Ulysses, and became his slave, but died soon after in Thrace. Servius alleges, with Plautus, that the Greeks circulated the story of her transformation into a bitch, because she was perpetually railing at them to provoke them to put her to death, rather than condemn her to the life of a slave. According to Strabo and Pomponius Mela, in their time the place of her burial was still to be seen in Thrace. It was called κύνος σημὰ, "the Tomb of the bitch." Euripides, in his "Hecuba," has not followed this tradition, but represents her as complaining that the Greeks had chained her to the door of Agamemnon like a dog.

Wife. I don't know, indeed. Men. Sos. Because Hecuba used to do the same thing that you are now doing. She used to heap all kinds of imprecations on every one she saw; and, therefore, for that reason she was properly begun to be called a bitch.

Wife. I can't put up with this disgraceful conduct of yours; for I had rather see my life that of a widow, than endure this vile conduct of yours that you are guilty of.

Men. Sos. What is it to me, whether you are able to endure to live in the married state, or whether you will separate from your husband? Is it thus the fashion here to tell *these* stories to a stranger on his arrival?

Wife. What stories? I say, I'll not endure it henceforth, but live separate rather than put up with these ways.

Men. Sos. Troth, so far indeed as I'm concerned, do live separate, even so long as Jupiter shall hold his sway.

Wife. By heavens, I'll certainly now send for my father, and I'll tell him your disgraceful conduct that you are guilty of. Go, Decio (*calling to a* Servant), seek for my father, that he may come along with you to me; tell him that occasion has arisen for it. I'll now disclose to him this disgraceful conduct of yours.

Men. Sos. Are you in your senses? What disgraceful conduct of mine?

Wife. When you filch from home my mantle and gold *trinkets*, without the knowledge of your wife, and carry them off to your mistress. Don't I state this correctly?

Men. Sos. O dear! madam, by my faith, you are both very bold and *very* perverse. Do you dare to say (*pointing at the mantle*) that this was stolen from you which another woman gave me, for me to get it trimmed?

Wife. A little while since you didn't deny that you had purloined it from me; do you now hold up that same before my eyes? Are you not ashamed?

Men. Sos. By my faith, madam, I entreat you, if you know, show me what I'm to drink[1], by means of which I may put up with your impertinence. What person you are

What I'm to drink)—Ver. 742. Some Commentators think that he is asking for a medical potion, to help him to swallow down the "petulantia," or insulting conduct. This supposition does not seem necessary, for even a draught of water would have the same effect in such a case.

taking me to be, I don't know; I know you just as well as Parthaon[1].

Wife. If you laugh at me, still, i' troth, you can't do so at him; my father, *I mean*, who's coming here. Why don't you look back? Do you know that *person?*

Men. Sos. Just as well as Calchas[2] do I know him; I have seen him on that same day on which *I have seen* yourself before this present day.

Wife. Do you deny that you know me? Do you deny *that you know* my father?

Men. Sos. Troth, I shall say the same thing, if you choose to bring your grandfather.

Wife. I' faith, you do this and other things just in a like fashion.

Scene II.—*Enter an* Old Man, *hobbling with a stick.*

Old Man. According as my age *permits*, and as there is occasion to do so, I'll push on my steps *and* make haste to get along. But how far from easy 'tis for me, I'm not mistaken as to that. For my agility forsakes me, *and* I am beset with age; I carry my body weighed down; my strength has deserted me. How grievous a pack upon one's back is age. For when it comes, it brings very many and very grievous particulars, were I now to recount all of which, my speech would be too long. But this matter is a trouble to my mind and heart, what this business can possibly be on account of which my daughter suddenly requires me to come to her, and doesn't first let me know what's the matter, what she wants, or why she sends for me. But pretty nearly do I know now what's the matter; I suspect that some quarrel has arisen with her husband. So are these women wont to do, who, presuming on their portions, *and* haughty, require their husbands to be obedient to them; and they as well full oft are not without fault. But still there are bounds, within which a wife ought to be put up with. By my troth, my daughter never sends for her father to come to her

[1] *As well as Parthaon*)—Ver. 745. Parthaon was the father of Œneus, King of Ætolia, the father of Deiänira, the wife of Hercules. The name is used to signify a person who lived so long ago that it was impossible to know him.

[2] *As well as Calchas*)—Ver. 748. Calchas, the son of Thestor, was a famous soothsayer, who accompanied the Grecian army in the expedition against Troy.

except *when* either something has been done wrong, or there is a cause for quarrelling. But whatever it is, I shall now know. And see, I perceive her herself before the house, and her husband in a pensive mood. 'Tis the same as I suspected. I'll accost her.

WIFE. I'll go and meet him. May every happiness attend you, my father.

OLD MAN. Happiness attend you. Do I find you in good spirits? Do you bid me be fetched in happy mood? Why are you sorrowful? And why does he (*pointing at* MENÆCHMUS) in anger stand apart from you? *Something*, I know not what, are you two wrangling about[1] between you. Say, in few words, which of the two is in fault: no long speeches, *though*.

WIFE. For my part, I've done nothing wrong; as to that point do I at once make you easy, father. But I cannot live or remain here on any account; you must take me away hence immediately.

OLD MAN. Why, what's the matter? WIFE. I am made a laughing-stock of, father.

OLD MAN. By whom? WIFE. By him to whom you gave me, my husband.

OLD MAN. Look at that—a quarrel now. How often, I wonder, have I told you to be cautious, that neither should be coming to me with your complaints.

WIFE. How, my father, can I possibly guard against that?

OLD MAN. Do you ask me? * * * * * * * * * unless you don't wish. How often have I told you to be compliant to your husband. Don't be watching what he does, where he goes, or what matter he's about.

WIFE. Why, but he's in love with a courtesan here close by.

OLD MAN. He is exceedingly wise: and for this painstaking *of yours*, I would even have him love her the more.

WIFE. He drinks there, too. OLD MAN. And will he really drink the less for you, whether it shall please him *to do*

[1] *Wrangling about*)—Ver. 778. "Velitati estis;" literally, "have been skirmishing." The figure is derived from the "velites," the light-armed soldiers of the Roman army, who were not drawn up in rank and file, but commonly skirmished in front of the main body, attacking the enemy here and there, and when hard pressed, retiring into the vacant spaces of the legion.

so there or anywhere else? Plague on it, what assurance is this? On the same principle, you would wish to hinder him from engaging to dine out, or from receiving any other person at his own house. Do you want husbands to be your servants? You might *as well* expect, on the same principle, to be giving him out his task, *and* bidding him sit among the female servants *and* card wool.

WIFE. Why, surely, father, I've sent for you not to be my advocate, but my husband's: on this side you stand[1], on the other you plead the cause.

OLD MAN. If he has done wrong in anything, so much the more shall I censure him than I've censured you. Since he keeps you provided for and well clothed, *and* finds you amply in female servants *and* provisions, 'tis better, madam, to entertain kindly feelings.

WIFE. But he purloins from me gold trinkets and mantles from out of the chests at home; he plunders me, *and* secretly carries off my ornaments to harlots.

OLD MAN. He does wrong, if he does that; if he does not do it, you do wrong in accusing him *when* innocent.

WIFE. Why at this moment, even, he has got a mantle, father, and a bracelet, which he had carried off to her; now, because I came to know of it, he brings them back.

OLD MAN. I'll know from himself, then, how it happened. I'll go up to *this* man and accost him. (*Goes up to* MENÆCHMUS.) Tell me this, Menæchmus, what you *two* are disputing about, that I may know. Why are you pensive? And why does she in anger stand apart from you?

MEN. SOS. Whoever you are, whatever is your name, old gentleman, I call to witness supreme Jove and the Deities——

OLD MAN. For what reason, or what matter of all matters?

MEN. SOS. That I have neither done wrong to that woman, who is accusing me of having purloined this (*pointing to the mantle*) away from her at home * * * *and which* she solemnly swears that I did take away. If

[1] *On this side you stand*)—Ver. 799. It was the custom for the patron, when acting as the counsel, to have his client standing by him while pleading. The wife complains that her father has been sent for by her to act as her own advocate, but that, instead of so doing, he is encouraging her supposed husband in his perverseness.

ever I set foot inside of her house where she lives, I wish that I may become the most wretched of all wretched men.

OLD MAN. Are you in your senses to wish this, or to deny that you ever set foot in that house where you live, you downright madman?

MEN. SOS. Do you say, old gentleman, that I live in this house? (*Pointing at the house.*)

OLD MAN. Do you deny it? MEN. SOS. By my faith, I certainly do deny it.

OLD MAN. In your fun you are going too far in denying it; unless you flitted elsewhere this last night. Step this way, please, daughter. (*To the* WIFE.) What do you say? Have you removed from this house?

WIFE. To what place, or for what reason, prithee?

OLD MAN. I' faith, I don't know. WIFE. He's surely making fun of you.

OLD MAN. Can't you keep yourself *quiet?* Now, Menæchmus, you really have joked long enough; now do *seriously* attend to this matter.

MEN. SOS. Prithee, what have I to do with you? Whence or what person are you? Is your mind right, or hers, in fact, who is an annoyance to me in every way?

WIFE. Don't you see how his eyes sparkle? How a green colour[1] is arising on his temples and his forehead; look how his eyes do glisten * * * * * * * * * *

MEN. SOS. O me! They say I'm mad, whereas they of themselves are mad.

WIFE. How he yawns, as he stretches himself. What am I to do now, my father?

OLD MAN. Step this way, my daughter, as far as ever you can from him.

MEN. SOS. (*aside*). What is there better for me than, since they say I'm mad, to pretend that I am mad, that I may frighten them away from me? (*He dances about.*)

[1] *A green colour*)—Ver. 829. It was supposed that in madness, or extreme anger, the countenance assumed a greenish hue. Ben Jonson has probably imitated this passage in the Silent Woman, Act IV., sc. 4.: "Lord! how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! Do you see what blue spots he has?"

Evoë, Bacchus, ho! Bromius[1], in what forest dost thou invite me to the chase? I hear *thee*, but I cannot get away from this spot, so much does this raving mad female cur watch me on the left side. And behind there is that other old he-goat, who many a time in his life has proved the destruction of an innocent fellow-citizen by his false testimony.

Old Man (*shaking his stick at him*). Woe to your head!

Men. Sos. Lo! by his oracle, Apollo bids me burn out her eyes with blazing torches. (*He points with his fingers at her.*)

Wife. I'm undone, my father; he's threatening to burn my eyes out.

Old Man. Hark you, daughter. Wife. What's the matter? What are we to do?

Old Man. What if I call the servants out here? I'll go bring some to take him away hence, and bind him at home, before he makes any further disturbance.

Men. Sos. (*aside*). So now; I think now if I don't adopt some plan for myself, these people will be carrying me off home to their house. (*Aloud.*) Dost thou forbid me to spare my fists at all upon her face, unless she does at once get out of my sight to utter and extreme perdition? I will do what thou dost bid me, Apollo. (*Runs after her.*)

Old Man (*to the* Wife). Away with you home as soon as possible, lest he should knock you down.

Wife. I'm off. Watch him, my father, I entreat you, that he mayn't go anywhere hence. Am I not a wretched woman to hear these things? (*She goes into her house.*)

Men. Sos. (*aside*). I've got rid of her not so badly. (*Aloud*). Now as for this most filthy, long-bearded, palsied Tithonus, who is said to have had Cygnus for his father[2], you

[1] *Ho! Bromius*)—Ver. 836. Evius and Bromius were two of the names by which the Bacchanals addressed Bacchus in their frenzy.

[2] *Cygnus for his father*)—Ver. 854. Plautus designedly makes Menæchmus Sosicles be guilty of the mistake of styling Tithonus the son of Cygnus, as helping to promote the belief of his madness. Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, and the brother of Priam. He was beloved by Aurora, and the poets feigned that he was her husband. Having received the gift of immortality, he forgot to have perpetual youthfulness united with the gift; and at length, in his extreme old age, he was changed into a grasshopper. There were several persons of the name of Cygnus, or Cycnus; one was the son of Apollo and Hyrie, another of Mars and Pelopea, or Pyrene, another of Neptune and Calyx, and a fourth of Ocitus and Arnophile

bid me break in pieces his limbs, and bones, and members with that walking-stick which he himself is holding.

Old Man. Punishment shall be inflicted if you touch me indeed, or if you come nearer to me.

Men. Sos. (*shouting aloud*). I will do what thou dost bid me; I will take a two-edged axe, and I will hew this old fellow to his very bones, and I will chop his entrails into mince-meat.

Old Man (*retreating as far as he can*). Why really against that must I take care and precaution. As he threatens, I'm quite in dread of him, lest he should do me some mischief.

Men. Sos. (*jumping and raising his arms*). Many things dost thou bid me do, Apollo. Now thou dost order me to take the yoked horses, unbroke *and* fierce, and to mount the chariot, that I may crush to pieces this aged, stinking, toothless lion. Now have I mounted the chariot; now do I hold the reins; now is the whip in my hand. Speed onward, *ye* steeds, let the sound of your hoofs be heard; in your swift course let the rapid pace of your feet[1] be redoubled. (*Points at the* Old Man *as he pretends to gallop.*)

Old Man. Are you threatening me with your yoked steeds?

Men. Sos. Lo! again, Apollo, thou dost bid me to make an onset against him who is standing here, and to murder him. But what person is this that is tearing me hence by the hair down from the chariot? He revokes thy commands and the decree of Apollo.

Old Man. Alas! a severe and obstinate malady, i' faith. By our trust in you, ye Gods * * * * * * * * * even this person who is *now* mad, how well he was a little time since. All on a sudden has so great a distemper attacked him. I'll go now and fetch a physician as fast as I can. (*Exit.*

Men. Sos. Prithee, are these persons gone now out of my sight, who are compelling me by force, while in my wits, to be mad? Why do I delay to be off to the ship, while I can

[1] *The rapid pace of your feet*)—Ver. 867. "Cursu celeri facite inflexa sit pedum pernicitas." Literally, "in the swift course, make the swiftness of your feet to be bent inwards." The legs of good horses, when trotting fast, bend inwards before they throw them out.

in safety? * * * * * * * * * * And all of you (*to the* Spectators), if the old gentleman should return, I beg not to tell him, now, by what street I fled away hence. (*Exit.*

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter the Old Man, *very slowly.*

Old Man. My bones ache with sitting, my eyes with watching, while waiting for the Doctor, till he returned from his business. At last the troublesome fellow has with difficulty got away from his patients. He says that he has set a broken leg for Æsculapius[1], and an arm for Apollo. I'm now thinking whether I'm to say that I'm bringing a doctor or a carpenter[2]. But, see, here he comes.—Do get on with your ant's pace.

Scene II.—*Enter a* Doctor.

Doct. What did you say was his disorder? Tell me, respected sir. Is he harassed by sprites[3], or is he frenzied? Let me know. Is it lethargy, or is it dropsy, that possesses him?

Old Man. Why, I'm bringing you for that reason, that you may tell me that, and make him convalescent.

Doct. That indeed is a very easy matter. Why, I shall heal innumerable times as many[4] in the day.

Old Man. I wish him to be treated with great attention.

Doct. That he shall be healed, I promise that on my word; so with great attention will I treat him for you.

[1] *For Æsculapius*)—Ver. 885. Apollo and Æsculapius were the two guardian Divinities of the medical art. The old man, perhaps, mentions their names instead of those of some persons of whose wonderful cures the Doctor has been bragging.

[2] *Or a carpenter*)—Ver. 887. He says that, talking of mending legs, the Doctor may, for aught he knows, be some carpenter, who has been patching up the legs of statues.

[3] *Harassed by sprites*)—Ver. 890. "Larvatus aut cerritus." The "larvati" were mad persons, supposed to be afflicted with ghosts or spectres; while the "cerriti" were persons who were thought to be visited with madness by the Goddess Ceres.

[4] *Innumerable times as many*) —Ver 894. The Doctor is bragging of his extensive practice.

OLD MAN. Why, see! here's the man himself.

DOCT. Let's watch what matter he's about. *(They stand aside.)*

SCENE III.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus.*

MEN. (*to himself*). By my faith, this day has certainly fallen out perverse and adverse for me, since the Parasite, who has filled me full of disgrace and terror, has made that all known, which I supposed I was doing secretly; my own Ulysses[1], who has brought so great evil on his king—a fellow that, by my troth, if I only live, I'll soon finish his life[2]. But I'm a fool, who call that his, which is my own. With my own victuals and *at my own* expense has he been supported; of existence will I deprive the fellow. But the Courtesan has done this in a way worthy of her, just as the harlot's habit is: because I ask for the mantle, that it may be returned again to my wife, she declares that she has given it me. O dear! By my faith, I do live a wretched man.

OLD MAN (*apart*). Do you hear what he says?

DOCT. (*apart*). He declares that he is wretched.

OLD MAN (*apart*). I wish you to accost him.

DOCT. (*going up to him*). Save you, Menæchmus. Prithee, why do you bare your arm? Don't you know how much mischief you are now doing to that disease of yours?

MEN. Why don't you go hang yourself?

OLD MAN. What think you *now?* DOCT. What shouldn't I think? This case can't be treated with *even* ointment of hellebore. But what have you to say, Menæchmus?

MEN. What do you want? DOCT. Tell me this that I ask of you; do you drink white wine or dark-coloured?

MEN. What need have you to enquire?

DOCT. * * * * * *

MEN. Why don't you go to utter perdition?

[1] *My own Ulysses*)—Ver. 902. He complains that the Parasite, who used to be his adviser, and as good as a Ulysses to him, his king, or patron, has been the cause of all his mishaps.

[2] *Finish his life*)—Ver. 903. "Vitâ evolvam suâ." Literally, "I will wind him off of his life." He probably alludes to the "Parcæ," the "Fates" or "Destinies," who were fabled to be the daughters of Nox and Erebus, and of whom, one, named Clotho, held the distaff, and spun the thread of life; another, named Lachesis, wound it off; and the third, called Atropos, cut it off when of the requisite length.

Old Man. Troth, he's now beginning to be attacked with the fit.

Men. Why don't you ask whether I'm wont to eat dark bread, or purple, or yellow? Or whether I'm wont *to eat* birds with scales, *or* fish with wings?

Old Man. Dear, dear! (*To the* Doctor.) Don't you hear how deliriously he talks? Why do you delay to give him something by way of a potion, before his raving overtakes him?

Doct. Stop a little; I'll question him on some other matters as well.

Old Man. You are killing me[1] by your prating.

Doct. (*to* Menæchmus). Tell me this; are your eyes ever in the habit of becoming hard[2]?

Men. What? Do you take me to be a locust[3], you most worthless fellow?

Doct. Tell me, now, do your bowels ever rumble that you know of?

Men. When I'm full, they don't rumble at all; when I'm hungry, then they do rumble.

Doct. I' faith, he really gave me that answer not like an insane person. Do you always sleep soundly until daylight? Do you easily go to sleep when in bed?

Men. I sleep throughout if * * * * * * * I go to sleep if I have paid my money to him to whom I owe it.

Doct. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Men. (*to the* Doctor). May Jupiter and all the Divinities confound you, you questioner.

Doct. (*aside*). Now *this* person begins to rave. (*To the* Old Man.) From those expressions do you take care of yourself.

Old Man. Why, he's now really quite favourable in his language, in comparison with what he was a short time since;

[1] *You are killing me*)—Ver. 922. "Occidis fabulans." This remark seems rather to apply to the effect of his chattering, upon the old man himself, who is growing impatient, than upon the supposed madman; though, from the elliptical nature of the expression, the latter may possibly be the meaning.

[2] *Of becoming hard*)—Ver. 923. This was supposed to be one of the symptoms of madness.

[3] *To be a locust*)—Ver. 924. The eyes of locusts were considered to be of peculiar hardness. They are very large and prominent. It has been suggested that "locusta" here means a "lobster."

for, a little while ago, he was saying that his wife was a raving cur.

MEN. What did I say? OLD MAN. You were raving, I say.

MEN. What, I? OLD MAN. You there; who threatened as well to ride me down with your yoked steeds.

MEN. * * * * * *

OLD MAN I myself saw you do this; I myself accuse you of this.

MEN. And I know that you stole[1] the sacred crown of Jupiter; and that on that account you were confined in prison; and after you were let out, I know that you were beaten with rods in the bilboes; I know, too, that you murdered your father and sold your mother. Don't I give this abuse in answer for your abuse, like a sane person?

OLD MAN. I' faith, Doctor, whatever you are about to do, prithee, do it quickly. Don't you see that the man is raving?

DOCT. Do you know what's the best for you to do? Have him taken to my house.

OLD MAN. Do you think so? DOCT. Why should I not? There at my own discretion I shall be able to treat the man.

OLD MAN. Do just as you please. DOCT. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). I'll make you drink hellebore some twenty days.

MEN. But, hanging up[2], I'll flog you with a whip for thirty days.

DOCT. (*to the* OLD MAN). Go fetch some men to take him off to my house.

OLD MAN. How many are sufficient?

DOCT. Since I see him *thus* raving, four, no less.

OLD MAN. They shall be here this instant. Do you keep an eye on him, Doctor.

DOCT. Why, no, I shall go home that the things may be got ready, which are necessary to be prepared. Bid your servants carry him to my house.

OLD MAN. I'll make him be there just now.

[1] *That you stole*)—Ver. 941. This expression has been already remarked upon in the Notes to the Trinummus.

[2] *But, hanging up*)—Ver. 951. "Pendentem." When they were flogged, the slaves were tied up with their hands extended over their heads. Probably, the Doctor is intended to be represented as being a slave; as many of the liberal pursuits were followed by slaves, and sometimes to the very great profit of their masters. The "furca" (for want of a better word, called "bilboes" in the translation) is referred to in another Note.

DOCT. I'm off. OLD MAN. Farewell.

(*Exeunt* OLD MAN *and* DOCTOR, *separately.*

MEN. My father-in-law is gone, the Doctor is gone; I'm alone. O Jupiter! Why is it that these people say I'm mad? Why, in fact, since I was born, I have never for a single day been ill. I'm neither mad, nor do I commence strifes or quarrels. In health *myself*, I see others well; I know people, I address them. Is it that they who falsely say I'm mad, are mad themselves? What shall I do now? I wish to go home; but my wife doesn't allow me; and here (*pointing to* EROTIUM'S *house*) no one admits me. Most unfortunately has this fallen out. Here will I still remain; at night, at least, I shall be let into the house, I trust. (*Stands near his door.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* MESSENIO.

MESS. (*to himself*). This is the proof of a good servant, who takes care of his master's business, looks after it, arranges it, thinks about it, in the absence of his master diligently to attend to the affairs of his master, as much so as if he himself were present, or *even* better. It is proper that his back[1] should be of more consequence than his appetite, his legs than his stomach, whose heart is rightly placed. Let him bear in mind, those who are good for nothing, what reward is given them by their masters—lazy, worthless fellows. Stripes, fetters, the mill, weariness, hunger, sharp cold; these are the rewards of idleness. This evil do I terribly stand in awe of. Wherefore 'tis sure that to be good is better than to be bad. Much more readily do I submit to words, stripes I do detest; and I eat what is ground much more readily than supply it *ground* by myself[2]. Therefore do I obey the command of my master, carefully and diligently do I observe it; and in such manner do I pay obedience, as I think is for the interest of my back. And that *course* does profit me. Let others be just as they take it to be their interest; I shall be just as I ought to be. If I adhere to that, I shall avoid faultiness; so that I am in readiness for my

[1] *That his back*)—Ver. 970. For the purpose of keeping his back intact from the whip, and his feet from the fetters.

[2] *Ground by myself*)—Ver. 979. He alludes to the custom of sending refractory slaves to the "pistrinum," where the corn was ground by a handmill, which entailed extreme labour on those grinding. He says that he would rather that others should grind the corn for him, than that he should grind it for others.

master on all occasions, I shall not be much afraid. *The time* is near, when, for these deeds of mine, my master will give his reward. After I had deposited the goods and the servants in the inn, as he ordered me, thus am I come to meet him. (*Going to the door of* EROTIUM'S *house.*) Now I'll knock at the door, that he may know that I'm here, and that out of this thick wood[1] of peril I may get my master safe out of doors. But I'm afraid that I'm come too late, after the battle has been fought.

SCENE V.—*Enter the* OLD MAN, *with* SERVANTS.

OLD MAN (*to the* SERVANTS). By Gods and men, I tell you prudently to pay regard to my commands, as to what I have commanded and do command. Take care that this person is carried at once upon your shoulders to the surgery, unless, indeed, you set no value upon your legs or your sides. Take care each of you to regard at a straw whatever threats he shall utter. What are you standing for? Why are you hesitating? By this you ought to have had him carried off on your shoulders. I'll go to the Doctor; I'll be there ready when you shall come.

(*Exit. The* SERVANTS *gather around* MENÆCHMUS.

MEN. I'm undone. What business is this? Why are these men running towards me, pray? What do you want? What do you seek? Why do you stand around me? (*They seize and drag him.*) Whither are you dragging me? Whither are you carrying me? I'm undone. I entreat your assistance, citizens, men of Epidamnus, come and help me. (*To the men.*) Why don't you let me go?

MESS. (*running towards them*). O ye immortal Gods, I beseech you, what do I behold with my eyes? Some fellows, I know not who, are most disgracefully carrying off my master upon their shoulders.

MEN. Who is it that ventures to bring me aid?

MESS. I, master, and right boldly. (*Aloud.*) O shameful and scandalous deed, citizens of Epidamnus, for my master, here in a town enjoying peace, to be carried off, in daylight, in the street, who came to you a free man. Let him go.

MEN. Prithee, whoever you are, do lend me your aid, and don't suffer so great an outrage to be signally committed against me.

[1] *This thick wood*)—Ver. 988. He compares the house of the Courtesan to a forest or thicket. These latter places, as being frequently the lurking-places of thieves and robbers, would be especially dangerous to travellers.

MESS. Aye, I'll give you my aid, and I'll defend you, and zealously succour you. I'll never let you come to harm; 'tis fitter that I *myself* should come to harm. I'll now make a sowing on the faces of these fellows, and *there* I'll plant my fists. I' faith, you're carrying this person off this day at your own extreme hazard. Let him go. (*He lays about him.*)

MEN. (*fighting with them*). I've got hold of this fellow's eye.

MESS. Make the socket of his eye be seen in his head. You rascals! you villains! you robbers!

THE SERVANTS (*severally*). We are undone. Troth, now, prithee, *do*——

MESS. Let him go then. MEN. What business have you to touch me? Thump them with your fists.

MESS. Come, begone, fly hence to utter perdition *with you.* (*Three run away.*) Here's for you, too (*giving the fourth one a punch*); because you are the last to yield, you shall have this for a reward. (*They all disappear.*) Right well have I marked his face, and quite to my liking. Troth, now, master, I really did come to your help just now in the nick of time.

MEN. And may the Gods, young man, whoever you are, ever bless you. For, had it not been for you, I should never have survived this day until sunset.

MESS. By my troth, then, master, if you do right, you will give me my freedom.

MEN. I, give you your freedom? MESS. Doubtless: since, master, I have saved you.

MEN. How's this? Young man, you are mistaken.

MESS. How, mistaken? MEN. By father Jove, I solemnly swear that I am not your master.

MESS. Will you not hold your peace? MEN. I'm telling no lie; nor did any servant of mine ever do such a thing as you have done for me.

MESS. In that case, then, let me go free, if you deny that I am your servant.

MEN. By my faith, so far, indeed, as I'm concerned, be free, and go where you like.

MESS. That is, you order me *to do so?*

MEN. I' faith, I do order you, if I have aught of authority over you.

MESS. Save you, my patron. Since you seriously give me my freedom, I rejoice.

MEN. I' faith, I really do believe you.

Mess. But, my patron, I do entreat you that you won't command me any the less now than when I was your servant. With you will I dwell, and when you go I'll go home together with you. Wait for me *here;* I'll now go to the inn, *and* bring back the luggage and the money for you. The purse, with the money for our journey, is fast sealed up in the wallet; I'll bring it just now here to you.

Men. Bring it carefully. Mess. I'll give it back safe to you just as you gave it to me. Do you wait for me here.

(*Exit* Messenio.

Men. Very wonderful things have really happened this day to me in wonderful ways. Some deny that I am he who I am, and shut me out of doors; others say that I am he who I am not, and will have it that they are my servants. He for instance, who said that he was going for the money, to whom I gave his freedom just now. Since he says that he will bring me a purse with money, if he does bring it[1], I'll say that he may go free from me where he pleases, lest at a time when he shall have come to his senses he should ask the money of me. My father-in-law and the Doctor were saying that I am mad. Whatever it is, it is a wonderful affair. These things appear to me not at all otherwise than dreams. Now I'll go in the house to this Courtesan, although she is angry with me; if I can prevail upon her to restore the mantle for me to take back home. (*He goes into* Erotium's *house.*)

Scene VI.—*Enter* Menæchmus Sosicles *and* Messenio.

Men. Sos. Do you dare affirm, audacious fellow, that I have ever met you this day since *the time when* I ordered you to come here to meet me?

Mess. Why, I just now rescued you before this house, when four men were carrying you off upon their shoulders. You invoked the aid of all Gods and men, when I ran up and delivered you by main force, fighting, *and* in spite of them. For this reason, because I rescued you, you set me at liberty. When I said that I was going for the money and the luggage, you ran before to meet me as quickly as you could, in order that you might deny what you did.

[1] *If he does bring it*)—Ver. 1044. He contemplates robbing even the man who has just rescued him. The disnonesty of his brother, in carrying off the mantle and bracelet, and wishing to rob the servant-maid of the gold for her earrings, has been previously remarked.

MEN. SOS. I, bade you go away a free man?

MESS. Certainly. MEN. SOS. Why, on the contrary, 'tis most certain that I myself would rather become a slave than ever give you your freedom.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus, from* EROTIUM'S *house.*

MEN. (*at the door, to* EROTIUM *within*). If you are ready to swear by your eyes, by my troth, not a bit the more for that reason, most vile woman, will you make it that I took away the mantle and the bracelet to-day.

MESS. Immortal Gods, what do I see?

MEN. SOS. What do you see? MESS. Your resemblance in a mirror.

MEN. SOS. What's the matter? MESS. 'Tis your image; 'tis as like as possible.

MEN. SOS. (*catching sight of the other*). Troth, it really is not unlike, so far as I know my own form.

MEN. (*to* MESSENIO). O young man, save you, you who preserved me, whoever you are.

MESS. By my troth, young man, prithee, tell me your name, unless it's disagreable.

MEN. I' faith, you've not so deserved of me, that it should be disagreable *for me* to tell what you wish. My name is Menæchmus.

MEN. SOS. Why, by my troth, so is mine.

MEN. I am a Sicilian, of Syracuse.

MEN. SOS. Troth, the same is my native country.

MEN. What is it that I hear *of you?*

MEN. SOS. That which is the fact.

MESS. (*To* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *by mistake*). I know this person myself (*pointing to the other* MENÆCHMUS); he is my master, I really am his servant; but I did think I belonged to this other. (*To* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus, by mistake.*) I took him to be you; to him, too, did I give some trouble. (*To his master.*) Pray, pardon me if I have said aught foolishly or unadvisedly to you.

MEN. SOS. You seem to me to be mad. Don't you remember that together with me you disembarked from board ship to-day?

MESS. Why, really, you say what's right—you are my master; (*to* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus*) do you look out for a servant. (*To his master.*) To you my greetings (*to*

MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus*) to you, farewell. This, I say, is Menæchmus.

MEN. But I say I am. MEN. SOS. What story's this? Are you Menæchmus?

MEN. I say that I'm the son of Moschus, *who was* my father.

MEN. SOS. Are you the son of my father?

MEN. Aye, I really am, young man, of my own *father*. I don't want to claim your father, nor to take possession of him from you.

MESS. Immortal Gods, what unhoped-for hope do you bestow on me, as I suspect. For unless my mind misleads me, these are the two twin-brothers; for they mention alike their native country and their father. I'll call my master aside—Menæchmus.

BOTH OF THE MENÆCHMI. What do you want?

MESS. I don't want you both. But which of you was brought *here* in the ship with me?

MEN. Not I. MEN. SOS. But 'twas I.

MESS. You, then, I want. Step this way. (*They go aside.*)

MEN. SOS. I've stepped aside *now*. What's the matter?

MESS. This man is either an impostor, or he is your twin-brother. But I never beheld one person more like *another* person. Neither water, believe me, is ever more like to water nor milk to milk, than he is to you, and you likewise to him; besides, he speaks of the same native country and father. 'Tis better for us to accost him and make further enquiries of him.

MEN. SOS. I' faith, but you've given me good advice, and I return you thanks. Troth, now, prithee, do continue to lend me your assistance. If you discover that this is my brother, be you a free man.

MESS. I hope *I shall*. MEN. SOS. I too hope that it will be so.

MESS. (*to* MENÆCHMUS *of Epidamnus*). How say you? I think you said that you are called Menæchmus?

MEN. *I did* so indeed. MESS. (*pointing to his master*). His name, too, is Menæchmus. You said that you were born at Syracuse, in Sicily; he was born there. You said that Moschus was your father; he was his as well. Now both of you can be giving help to me and to yourselves at the same time.

MEN. You have deserved that you should beg nothing but what you should obtain that which you desire. Free *as I am*, I'll serve you as though you had bought me for money.

MESS. I have a hope that I shall find that you two are twin-born brothers, born of one mother and of one father on the same day.

MEN. You mention wondrous things. I wish that you could effect what you've promised.

MESS. I can. But attend now, both of you, *and* tell me that which I shall ask.

MEN. Ask as you please, I'll answer you. I'll not conceal anything that I know.

MESS. Isn't your name Menæchmus? MEN. I own it.

MESS. Isn't it yours as well? MEN. Sos. It is.

MESS. Do you say that Moschus was your father?

MEN. Truly, *I do say* so. MEN. Sos. And mine *as well.*

MESS. Are you of Syracuse? MEN. Certainly.

MESS. And you? MEN. Sos. Why not *the same?*

MESS. Hitherto the marks agree perfectly well. Still lend me your attention. (*To* MENÆCHMUS.) Tell me, what do you remember at the greatest distance of time in your native country?

MEN. When I went with my father to Tarentum to traffic; and afterwards how I strayed away from my father among the people, and was carried away thence.

MEN. Sos. Supreme Jupiter, preserve me!

MESS. (*to* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES). Why do you exclaim? Why don't you hold your peace? (*To* MENÆCHMUS.) How many years old were you when your father took you from your native country?

MEN. Seven years old; for just then my teeth were changing for the first time. And never since then have I seen my father.

MESS. Well, how many sons of you had your father then?

MEN. As far as I now remember, two.

MESS. Which of the two was the older—you or the other?

MEN. Both were just alike *in age.*

MESS. How can that be? MEN. We two were twins.

MEN. Sos. The Gods wish to bless me.

MESS. (*to* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES). If you interrupt, I shall hold my tongue.

MEN. Sos. Rather *than that*, I'll hold my tongue.

MESS. Tell me, were you both of the same name?

MEN. By no means; for my *name* was what it is now, Menæchmus; the other they then used to call Sosicles.

MEN. SOS. (*embracing his brother*). I recognize the proofs; I cannot refrain from embracing him. My own twin-brother, blessings on you; I am Sosicles.

MEN. How then was the name of Menæchmus afterwards given to you?

MEN. SOS. After word was brought to us that you * * * * * and that my father was dead, my grandfather changed it; the name that was yours he gave to me.

MEN. I believe that it did so happen as you say. But answer me this.

MEN. SOS. Ask it *of me*. MEN. What was the name of our mother?

MEN. SOS. Teuximarcha. MEN. That *quite* agrees. (*He again embraces him.*) O welcome, unhoped-for brother, whom after many years I now behold.

MEN. SOS. And you, whom with many and anxious labours I have ever been seeking up to this time, and whom I rejoice at being found.

MESS. (*to his master*). It was for this reason that this Courtesan called you by his name; she thought that you were he, I suppose, when she invited you to breakfast.

MEN. Why, faith, to-day I ordered a breakfast to be got ready here (*pointing to* EROTIUM'S *house*) for me, unknown to my wife; a mantle which a short time since I filched from home, to her I gave it.

MEN. SOS. Do you say, brother, that this is the mantle which I'm wearing?

MEN. How did this come to you? MEN. SOS. The Courtesan who took me here (*pointing to* EROTIUM'S *house*) to breakfast, said that I had given it to her. I breakfasted very pleasantly; I drank and entertained myself with my mistress; she gave me the mantle and this golden trinket. (*Showing the bracelet.*) * * * * * * * * * *

MEN. I' faith, I'm glad if any luck has befallen you on my account; for when she invited you to her house, she supposed it to be me.

MESS. Do you make any objection that I should be free as you commanded?

MEN. He asks, brother, what's very fair and very just. Do it for my sake.

MEN. SOS. (*touching* MESSENIO'S *shoulder*). Be thou a free man.

MEN. I am glad, Messenio, that you are free.

MESS. Why, better auspices[1] were required that I should be free for life. * * * * * * * * *

MEN. SOS. Since these matters, brother, have turned out to our wishes, let us both return to our native land.

MEN. Brother, I'll do as you wish. I'll have an auction here, and sell whatever I have. In the meantime, brother, let's now go in-doors.

MEN. SOS. Be it so. MESS. Do you know what I ask of you?

MEN. What? MESS. To give me the place of auctioneer.

MEN. It shall be given you. MESS. Would you like the auction, then, to be proclaimed at once? For what day?

MEN. On the seventh day *hence.*

MESS. (*coming forward, and speaking in a loud voice*). An auction *of the property* of Menæchmus will certainly take place on the morning of the seventh day hence. *His* slaves, furniture, house, and farms, will be sold. All will go for whatever they'll fetch at ready money prices. His wife, too, will be sold as well, if any purchaser shall come. I think that by the entire sale *Menæchmus* will hardly get fifty hundred thousand[2] sesterces. (*To the* SPECTATORS.) Now, Spectators, fare you well, and give us loud applause[3].

[1] *Better auspices*)—Ver. 1149. He alludes to the pretended manumission which he has already received from Menæchmus of Epidamnus, when he took him to be his master

[2] *Fifty hundred thousand*)—Ver. 1161. The sestertius, before the time of Augustus, was a silver coin of the value of twopence and one-half of a farthing; while after that period, its value was one penny three-farthings and a half. The large sum here mentioned, at the former value, amounts to 44,370*l.* 16s. 8d. He says "vix," it will "hardly" amount, by way of a piece of boasting.

[3] *Give us loud applause*)—Ver. 1162. This Comedy, which is considered to be one of the best, if not the very best, of all the plays of Plautus, is thought by some to have been derived from one of Menander's, as there are some fragments of a play by that Poet, called Διδυμοὶ, "the Twins." It is, however, very doubtful if such is the fact. It is rendered doubly famous from the fact that Shakspeare borrowed the plot of his Comedy of Errors from it, through the medium of the old translation of the Play, published in the year 1595, which is in some parts a strict translation, though in others only an abridgment of the original work. It is thought to have been made by William Warner, who wrote a poem called "Albion's England," which he dedicated to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain to Queen Ann the wife of James the First.

AULULARIA;
OR, THE CONCEALED TREASURE.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD, who speaks the Prologue.

EUCLIO, an aged Athenian.
MEGADORUS, uncle of Lyconides.
LYCONIDES, a young Athenian.
STROBILUS, servant of Megadorus and Lyconides.
PYTHODICUS, servant of Megadorus.
ANTHRAX, CONGRIO } Cooks.

EUNOMIA, the sister of Megadorus.
PHÆDRA, the daughter of Euclio.
STAPHYLA, an old woman, servant of Euclio.

Scene.—Athens, before the houses of EUCLIO and MEGADORUS, and the Temple of Faith.

THE SUBJECT.

EUCLIO, a miserly old Athenian, has a daughter named Phædra, who has been ravished by a young man named Lyconides, but is ignorant from whom she has received that injury. Lyconides has an uncle named Megadorus, who, being ignorant of these circumstances, determines to ask Phædra of her father, in marriage for himself. Euclio has discovered a pot of gold in his house, which he watches with the greatest anxiety. In the meantime, Megadorus asks his daughter in marriage, and his proposal is accepted; and while preparations are making for the nuptials, Euclio conceals his treasure, first in one place and then in another. Strobilus, the servant of Lyconides, watches his movements, and, having discovered it, carries off the treasure. While Euclio is lamenting his loss, Lyconides accosts him, with the view of confessing the outrage he has committed on his daughter, and of announcing to him that his uncle, Megadorus, has cancelled his agreement to marry her, in favour of himself. Euclio at first thinks that he is come to confess the robbery of the treasure. After much parleying, his mistake is rectified, and the matter is explained; on which Lyconides forces Strobilus to confess the theft; and (although the rest of the Play in its original form is lost) we learn from the acrostic Argument that Strobilus gives up the treasure, and Lyconides marries the daughter of Euclio, and receives the gold for a marriage-portion. The Supplement written by Codrus Urcens to supply the place of what is lost, has been added.

AULULARIA[1];

OR, THE CONCEALED TREASURE.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT OF PRISCIAN.

A POT (*Aulam*) that he has found full of gold, Euclio watches with the greatest strictness (*Vi*), being distracted in a dreadful manner. Lyconides (*Lyconides*) debauches his daughter. Megadorus wishes (*Vult*) to marry her without a portion, and to do it in a cheerful way (*Lubens*), he provides cooks with provisions. Euclio is afraid on account of the gold (*Auro*); he drives them out of the house; and the whole matter (*Re*) having been seen, the servant of the ravisher steals it (*Id*). He discloses the matter to Euclio; by (*Ab*) him he is presented with the gold, a wife, and a son.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the HOUSEHOLD GOD.

Lest any one should wonder who I am, I will tell *you* in a few words. I am the household God of this family, from whose house you have seen me coming forth. It is now many years that I have been occupying this house, and I inhabited it for the father and the grandfather of this person who now dwells here. But beseeching me, his grandfather entrusted to me a treasure of gold, unknown to all. He deposited it in the midst of the hearth[2], praying me that I would watch it for him. He, when he died, was of such an avaricious disposition, *that* he

[1] *Aulularia*) This word is derived from the old Latin word "aula," the same with the more recent form "olla," signifying "a pot," and whose diminutive was "aulula," which had the same signification. It will be seen how conspicuous a part the "aula" performs in the Play. Warner says, in a Note to his Translation, that Molière took a great part of his Comedy, called L'Avare, from this play of Plautus; and that there are two English Comedies on the same plan, one by Shadwell, the other by Fielding, called the Miser.

[2] *Midst of the hearth*)—Ver. 7. The Lares, or household Gods, were kept in the "lararium," which was a recess near the "focus," or "hearth," and in which prayers were offered up by the Romans on rising in the morning. The hearth or fireplace was in the middle of the house, and was sacred to the Lares

would never disclose it to his own son, and preferred rather to leave him in want than to show that treasure to *that* son. He left him no large quantity of land, on which to live with great laboriousness and in wretchedness. When he died who had entrusted that gold to me, I began to take notice whether his son would any how pay greater honor to me than his father had paid *me*. But he *was in the habit* of venerating me still less and less by very much, and gave me a still less share of devotion. So in return was it done by me; and he likewise ended his life. He left this person who now dwells here, his son, of the same disposition as his father and grandfather were. He has an only daughter; she is always every day making offerings to me, either with incense, or wine, or something or other; she presents me, *too*, with chaplets. Out of regard for her, I have caused this Euclio to find this treasure, in order that he might more readily give her in marriage if he should wish; for a young man of very high rank has ravished her; this young man knows who it is that he has ravished; she knows him not, nor yet *does* her father *know* that she has been ravished. This day I shall cause the old gentleman here, our neighbour, to ask her as his wife; that will I do for this reason, that he may the more easily marry her who has ravished her. And this old gentleman who shall ask her as his wife, the same is the uncle of that young man who debauched her in the night time at the festival of Ceres[1]. But this old fellow is now making an uproar in the house, as usual; he is thrusting the old woman out of doors, that she may not be privy *to the secret*. I suppose he wants to look at the gold, if it be not stolen.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Euclio, *driving out* Staphyla.

Euc. Get out, I say, be off, get out; by my troth, you

[1] *Festival of Ceres*)—Ver. 36. He probably alludes to the Thesmophoria, a festival which was celebrated in honor of the Goddess Ceres, and a large portion of the rites whereof were solemnized in the night time. In general it was celebrated only by the married women, though, as we find in the present instance, the maidens took some part in a portion of the ceremonial. It was said to have been celebrated in the night time in commemoration of the search by Ceres, with a torch in her hand, for her daughter Proserpine, when ravished by Pluto. No lights were used on the occasion, which will account, in a great measure, for the mishap of Phædra in the present instance, without her knowing who was the party that had insulted her. See an able article on the Thesmophoria in Dr Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

must budge out of this house here, you pryabout woman, with your inquisitive eyes.

STAPH. Pray why are you beating me, wretched *creature that I am?*

EUC. That you may be wretched, and that, curst *as you are*, you may pass a curst life, well befitting you.

STAPH. But for what reason have you now pushed me out of the house?

EUC. Am I to be giving you a reason, you *whole* harvest of whips[1]. Get away there from the door! There, do look, if you please, how she does creep along. But do you know how matters stand with you? If I just now take a stick or a whip in my hand, I'll quicken that tortoise pace for you.

STAPH. O that the Gods would drive me to hang myself, rather indeed than that I should be a slave in your house on these terms!

EUC. Hark how the hag is grumbling to herself! By my troth, you wretch, I'll knock out those eyes of yours, that you mayn't be able to watch me, what business I'm about. Get out (*pushes her with his hands*)—further yet! still further! further! There now, stand you there! By my faith, if you budge a finger's breadth, or a nail's width from that spot, or if you look back until I shall order you, i' faith, I'll give you up at once as a trainer for the gibbet. (*Aside.*) I know for sure that I did never see one more accursed than this hag, and I'm sadly in fear of her, lest she should be cheating me unawares, or be scenting it out where the gold is concealed, a most vile wretch, who has eyes in the back of her head as well. Now I'll go and see whether the gold is just as I concealed it, that *so* troubles wretched me in very many ways. (*He goes into his house.*)

SCENE II.—STAPHYLA, *alone.*

STAPH. By heavens, I cannot now conceive what mis fortune, or what insanity, I am to say has befallen my master; in such a way does he often, ten times in one day, in this fashion push wretched me out of the house. I' faith, I know not what craziness does possess this man; whole nights is he on the watch; then, too, all the day long does he sit for

[1] *Harvest of whips*)—Ver. 6. "Stimulorum seges." Literally, "you corn-field of whips." He means, that he will make her body as full of weals from whipping in a corn-field is of ears of corn.

whole days together at home like a lame cobbler[1]. Nor can I imagine now by what means to conceal the disgrace of my master's daughter, whose lying-in approaches near; and there isn't anything better for me, as I fancy, than to make one long *capital* letter[2] of myself, when I've tied up my neck in a halter.

SCENE III.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from his house.*

EUC. (*to himself*). Now, with my mind at ease, at length I go out of my house, after I've seen that everything is safe in-doors. Now do you return at once into the house (*to* STAPHYLA), and keep watch in-doors.

STAPH. Keep watch in-doors upon nothing at all, forsooth; or *is it*, that no one may carry the house away. For here in our house there's nothing else for thieves to gain, so filled is it with emptiness[3] and cobwebs.

EUC. 'Tis a wonder that, for your sake, Jupiter doesn't now make me a King Philip, or a Darius[4], you hag of hags. I choose those cobwebs to be watched for me. I am poor, I confess it—I put up with it. What the Gods send, I endure. Go in-doors, shut to the door, I shall be there directly. Take you care not to let any strange person into the house.

STAPH. What if any person asks for fire?

EUC. I wish it to be put out, that there may be no cause for any one asking it of you. But if the fire shall be kept in, you yourself shall be forthwith extinguished. Then do you say that the water has run out[5], if any one asks *for it.*

[1] *A lame cobbler*)—Ver. 34. Of course, lame people would be the most likely to take to such a sedentary employment as that of a cobbler.

[2] *Long capital letter*)—Ver. 38. She means to say, that she shall be forced to make a letter I of herself, by hanging herself. In so saying, she not only alludes to the straight and perpendicular form of that letter, but to its being especially long in the Roman mode of writing. They wrote words with the letter I thus: ÆDILIS, PISO, IVLIVS, for Ædilis, Piso, and Julius.

[3] *Filled is it with emptiness*)—Ver. 45. The expression, "full of emptiness," is intended as a piece of wit on the part of the old woman. Perhaps Euclio would not have the spiders molested, because they were considered to bring good luck.

[4] *Philip, or a Darius*)—Ver. 47. The names of Philip, King of Macedon, and Darius, King of Persia, as powerful and wealthy monarchs, would be likely to be well known to the writers of the new Greek Comedy, from whom Plautus borrowed most, if not all, of his plays.

[5] *Has run out*)—Ver. 55. It is not improbable that allusion is here made to the supply of water by pipes from the aqueducts.

STAPH. The knife, the hatchet, the pestle and mortar, utensils that neighbours are always asking the loan of——

EUC. Say that thieves have come and carried them *off*. In fact, in my absence, I wish no one to be admitted into my house; and this, too, do I tell you beforehand, if Good Luck should come, don't you admit her.

STAPH. I' faith, she takes good care, I think, not to be admitted; for though close at hand[1], she has never come to our house.

EUC. Hold your tongue, and go in-doors.

STAPH. I'll hold my tongue, and be off.

EUC. Shut the door, please, with both bolts. I shall be there directly. (STAPHYLA *goes into the house.*) I'm tormented in my mind, because I must go away from my house: I' faith, I go but very unwillingly; but I know *full well* what I'm about; for the person that is our master of our ward[2] has given notice that he will distribute a didrachm of silver to each man; if I relinquish that, and don't ask for it, at once I fancy that all will be suspecting that I've got gold at home; for it isn't very likely that a poor man would despise ever such a trifle, so as not to ask for his piece of money. For as it is, while I am carefully concealing it from all, lest they should know, all seem to know it, and all salute me more civilly than they formerly used to salute me; they come up to me, they stop, they shake hands[3]; they ask me how I am, what I'm

[1] *Close at hand*)—Ver. 63. She seems to allude to the fact of the temple of Bona Fortuna, or Good Luck, being in the vicinity of Euclio's house.

[2] *Master of our ward*)—Ver. 68. The "curiæ" at Rome were sub-divisions of the tribes originally made by Romulus, who divided the Ramnes, Titienses, and Luceres into thirty "curiæ." Each "curia" had its place for meeting and worship, which was also called "curia;" and was presided over by the "Curio," who is here called the "Magister curiæ," or "master of the ward." At first the Patricians and Equites had the sole influence in the "curiæ," and alone elected the "Curiones;" but after the year A.U.C. 544, the "Curio" was elected from the Patricians, after which period the political importance of the "curiæ" gradually declined, until they became mere bodies meeting for the performance of religious observances. Plautus probably alludes, in the present instance, to a dole, or distribution of money, made by the Greek Trittuarch among the poorer brethren of his τριττὺς, or "tribus;" as in adapting a Greek play to the taste of a Roman audience, he very often mingles the customs of the one country with those of the other.

[3] *They shake hands*)—Ver. 77. "Copulantur dextras." Literally, "they couple right hands."

doing, what business I'm about. Now I'll go there whither I had set out[1]; afterwards, I'll betake myself back again home as fast as ever I can.

Act II.—Scene I.

Enter Eunomia *and* Megadorus, *from their house.*

Eun. I could wish you, brother, to think that I utter these words by reason of my own regard and your welfare, as is befitting your own sister *to do*. Although I'm not unaware that we women are accounted troublesome; for we are all of us deservedly considered very talkative, and, in fact, they say at the present day that not a single woman has been found dumb[2] in any age. Still, brother, do you consider this one circumstance, that I am your nearest relation, and you in like manner are mine. How proper it is that I should counsel and advise you, and you me, as to what we may judge for the interest of each of us; and for it not to be kept concealed or kept silence upon through apprehension, but rather that I should make you my confidant, and you me in like manner. For that reason, now, have I brought you here apart out of doors, that I might here discourse with you upon your private concerns.

Meg. Best of women, give me your hand. (*Takes her hand.*)

Eun. (*looking about*). Where is she? Who, pray, is this best of women?

Meg. Yourself. Eun. Do you say so?

Meg. If you say no, I say no.

Eun. Indeed, it's right that the truth should be spoken; for the best of women can nowhere be found; one is *only* worse than another, brother.

Meg. I think the same, and I'm determined never to contradict you on that point, sister. What do you wish?

Eun. Give me your attention, I beg of you.

Meg. 'Tis at your service; use and command me, please, if you wish for aught.

[1] *Whither I had set out*)—Ver. 79. "Nunc quo profectus sumito." This is rendered, in Cotter's Translation, "now I will go where I am profited!"

[2] *Has been found dumb*)—Ver. 86. Not seeing the sarcasm intended against the female sex in this passage, Lambinus seriously takes the trouble to contradict Eunomia; his words are, "I myself, who am at present in my fifty-sixth year have seen no less than two dumb women."

EUN. A thing that I consider very greatly for your advantage I'm come to recommend you.

MEG. Sister, you are doing after your *usual* manner.

EUN. I wish it were done. MEG. What is it, sister?

EUN. That you may enjoy[1] everlasting blessings in being the father of children.

MEG. May the Gods so grant it.

EUN. I wish you to bring home a wife.

MEG. Ha! I'm undone. EUN. How so?

MEG. Because, sister, your words are knocking out the brains of unfortunate me; you are speaking stones[2].

EUN. Well, well, do this that your sister requests you.

MEG. If she requests me, I will do it.

EUN. 'Tis for your own interest. MEG. Yes, for me to die before I marry. Let her who comes *here* to-morrow, be carried out[3] of the house the day after, sister; on that condition, give me her whom you wish to give; get ready the nuptials.

EUN. I am able, brother, to provide you *with a wife with* a very large marriage-portion. But she's somewhat aged; she's of the middle-age of woman. If you request me, brother, to ask her for you, I'll ask her.

MEG. Would you like me to ask you a question?

EUN. Yes, if you like, ask it.

MEG. *Suppose* any old man, past mid-age, brings home a middle-aged wife, if by chance he should have a child by this old woman, do you doubt at all but that the name of that child is Posthumus[4], all prepared? Now, sister, I'll remove and lessen this labour for you. I, by the merits of the Gods

[1] *That you may enjoy*)—Ver. 105. "Quod tibi sempiternum salutare sit." This was a formula frequently introduced in announcing intelligence, or in making a proposition, and was considered to be significant of a good omen.

[2] *You are speaking stones*)—Ver. 110. So Shakspeare says, in Hamlet, Act III., sc. 7, "I will speak daggers to her, but use none." Aristophanes says, in one of his plays, "You have spoken roses to me."

[3] *Be carried out*)—Ver. 113. "Feratur," "may be carried out to burial." "Fero" and "effero" have that especial signification. The body was carried out to burial on a bier, which resembled a bed or couch.

[4] *Is Posthumus*)—Ver. 121. Children, who were born after their father's decease, were called "posthumi," a term which is still retained. By speaking of an old woman, "anus," as the mother, he seems also to allude to the chance of the child losing its mother as well, at the moment of its birth.

and of my forefathers, am rich enough; these high families, naughty pride[1], bountiful portions, acclamations, imperiousness, vehicles inlaid with ivory, *superb* mantles *and* purple, I can't abide, things that by their extravagance reduce men to slavery.

Eun. Tell me, pray, who is she whom you would like to take for a wife?

Meg. I'll tell you. Do you know that Euclio, the poor old man close by?

Eun. I know him; not a bad sort of man, i' faith.

Meg. I'd like his maiden daughter to be promised me in marriage. Don't make any words[2] *about it*, sister; I know what you are going to say; that she's poor. This poor *girl* pleases me.

Eun. May the Gods prosper it. Meg. I hope the same.

Eun. What *do you want* me now *for?* Do you wish for anything?

Meg. Farewell. Eun. And you *the same*, brother. (*Goes into the house.*)

Meg. I'll go meet Euclio, if he's at home. But, see! the *very* person is betaking himself home, whence, I know not.

Scene II.—*Enter* Euclio.

Euc. (*to himself*). My mind had a presentiment that I was going to no purpose when I left my house; and therefore I went unwillingly; for neither did any one of the wardsmen come, nor *yet* the master of the ward, who ought to have distributed the money. Now I'm making all haste to hasten home; for I myself am here, my mind's at home.

Meg. (*accosting him*). May you be well, and ever fortunate, Euclio!

Euc. May the Gods bless you, Megadorus!

Meg. How are you? Are you quite well, and as you wish?

Euc. (*aside*). It isn't for nothing when a rich man accosts

[1] *Haughty pride*)—Ver. 124. He means to say, that these evils are attendant upon marrying a woman with a large dowry.

[2] *Don't make any words*)—Ver. 130. Ben Jonson has imitated this passage in his Silent Woman, Act I., sc. 5·

> I know what thou wouldst say:
> She's poor, and her friends deceased.
> She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence.

a poor man courteously; now this fellow knows that I've got some gold; for that reason he salutes me more courteously.

MEG. Do you say that you are well?

EUC. Troth, I'm not very well in the money line.

MEG. I' faith, if you've a contented mind, you have enough to passing a good life with.

EUC. (*aside*). By my faith, the old woman has made a discovery to him about the gold; 'tis clear it's all out. I'll cut off her tongue, and tear out her eyes, *when I get* home.

MEG. Why are you talking to yourself?

EUC. I'm lamenting my poverty; I've a grown-up girl without a portion, and one that can't be disposed of in marriage; nor have I the ability to marry her to anybody.

MEG. Hold your peace; be of good courage, Euclio: she shall be given *in marriage;* you shall be assisted by myself. Say, if you have need of aught; command me.

EUC. (*aside*). Now is he aiming at *my property*, while he's making promises; he's gaping for my gold, that he may devour it; in the one hand he is carrying a stone[1], while he shows the bread in the other. I trust no person, who, rich *himself*, is exceedingly courteous to a poor man; when he extends his hand with a kind air, then is he loading you with some damage. I know these polypi[2], who, when they've touched a thing, hold it fast.

[1] *Carrying a stone*)—Ver. 152. "To ask for bread, and to receive a stone,' was a proverbial expression with the ancients. Erasmus says that it was applied to those who pretended to be friendly to a person, and at the same time were doing him mischief; and that it was borrowed from persons enticing a dog with a piece of bread, and, when it had come sufficiently near, pelting it with a stone. The expression is used in the New Testament. "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" St. Luke, c. xi., v. 11. The bread, as we learn from specimens found at Pompeii, was often made into cakes, which somewhat resembled large stones.

[2] *These polypi*)—Ver. 155. Ovid says in his Halieuticon, or Treatise on Fishes: "But, on the other hand, the sluggish polypus sticks to the rocks with its body provided with feelers, and by this stratagem it escapes the nets; and, according to the nature of the spot, it assumes and changes its colour, always resembling that place which it has lighted upon; and when it has greedily seized the prey hanging from the fishing-line, it likewise deceives the angler on his raising the rod, when, on emerging into the air, it loosens its feelers, and spits forth the hook that it has despoiled of the bait."

MEG. Give me your attention, Euclio, for a little time: I wish to address you in a few words, about a common concern of yours and mine.

EUC. (*aside*). Alas! woe is me! my gold has been grabbed from in-doors: now he's wishing for this thing, I'm sure, to come to a compromise with me; but I'll go look in my house. (*He goes towards his door.*)

MEG. Where are you going? EUC. I'll return to you directly, for there's something I must go and see to at home. (*He goes into his house.*)

MEG. By my troth, I do believe that when I make mention of his daughter, for him to promise her to me, he'll suppose that he's being laughed at by me; nor is there out of the whole class of paupers one more beggarly than he. (EUCLIO *returns from his house.*)

EUC. (*aside*). The Gods do favour me; my property's all safe. If nothing's lost, it's safe. I was very dreadfully afraid, before I went in-doors! I was almost dead! (*Aloud.*) I'm come back to you, Megadorus, if you wish *to say anything to me.*

MEG. I return you thanks; I beg that as to what I shall enquire of you, you'll not hesitate to speak out boldly.

EUC. So long, indeed, as you enquire nothing that I mayn't choose to speak out upon.

MEG. Tell me, of what sort of family do you consider me to be sprung?

EUC. Of a good one. MEG. What *think you* as to my character?

EUC. 'Tis a good one. MEG. What of my conduct?

EUC. Neither bad nor dishonest. MEG. Do *you know* my years?

EUC. I know that they are plentiful, just like your money.

MEG. I' faith, for sure I really did always take you to be a citizen without any evil guile, and now I think you so.

EUC. (*aside*). He smells the gold. (*Aloud.*) What do you want with me now?

MEG. Since you know me, and I know you, what sort of person you are—a thing, that may it bring a blessing on my-

self, and you and your daughter, I ask your daughter as my wife. Promise me that it shall be *so*.

Euc. Heyday! Megadorus, you are doing a deed that's not becoming to your *usual* actions, in laughing at me, a poor man, and guiltless towards yourself and towards your family. For neither in act, nor in words, have I ever deserved it of you, that you should do what you are *now* doing.

Meg. By my troth, I neither am come to laugh at you, nor am I laughing at you, nor do I think you deserving *of it*.

Euc. Why then do you ask for my daughter for your self?

Meg. That through me it may be better for you, and through you and yours for me.

Euc. This suggests itself to my mind, Megadorus, that you are a wealthy man, *a man* of rank; that I likewise am a person, the poorest of the poor; now, if I should give my daughter in marriage to you, it suggests itself to my mind that you are the ox, and that I am the ass; when I'm yoked to you, *and* when I'm not able to bear the burden equally *with yourself*, I, the ass, must lie down in the mire; you, the ox, would regard me no more than if I had never been born; and I should both find you unjust, and my own class would laugh at me; in neither direction should I have a fixed stall, if there should be any separation[1]; the asses would tear me with their teeth, the oxen would butt at me with their horns. This is the great hazard, in my passing over from the asses to the oxen.

Meg. The nearer you can unite yourself in alliance with the virtuous, so much the better. Do you receive this proposal, listen to me, and promise her to me.

Euc. But indeed there is no marriage-portion.

Meg. You are to give none; so long as she comes with good principles, she is sufficiently portioned.

Euc. I say so for this reason, that you mayn't be supposing that I have found *any* treasures.

[1] *Be any separation*)—Ver. 190. "Si quid divortii fuat." By the use of the word "divortium," he means either an estrangement of himself from Megadorus, or a separation or divorce of the latter from his intended wife, which of course would lead to the same consequences. The facilities for divorce among the Romans have been remarked upon in a previous Note.

MEG. I know that; don't enlarge *upon it.* Promise her *to me.*

EUC. So be it. (*Starts and looks about.*) But, O Jupiter, am I not utterly undone?

MEG. What's the matter with you?

EUC. What was it sounded just now as though it were iron?

MEG. Here at my place, I ordered them to dig up the garden. (EUCLIO *runs off into his house.*) But where is this man? He's off, and he hasn't fully answered me; he treats me with contempt. Because he sees that I wish for his friendship, he acts after the manner of mankind. For if a wealthy person goes to ask a favour of a poorer one, the poor man is afraid to treat with him; through his apprehension he hurts his own interest. The same person, when this opportunity is lost, too late, then wishes for it.

EUC. (*coming out of the house, addressing* STAPHYLA *within*). By the powers, if I don't give you up to have your tongue cut out by the roots, I order and I authorize you to hand me over to any one you please to be incapacitated.

MEG. By my troth, Euclio, I perceive that you consider me a fit man for you to make sport of in my old age, for no deserts of my own.

EUC. I' faith, Megadorus, I am not doing so, nor, should I desire it, had I the means[1].

MEG. How now? Do you then betroth your daughter to me?

EUC. On those terms, *and* with that portion which I mentioned to you.

MEG. Do you promise her then? EUC. I do promise her.

MEG. May the Gods bestow their blessings on it.

EUC. May the Gods so do. Take you care of this, and remember that we've agreed, that my daughter is not to bring you any portion.

[1] *Had I the means*)—Ver. 210. "Neque, si cupiam, copia est." In saying this, Euclio intends to play upon the words of Megadorus, "ludos facias," which may either signify "you make sport of me," or "you give a public show" or "spectacle," which the wealthy Patricians of Rome were in the habit of doing. Euclio pretends to take his words in the latter sense, and replies, "I couldn't even if I would," by reason of his poverty, as he pretends. It was usual for the Ædiles to provide the spectacles from their private resources, from which circumstance one who lived a life of extravagance was said "Ædilitatem petere," "to be aspiring to the Ædileship."

MEG. I remember it. EUC. But I understand in what fashion you, *of your class*, are wont to equivocate; an agreement is no agreement, no agreement is an agreement, just as it pleases you.

MEG. I'll have no misunderstanding with you. But what reason is there why we shouldn't have the nuptials this day?

EUC. Why, by my troth, there is very good *reason for them.*

MEG. I'll go, then, *and* prepare *matters.* Do you want me in any way?

EUC. That shall be done. Fare you well.

MEG. (*going to the door of his house and calling out*). Hallo! Strobilus, follow me quickly, in all haste, to the flesh-market. (*Exit* MEGADORUS.

EUC. He has gone hence. Immortal Gods, I do beseech you! How powerful is gold! I do believe, now, that he has had some intimation that I've got a treasure at home; he's gaping for that; for the sake of that has he persisted in this alliance.

SCENE III.—EUCLIO, *alone.*

EUC. (*going to the door of his house, he opens it, and calls to* STAPHYLA *within*). Where are you who have now been blabbing to all my neighbours that I'm going to give a portion to my daughter? Hallo! Staphyla, I'm calling you! Don't you hear? Make haste in-doors there, and wash the vessels clean. I've promised my daughter in marriage; to-day I shall give her to be married to Megadorus here.

Enter STAPHYLA, *from the house.*

STAPH. (*as she enters*). May the Gods bestow their blessings *on it!* But, i' faith, it cannot be; 'tis too sudden.

EUC. Hold your tongue, and be off. Take care that things are ready when I return home from the Forum, and shut the house up. I shall be here directly. (*Exit.*

STAPH. What now am I to do? Now is ruin near at hand for us, both for myself and my master's daughter; for her disgrace and her delivery are upon the very point of becoming known; that which even until now has been concealed and kept secret, cannot *be so* now. I'll go in-doors, that what my

master ordered may be done when he comes. But, by my faith, I do fear that I shall have to drink of a mixture of bitterness[1]! (*Exit.*

Act III.—Scene I.

Enter Strobilus, Anthrax, *and* Congrio, *with* Music-Girls, *and* Persons *carrying provisions.*

Stro. After my master had bought the provisions, and hired the cooks[2] and these music-girls in the market-place, he ordered me to divide these provisions into two parts.

Con. By my troth, but you really shan't be dividing me[3], I tell you plainly. If you wish me to go anywhere whole, I'll do my best.

Anth. A very pretty and modest fellow, indeed[4]. As if, *when you are a conger by name,* you wouldn't like to be cut into pieces.

Con. But, Anthrax, I said that in another sense, *and* not in the one which you are pretending.

Stro. Now my master's going to be married to-day.

Anth. Whose daughter is he to marry? Stro. The daughter of this Euclio, his near neighbour here. For that reason he has ordered half of these provisions here to be presented to him—one cook, and one music-girl likewise.

Anth. That is, you take one half to him, the *other* half home?

[1] *A mixture of bitterness*)—Ver. 235. Hildyard suggests that Staphyla is fond of a drop, and likes her liquors neat ("merum"), wherefore it is a double misfortune to her, not only to endure misfortunes, but those of a "mixed" nature. "Mixtum" was the term applied to the wine, when mixed with its due proportion of water for drinking.

[2] *Hired the cooks*)—Ver. 236. Allusion has been made, in the Notes to the Pseudolus, to the custom of hiring cooks in the markets on any special occasion. These were frequently slaves; and in such case, the greater portion of their earnings would go into the pockets of their masters. From the remark made in l. 265, we find that Congrio and Anthrax are slaves.

[3] *You really shan't be dividing me*)—Ver. 239. He alludes to his own name, "Congrio," "a conger eel," which was cut up before it was cooked; and he means to say, that spite of his name, he will not stand being divided by Strobilus.

[4] *Modest fellow, indeed*)—Ver. 241. Anthrax gives a very indelicate turn to the remark of Congrio; and the liberty has been taken of giving a more harmless form to the gross witticism of Anthrax. It may be here remarked, that he takes his name from the Greek word, signifying "a coal," a commodity, of course much in request with cooks.

STRO. 'Tis just as you say. ANTH. How's that? Couldn't this old fellow provide from his own resources for the wedding of his daughter.

STRO. Pshaw! ANTH. What's the matter?

STRO. What's the matter, do you ask? A pumice stone isn't so dry as is this old fellow.

ANTH. Do you really say that it is as you affirm?

STRO. Do be judge yourself. Why, he's for ever crying out for aid from Gods and men, that his property has gone, and that he is ruined root and branch, if the smoke by chance escapes out of doors through the rafters of his house. Why, when he goes to sleep, he ties a bag[1] beneath his gullet.

ANTH. Why so? STRO. That when he sleeps, he may lose no breath.

ANTH. And does he stop up the lower part of his windpipe[2] as well, lest, perchance, he should lose any breath as he sleeps?

STRO. In that 'tis as fair that you should credit me, as *it is* for me *to credit* you.

ANTH. Why really, I do believe you.

STRO. But, further, do you know how it is? I' faith, he grieves to throw away the water when he washes.

ANTH. Do you think a great talent[3] might be begged of this old fellow for him to give us, through which we might become free?

STRO. By my troth, if you were to ask it, he would never let you have the loan of hunger. Why, the other day, the barber had cut his nails[4]; he collected all the parings, *and* carried them off.

[1] *He ties a bag*)—Ver. 257. He probably intends to hint here that Euclio sleeps with his purse (which consisted of a "follis," or "leathern bag") tied round his throat, but implies that he not only wishes thereby to save his money, but his breath as well, by having the mouth of the bag so near to his own. Although Thornton thinks that the suggestion of Lambinus that "follem obstringit' means, "he ties up the nozzle of the bellows," is forced and far-fetched, it is far from improbable that that is the meaning of the passage. It may possibly mean that he ties the bellows to his throat.

[2] *Part of his windpipe*)—Ver. 260. An indelicate remark is here made, which has been obviated in the translation.

[3] *A great talent*)—Ver. 264. As the ancients weighed silver on paying a talent, the word "talentum" denoted both a sum of money and a weight. The great talent here mentioned, was the Attic talent of sixty minæ, or six thousand drachmæ.

[4] *Had cut his nails*)—Ver 267. From this passage we learn that barbers were

ANTH. I' faith, you do describe a miserably stingy wretch.

CON. But do you think that he does live so very stingily and wretchedly?

STRO. A kite, the other day, carried off his morsel of food; the fellow went crying to the Prætor[1]; there, weeping *and* lamenting, he began to request that he might be allowed to compel the kite to give bail. There are innumerable other things that I could mention, if I had the leisure. But which of you two is the sharper? Tell me.

CON. I—as being much the better one. STRO. A cook I ask for, not a thief[2].

CON. *As* a cook, I mean. STRO. (*to* ANTHRAX). What do you say?

ANTH. I'm just as you see me.

in the habit of paring the nails of their customers; in the Epistles of Horace, B. 1, Ep. 7, l. 50, we are informed that idlers pared their nails in the barber's shops of Rome.

[1] *To the Prætor*)—Ver. 272. The "Prætor" was a magistrate at Rome, who administered justice, and ranked next to the Consuls. There were eight Prætors in the time of Cicero. Two of them were employed in adjudicating "in causis privatis," "disputes concerning private property." One of these was called "Prætor urbanus," or "the city Prætor," who administered justice when the parties were "cives," or possessed the rights of Roman citizenship. The other was called "Prætor peregrinus," or "the foreigners' Prætor," who administered justice when both the litigating parties, or only one of them, were "peregrini," or "foreigners," and had not the right of Roman citizenship. The other six Prætors had jurisdiction in criminal cases, such as murder, adultery, and violence. The Prætors committed the examination of causes to subordinate judges, who were called "judices selecti," and they published the sentences of the judges so appointed by them. The Prætors wore the "toga prætexta," or "magisterial robe," sat on the "sella curulis," and were preceded by six lictors. Their duties lasted for a year, after which they went as governors to such provinces as had no army, which were assigned to them by lot. There they administered justice in the same way as they had done as Prætors at Rome, and were called by the name of "Proprætores;" though, as such governors, they were also sometimes called "Prætores." The office of Prætor was first instituted at Rome A.U.C. 388, partly because the Consuls, on account of the many wars in which the Romans were engaged, could no longer administer justice; partly that the Patricians might thereby have a compensation for admitting the Plebeians to a share in the Consulate. At first there was only one Prætor; Sylla made their number six; Julius Cæsar eight; and Augustus increased them to sixteen. It will not escape observation, that Plautus, as usual, mentions a Roman officer in a Play, the scene of which is supposed to be Athens.

[2] *Not a thief*)—Ver. 277. Because "celer," "sharp" or "nimble," would especially apply to the requisite qualifications for an expert thief.

Con. He's a nine-day cook[1]; every ninth day he's in the habit of going out to cook.

Anth. You, you three-lettered fellow[2]; do you abuse me, you thief?

Con. To be sure *I do*, you trebly-distilled thief of thieves[3].

Stro. Now do you hold your tongue for the present, and, that lamb, whichever is the fatter of *the two*——

Con. Very well[4]. Stro. Do you, Congrio, take that, and go in-doors there (*pointing to* Euclio's *house*); and (*to a* Music-Girl *and some of the* People *with provisions*) do you follow him; the rest of you this way, to our house.

Con. By my troth, you've made an unfair division; they've got the fattest lamb.

Stro. But the fattest music-girl shall be given you then. Do you, therefore, go along with him, Phrygia[5]. And do you, Eleusium, step in-doors here, to our house.

[1] *A nine-day cook*)—Ver. 279. Congrio probably means to say that Anthrax is a cook who only gets employment on the "Nundinæ," when the influx of country-people into the city called the services of even the worst cooks into requisition, and the eaters were not of the most fastidious description. The "Nundinæ" (so called from "nonæ," "ninth," and "dies," "day") returned every eighth day, according to our mode of reckoning; but according to the Romans, who, in counting, reckoned both extremes, every ninth day, whence the name. On this day the country-people came into the city to sell their wares, make their purchases, hear the new laws read, and learn the news. By the Hortensian law, the "Nundinæ," which before were only "feriæ," or "holidays," were made "fasti," or "court-days," that the country-people then in town might have their lawsuits determined. Lipsius thinks that reference is here made to the feast called "novendiale," which was sometimes given to the poorer classes on the ninth day after the funeral of a person of affluence. Probably, the cooking of these banquets was not of the highest order; but the former seems the more probable explanation of the passage.

[2] *Three-lettered fellow*)—Ver. 280. "Trium literarum homo;" literally, "man of three letters"—"F U R," "thief."

[3] *Thief of thieves*)—Ver. 281. "Fur trifurcifer." Strictly speaking, the latter word signifies "thief three times over.'

[4] *Very well*)—Ver. 283. Congrio answers "licet," by way of assent to Strobilus, thinking that he is asking him to take the fattest lamb, on which Strobilus gives him the leanest one. Hildyard suggests that Congrio fancies that Strobilus is asking which is the fattest cook, and not the fattest lamb, and accordingly says, "Very well," thereby admitting that he is the fattest of the two. If there is any such wit intended in the passage, it is very recondite.

[5] *Phrygia*)—Ver. 287. "Phrygia" was an appropriate girl for a "tibicina," music-girl," or female player on the flute, as that instrument was originally introduced from Phrygia, or Lydia, which adjoined it. Eleusium would probably

Con. O you crafty Strobilus, have you pushed me off here upon this most miserly old fellow, where if I ask for anything, I may ask even to hoarseness before anything's found me?

Stro. 'Tis very foolish, and 'tis thanklessly done, to do a service to you, when what you do goes for nothing.

Con. But how so? Stro. Do you ask? In the first place then, there will be no confusion for you there in the house; if you want anything to use, bring it from your own home, don't lose your trouble in asking *for it*. But here, at our house, there's great confusion, and *a large* establishment—furniture, gold, garments, silver vessels. If anything's lost here (as I know that you can easily[1] keep hands off—if nothing's in your way), they may say, "The cooks have stolen it; seize them, bind them, beat them, thrust them in the dungeon"[2]. Nothing of that sort will happen to you, inasmuch as there will be nothing for you to steal. Follow me this way.

Con. I follow.

Stro. (*knocking at the door of* Euclio's *house*). Ho, there! Staphyla, come out and open the door.

Staph. (*from within*). Who calls *there?* Stro. Strobilus.

Scene II.—*Enter* Staphyla.

Staph. What do you want? Stro. For you to take in these cooks, and *this* music-girl, and *these* provisions for the wedding. Megadorus bade me take *these* things to Euclio.

Staph. Are you about to make this wedding, Strobilus, in honor of Ceres[3]?

derive her name from Eleusis in Attica, where the mysteries of Ceres were celebrated. Players on the "tibiæ" were much in request on festive occasions, especially at weddings, as in the present instance. The "tibicinæ" were probably hired in the market-place, the same way as the cooks.

[1] *You can easily*)—Ver. 299. "Facile," "easily," seems a preferable reading to 'facere." If the latter reading is adopted, there are three consecutive verbs in the infinitive mood, which, even in the (occasionally) uncouth language of Plautus, sounds very uneuphoniously, "Facere abstinere posse."

[2] *In the dungeon*)—Ver. 301. "Puteus" here signifies the black hole or dungeon underground (called also "ergastulum"), where the refractory slaves were put in confinement.

[3] *In honor of Ceres*)—Ver. 309. The old woman probably alludes to the Thesmophoria, where abstinence from wine was especially practised, and which were celebrated in a state of fasting and purification. Her question here tends to confirm the suspicion that she was more fond of the "merum" than the "mixtum," reference to which has already been made.

STRO. Why? STAPH. Because I don't see any wine brought.

STRO. Why, *that* will be brought just now, when he himself comes back from the market.

STAPH. There's no firewood here in our house.

CON. There are the beams. STAPH. I' faith, there are.

CON. There is wood, then; don't you be seeking it out of doors.

STAPH. What, you unpurified *fellow*[1], although your business is with the fire, for the sake of a dinner, or of your own hire, do you request us to set our house on fire?

CON. I don't ask you. STRO. Take them in-doors.

STAPH. Follow me. (*They follow her in-doors, and* STROBILUS *goes with the others into the house of* MEGADORUS.)

SCENE III.—*Enter* PYTHODICUS, *from the house of* MEGADORUS.

PYTH. Mind you your business; I'll step in and see what the cooks are doing, to observe whom, i' faith, to-day it is a most laborious task. Unless I manage this one thing, for them to cook the dinner *down* in the dungeon[2]; thence, when cooked, we might bring it up again in small baskets. But if they should eat below[3] whatever they should cook, those above would go without their dinner, and those below have dined. But here am I chattering, as though I had no business, when there's such a pack of thieves in the house. (*Goes into the house.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *with some chaplets of flowers in his hand.*

EUC. I wished at length to screw up my courage to-day, so as to enjoy myself at the wedding of my daughter. I come to the market, I enquire about fish; they tell me that it is dear, that lamb is dear, beef is dear, veal, large fish[4],

[1] *You unpurified fellow*)—Ver. 313. "Impurate." 'You that are unpurified, in spite of your everlastingly stewing over the fire." She alludes, figuratively, to the process of smelting and purifying metals by the action of fire.

[2] *In the dungeon*)—Ver. 319. By the use of the word "puteus" he may possibly mean the black hole or dungeon alluded to in l. 301, whence there was no means of egress but by being drawn up. He means to say that such a place will be the only one for preventing the cooks from thieving whatever comes in their way The thievish propensities of the hired cooks are also referred to in the Pseudolus.

[3] *Should eat below*)—Ver. 321. He reflects that if they are put in the "puteus" to prevent their thieving, they may possibly revenge themselves by eating up the victuals as fast as they cook it.

[4] *Large fish*)—Ver 329 "Cetus" or "cete" properly signifies fish of the

and pork, all of them are dear. And for this reason were they still dearer; I hadn't the money. I came away thence in a rage, since I had nothing wherewithal to make a purchase; *and* thus did I baulk[1] all those rascals. Then I began to think with myself upon the road, "If you are guilty of any extravagance on a festive day, you may be wanting on a common day, unless you are saving." After I disclosed this reasoning to my heart and appetite, my mind came over to my opinion, that I ought to give my daughter in marriage at as little expense as possible. Now I've bought a bit of frankincense, and these chaplets of flowers; these shall be placed upon the hearth for our household God, that he may grant a propitious marriage to my daughter. But what do I——? Do I behold my house open? There's a noise, too, within; is it that I'm robbed, wretch that I am?

Con. (*speaking within the house*). Seek of the neighbours a bigger pot[2] if you can; this one's *too* little, it can't hold it.

Euc. Woe to me! By my faith, I'm a dead man; the gold's being carried off—my pot's being looked for. I am certainly murdered, unless I make haste to run with all haste indoors here! Apollo, prithee do assist and help me, whom thou hast already, before this, helped in such circumstances. Pierce with thine arrows the plunderers of my treasures. But am I delaying to run, before I perish outright. (*He runs into his house.*)

Scene V.—*Enter* Anthrax, *from the house of* Megadorus.

Anth. (*speaking to some within*). Dromo, do you scale the fish. Do you, Machærio, have the conger *and* the lamprey boned. I'm going to ask the loan of a baking-pan of

whale or dolphin kind; it perhaps means here simply the larger and coarser fish in use among the Romans, like plaice or codfish with us. He probably would not ask the price of "pisciculi," or "small fish," as their dearness would terrify him out of his wits.

[1] *Did I baulk*)—Ver. 332. "Manum adire" probably signified "to kiss the hand" to a person when expecting something more than that, and thereby "to make a fool of him." He asked the prices of all the commodities, and probably chaffered about them, then kissed his hand to the dealers, and left the market without purchasing. Some think it alludes to a feint or baulk made in wrestling.

[2] *A bigger pot*)—Ver. 344. Congrio is bawling out within doors for a bigger 'aula," "pot" or "jar," to be brought for his cooking, on which the old hunchs thinks that some thieves have discovered his own dear "aula."

our neighbour Congrio. You, if you are wise, will have that capon more smoothly picked for me than is a plucked play-actor[1]. But what's this clamour that's arising here hard by? By my faith, the cooks, I do believe, are at their usual pranks[2]. I'll run in-doors, lest there may be any disturbance here for me as well. (*Retreats into the house of* MEGADORUS.)

SCENE VI.—*Enter* CONGRIO, *in haste, from the house of* EUCLIO.

CON. (*roaring out*). Beloved fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen, inhabitants, neighbours, and all strangers, do make way for me to escape! Make all the streets clear! Never have I at any time, until this day, come to Bacchants[3], in a Bacchanalian den, to cook; so sadly have they mauled wretched me and my scullions with *their* sticks. I'm aching all over, and am utterly done for; that old fellow has so made a bruising school[4] of me; and in such a fashion has he turned us all out of the house, myself and them, laden with sticks. Nowhere, in all the world, have I ever seen wood dealt out more plentifully. Alackaday! by my faith, to my misery, I'm done for; the Bacchanalian den is opening, *here* he comes. He's following *us*. I know the thing I'll do: that the master himself[5] has taught me.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from his house, driving the* COOKS *and the* MUSIC-GIRL *before him.*

EUC. (*calling out, while* CONGRIO *and the others are run-*

[1] *A plucked play-actor*)—Ver. 356. The actors, having to perform the parts of women and beardless youths, were obliged to remove superfluous hair from the face, which was effected "vellendo," "by plucking it out," whence the term "volsus."

[2] *At their usual pranks*)—Ver. 358. "Faciunt officium suum." Literally "are doing their duty." He says this ironically; on hearing the row going on in Euclio's house, he supposes that the cooks are up to their old tricks of thieving and wrangling.

[3] *To Bacchants*)—Ver. 362. The Bacchants, or frantic female worshippers of Bacchus, with their rites, have been alluded to in a Note at the commencement of the Bacchides.

[4] *A bruising school*)—Ver. 364. Literally, "a Gymnasium." The Gymnasium was the place where vigorous exercise was taken; so Congrio means to say that Euclio has been taking exercise in basting his back.

[5] *The master himself*)—Ver. 368. By "magister" he probably means Euclio, whom he styles the master of the Gymnasium, whose duty it was to train the pupils in the various exercises. He says that his master has taught him a trick, namely, how to defend himself, which in the next Scene he threatens to do.

ning off). Come back! Where are you running to, now? Hold you!

Con. Why are you crying out, you stupid?

Euc. Because this instant I shall give your name to the Triumvirs[1].

Con. Why? Euc. Because you've got a knife.

Con. 'Tis the proper thing for a cook. Euc. Why did you threaten me?

Con. I think that it was badly managed, that I didn't pierce your side *with it.*

Euc. There's not a person that's living this day a greater rascal than you, nor one to whom designedly I would *with greater pleasure* cause a mischief.

Con. I' faith, though[2] you should hold your noise, really that's quite clear; the thing itself is *its own* witness. As it is, I'm *made* softer by far with your sticks than any ballet-dancer. But what right have you to touch us, you beggar-man? What's the matter?

Euc. Do you even ask me? Is it that I've done less than I ought to have done? *Only* let me—— (*Is going to strike him.*)

Con. Now, by my faith, at your great peril, if this head should feel it!

Euc. Troth, I don't know what may happen[3] hereafter; your head feels it just now! But what business, pray, had you in my house, in my absence, unless I had ordered you? I want to know *that.*

[1] *To the Triumvirs*)—Ver. 369. "Trisviros." Though the scene is in Greece he refers to the "Triumviri capitales," who were Roman magistrates. They took cognizance of capital crimes, and they apprehended criminals. In conjunction with the Ædiles, they had to preserve the public peace, to prevent unlawful assemblies, and to enforce the payment of fines due to the state. They had also the care of the public prisons, and to them was entrusted the punishment of criminals. They had authority to inflict summary punishment upon the slaves and the lower orders, though, probably, not upon those who enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens.

[2] *I' faith, though*)—Ver. 375. In Hildyard's edition this and the next line are given to Euclio; but they seem much more likely to belong to Congrio, as we do not find that any person has beat Euclio with sticks, whereas Congrio has already complained of the rough usage he has experienced.

[3] *What may happen*)—Ver. 380. Euclio is laughing at his "ifs," which commence the saving-clause of all cowards. He does not care what Congrio *will* do, but he knows that he *has* already *made* his head to feel it.

Con. Hold your noise, then; because we came to cook for the wedding.

Euc. Why the plague do you trouble yourself whether I eat *meat* raw or cooked, unless you are my tutor[1].

Con. I want to know if you will allow or not allow us to cook the dinner here?

Euc. I, too, want to know whether my property will be safe in my house.

Con. I only wish to carry the things away safe that I brought here! I don't care for yours; should I be coveting your things?

Euc. I understand; don't teach me; I know.

Con. What is it, on account of which you now hinder us from cooking the dinner here? What have we done? What have we said to you otherwise than you could wish?

Euc. Do you even ask me, you rascally fellow? You who've been making a thoroughfare of every corner of my house, and the places under lock and key? If you had stopped by the fireside, where it was your business, you wouldn't have had your head broken. It has been done for you deservedly! Therefore that you may now know my determination; if you come nearer to the door here, unless I order you, I'll make you to be the most wretched of creatures. Do you now know my determination? (*He goes into his house.*)

Con. Where are you going? Come you back again! So may Laverna[2] love me well, I'll expose you at once with loud abuse here before the house, if you don't order my utensils to be restored to me! What shall I do now? Verily, by my faith, I came here with unlucky auspices; I was hired for a didrachm[3]; I stand in more need now of a surgeon than of wages.

[1] *You are my tutor*)—Ver. 384. One of the duties of the "pædagogus," or "tutor of boys," would be to see that they did not eat unwholesome food.

[2] *So may Laverna*)—Ver. 399. Laverna was a Goddess worshipped by the thievish fraternity at Rome, as their tutelar Divinity. Horace makes mention of her in his Epistles, B. 1, Ep. 16.

[3] *For a didrachm*)—Ver. 402. "Nummo." It has been remarked, in the Notes to the Pseudolus, that a "nummus," or didrachm, of nearly twenty-pence of our money, was the wages of a good cook for a day's employment. See the Pseudolus, l. 800—810.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from his house, with the pot of money under his cloak.*

EUC. (*to himself, as he enters*). This, by my faith, wherever I shall go, really shall be with me, *and* with myself will I carry it, nor will I ever *again* entrust it to that place, for it to be in such great peril. (*Speaking to* CONGRIO *and his* SCULLIONS.) Now, then, go you all of you in the house, cooks and music-girls; introduce even, if you like, a whole company of hirelings[1]; cook, bustle, *and* hurry now at once just as much as you please.

CON. O dear, I'm a ruined man. EUC. Be off! your labour was hired here, not your talk.

CON. Harkye, old gentleman, for the beating, by my faith, I shall demand of you a recompense. I was hired a while ago to cook, *and* not to be basted.

EUC. Proceed against me at law! Don't be troublesome! Either cook the dinner, or away with you from the house to downright perdition!

CON. Go there yourself then. (CONGRIO *and the* COOKS *and* MUSIC-GIRL *go back into the house.*)

SCENE IX.—EUCLIO, *alone.*

EUC. He's gone. Immortal Gods! A poor man, who begins to have dealings or business with an opulent one, commences upon a rash undertaking! Thus, for instance, Megadorus who has pretended that, for the sake of honoring me, he sends these cooks hither, is plaguing unfortunate me in every way; for this reason has he sent them, that they might purloin this (*putting his hand on the pot*) from unfortunate me. Just as I might expect, even my dunghill-cock in-doors, that was bought with the old woman's savings[2], had well nigh been the rŭin of me; where this was buried, he began to scratch there all round about with his claws. What need of *more* words? So exasperated were my feelings, I took a stick, *and* knocked

[1] *Company of hirelings*)—Ver. 406. "Venalium" may mean either "slaves" or "hirelings;" it does not much signify which, as the cooks, in this instance at least, were both. Having secured his money, Euclio does not care if a whole gang of thieves is admitted into his house, as there is nothing for them to steal.

[2] *With the old woman's savings*)—Ver. 420. "Ani peculiaris." Bought out of the "peculium," or "savings," of the old woman.

off the head of the cock—a thief caught in the act. I' faith, I do believe that the cooks had promised a reward to the cock, if he should discover it; I took the opportunity[1] out of their hands, *however*. What need of many words? I had a *regular* battle[2] with the dunghill-cock. But see, my neighbour Megadorus is coming from the Forum. I can't, then, venture to pass by him, but I must stop and speak to him. (*He retires close to his door.*)

SCENE X.—*Enter* MEGADORUS, *at a distance.*

MEG. (*to himself*). I've communicated to many friends my design about this proposal; they speak in high terms of the daughter of Euclio. They say that it was discreetly done, and with great prudence. But, in my opinion, indeed, if the other richer men were to do the same, so as to take home as their wives, without dower, the daughters of the poorer persons, both the state would become much more united, and we should meet with less ill feeling than we *now* meet with; both, they, *the wives*, would stand in fear of punishment more than they do stand in fear *of it*, and we *husbands* should be at less expense than we *now* are. In the greater part of the people this is a most just *way of thinking;* in the smaller portion there is an objection among the avaricious, whose avaricious minds and insatiate dispositions there is neither law nor magistrate to be able to put a check upon. But a person may say this; "How are these rich women with portions to marry, if this law is laid down for the poor?" Let them marry whom they please, so long as the dowry isn't their companion. If this were so done, *the women* would acquire for themselves better manners for them to bring, in place of dowry, than they now bring. I'd make mules, which exceed horses in price, to become cheaper than Gallic geldings[3].

[1] *Took the opportunity*)—Ver. 425. "Eximere ex manu manubrium," literally means, "to take the handle out of the hand," and its figurative application is derived from the act of taking a sword out of the hand of a person who is about to use it.

[2] *A regular battle*)—Ver. 426. Hildyard suggests that, in these words, there is probably a reference to some current saying or proverb. If such is the case, the saying so referred to has not come down to us.

[3] *Than Gallic geldings*)—Ver. 449. Mules were much coveted by the haughty dames of Rome for the purpose of drawing their carriages. He says that if he had his way, such extravagance should not be encouraged, and mules should not be a bit more valuable than humble Gallic geldings.

Euc. (*aside*). So may the Gods favour me, I listen to him with delight; very shrewdly has he discoursed on the side of economy.

Meg. (*to himself*). No *wife* should then be saying: "Indeed, I brought you a marriage-portion far greater than was your own wealth; why, it really is fair that purple and gold should be found for me, maid-servants, mules, muleteers, *and* lacqueys[1], pages to carry[2] compliments, vehicles in which I may be carried."

Euc. (*aside*). How thoroughly he does understand the doings of the wives! I wish he were made Prefect of the manners of the women.

Meg. (*to himself*). Now, go where you will, you may see more carriages[3] among the houses than in the country when you go to a farm-house. But this is even light, in comparison with when they ask for their allowance; *there* stands the scourer[4], the embroiderer, the goldsmith, the woollen-manufacturer, retail dealers in figured skirts[5], dealers in women's under-clothing[6],

[1] *And lacqueys*)—Ver. 455. "Pedissequos." The "pedissequi" were a particular class of slaves whose duty it was to follow their master when he went out of doors. They were of the lowest rank in the slave family.

[2] *Pages to carry*)—Ver. 456. The "salutigeruti pueri" were boys whose business it was to run on errands, and carry messages and compliments from one house to another. Hildyard suggests the rather refined translation of "boys to carry visiting-cards."

[3] *More carriages*)—Ver. 459. "Plaustra" generally mean "carts" or "waggons," and perhaps, from his reference to the country, may have that signification here; though he has just been speaking of the luxury of the ladies, with their "vehicla," or "carriages."

[4] *The scourer*)—Ver. 462. The "fullo" was a washer and cleaner of linen and woollen clothing with fuller's earth. As woollen dresses were chiefly worn by the Romans, they would, by reason of the perspiration produced by so hot a climate, require frequent purification. As the ancients, probably, were not acquainted with the use of ordinary washing soap, various alkalis were used in its place for the purpose of cleansing garments. It is not known whether the fuller's earth of the Romans resembled that used at the present day.

[5] *Dealers in figured skirts*)—Ver. 463. "Patagiarii." These were persons who sold the "patagium," which was a broad band or hem on the tunics of the women, answering to the "clavus," or "broad stripe," on the clothes of the men. It may possibly have been the same as the "instita," or broad flounce, which distinguished the Roman matrons of reputable character.

[6] *Dealers in women's under-clothing*)—Ver. 463. 'Indusiarii," "makers" or "sellers" of the "indusium," which is by some thought to have been the upper tunic worn by the Roman women; while others suppose the under tunic, worn next the skin, to have been so called, from "intus," "innermost."

dyers in flame-colour, dyers in violet, dyers in wax-colour[1], or else sleeve-makers[2], or perfumers[3]; wholesale linendrapers, shoemakers, squatting cobblers, slipper-makers; sandal-makers stand there; stainers in mallow colour stand there; hairdressers[4] make their demands, botchers their demands; boddice-makers[5] stand there; makers of kirtles[6] take their stand. Now you would think them got rid of; *these* make way, others make their demands; three hundred duns[7]

[1] *Dyers in wax-colour*)—Ver. 464. "Carinarii." Ovid, in the Art of Love, B. 3, l. 184, has the line, "Sua velleribus nomina cera dedit." "The wax has given its own name to the wool." The yellow colour resembling that of wax was much esteemed by the Romans.

[2] *Sleeve-makers*)—Ver. 465. "Manulearii," "makers of the manulea." This was a long sleeve fitted on to the tunics of the Roman ladies, and was probably made to take on and off, for the purpose of keeping the arms and hands warm.

[3] *Perfumers*)—Ver. 465. "Murobrecharii." One reading here is "murrobathrarii," "persons who give an agreable smell to women's shoes, by scenting them with myrrh." "Murobrecharii," which is adopted above, means "perfumers," or "persons who scented the clothes," from the Greek μυρὸν, "ointment," and βρέχω, "to moisten." Myrrh or nard was much used for this purpose. The unguents or ointments used by the ancients were very numerous. Among those used for the skin or the hair were "mendesium," "megalesium," "metopium," "amaracinum," "Cyprinum," "susinum," "nardinum," "spicatum," "jasminum," "rosaceum," and crocus oil, which last was considered the most costly. Powders were also used as perfumes; they were called "diapasmata." The Greeks used expensive perfumes from early times, and both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of carrying them about in small boxes of elegant workmanship. In the luxurious city of Capua, there was one great street, called the "Seplasia," which consisted entirely of shops in which ointments and perfumes were sold.

[4] *Hairdressers*)—Ver. 469. "Ciniflones." The "ciniflones" were those persons whose duty it was to heat the "calamistrum," or "curling-iron," in wood-ashes (cinis), from which they took their name. In the time of Cicero, the youths of Rome generally had their hair curled, whence they were termed "calamistrati."

[5] *Boddice-makers*)—Ver. 471. "Strophiarii." These were makers of the band or stomacher which was worn by the women, to correct excessive protuberance of the breast and stomach.

[6] *Makers of kirtles*)—Ver. 470. "Semizonarii." These were makers or sellers of "semicinctia," which were little "aprons" or "kirtles" extending half way down the body.

[7] *Three hundred duns*)—Ver. 472. "Phylacistæ," from the Greek φυλακιστης, "a keeper of a prison." He calls "duns" or importunate creditors by this name, from their keeping as close a watch on the front of a debtor's house as if they were gaolers.

are standing in your hall; weavers, lace-makers[1], cabinet-makers[2], are introduced; the money's paid *them*. You would think them got rid of by this; when dyers in saffron-colours come sneaking along; or else there's always some horrid plague or other which is demanding something.

Euc. (*aside*). I would accost him, if I didn't fear that he would cease to descant upon the ways of women; for the present I'll leave him as he is.

Meg. When the money has been paid to all the nicknack-mongers, for these saffron-coloured garments *and* stomachers, your wife's expenses, then at the last comes the tax-gatherer[3] *and* asks for money. You go, your account is being made up with your banker[4]; the tax-gatherer waits, half-starved, *and* thinks the money will be paid. When the account has been made up with the banker, even already is *the husband* himself in debt to the banker, *and* the hopes of the tax-gatherer are postponed to another day. These, and many others, are the inconveniences and intolerable expenses of great portions; but she who is without portion is in the power of her husband; the portioned ones overwhelm their husbands with loss and ruin. But see; here's my connexion by marriage before the house! How do you do, Euclio?

Euc. With very great pleasure have I listened to your discourse.

Meg. Did you hear me? Euc. Everything from the very beginning.

Meg. (*eyeing him from head to foot*). Still, in my way of thinking indeed, you would be acting a little more becomingly if you were more tidy at the wedding of your daughter.

Euc. Those who have display according to their circum-

[1] *Lace-makers*)—Ver. 473. "Limbuarii." The makers of "limbus," "lace" or "fringes" for women's dresses.

[2] *Cabinet-makers*)—Ver. 473. "Arcularii," makers of "arculæ," "caskets" or cabinets" for jewels and nicknacks.

The tax-gatherer)—Ver. 481. "Miles." Literally, "the soldier." This is explained as meaning that the soldier comes to receive the military tribute levied by the Tribunes, which was called "æs militare." The word may, however possibly mean simply the officer of the magistrate by whom the tribute was levied, as "miles" has sometimes, though very rarely, that signification.

[4] *With your banker*)—Ver. 482. The "argentarii" acted as bankers of deposit upon whom the depositors drew checks as with us.

stances and splendour according to their means[1], remember themselves, from whence they are sprung; neither by myself, Megadorus, nor by any poor man, are better circumstances enjoyed than appearances warrant.

Meg. Surely they are; and may the Gods, I hope, make them so to be, and more and more may they prosper that which you now possess.

Euc. (*aside*). That expression don't please me, "which you now possess." He knows that I've got this, as well as I *do* myself: the old woman has discovered it *to him*.

Meg. Why do you separate yourself *thus* alone, apart from the Senate[2]?

Euc. Troth, I was considering whether I should accuse you deservedly.

Meg. What's the matter? Euc. Do you ask me what's the matter? You who have filled every corner in my house, for wretched me, with thieves? You who have introduced into my dwelling five hundred cooks, with six hands *a-piece*, of the race of Geryon[3], whom were Argus to watch, who was eyes all over, that Juno once set as a spy upon Jupiter, he never could watch them; a music-girl besides, who could alone drink up for me the Corinthian fountain of Pirene[4], if it were flowing with wine? And then as to provisions——

Meg. Troth, there's enough for a procurer[5] even. I sent as much as a lamb.

[1] *According to their means*)—Ver. 496. Shakspeare expresses the same idea in Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 3:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy.

[2] *Apart from the Senate*)—Ver. 504. As the Senate consults about the common interests, so are they discussing their common sentiments. Megadorus therefore, on hearing him talking to himself, asks him why he is withdrawing himself from the discussions of the Senate.

[3] *Of the race of Geryon*)—Ver. 509. Geryon was a King of Spain, slain by Hercules. He was fabled to have had three heads and three bodies, consequently six hands.

[4] *Fountain of Pirene*)—Ver. 514. Pirene, the daughter of Acheloüs, on Conchreas her son by Neptune being slain by Diana, pined away, and was changed into a fountain, which was in the Arx Corinthiacus, or Citadel of Corinth, and retained her name.

[5] *For a procurer*)—Ver. 515. Who might be presumed to have a voracious and ungovernable appetite, and probably a large household to satisfy. Some editions however, have "legioni," which would almost appear to be a preferable reading: almost enough for a whole legion

Euc. Than which lamb, I, indeed, know right well that there is nowhere a more curious[1] beast existing.

Meg. I wish to know of you why is this lamb curious?

Euc. Because it's all skin and bone, so lean is it with care; why, even when alive, by the light of the sun you may look at its entrails; it's just as transparent as a Punic lantern[2].

Meg. I bought it to be killed.

Euc. Then it's best that you likewise should bargain for[3] it to be carried out for burial; for I believe it's dead by this time.

Meg. Euclio, I wish this day to have a drinking with you.

Euc. By my troth, I really must not drink.

Meg. But I'll order one cask of old wine to be brought from my house.

Euc. I' faith, I won't have it; for I've determined to drink water.

Meg. I'll have you well drenched this day, if I live, you who have determined to drink water.

Euc. (*aside*). I know what plan he's upon; he's aiming at this method, to overcome me with wine, *and* after that, to change the settlement[4] of what I possess: I'll take care of

[1] *A more curious*)—Ver. 517. "Magis curiosam." It is suggested in Schmieder's Notes to Plautus, that Euclio intends to call the lamb "inquisitive" or "curious," "curiosam," because he had found it, when he entered his house to drive out Congrio and his scullions, scraping and smelling about in every direction, as in a strange place it was natural for it to do, but which the old man thought to be done in quest of his treasure. On this, Megadorus, who has not heard, or else has misunderstood, the last syllable for "nem," instead of "sam," asks him what sort of a lamb a "curio" (the nominative of "curionem") lamb is; on which Euclio catches him up, and says he calls a "curio" lamb such a one as he has sent him, all skin and bone, and lean with "cura," "care." "Curionem" is by many preferred as the reading in the 517th line to "curiosam," and perhaps it is the best. Be it as it may, the wit seems far-fetched; and not improbably the word "curio" may have had some meaning which is now lost, other than its usual signification of the master or head of a "curia," or "ward."

[2] *A Punic lantern*)—Ver. 521. The horn exported from Carthage, for the purpose of making lanterns, was more pellucid than any other.

[3] *Should bargain for*)—Ver. 523. "Loces." "Should hire" the "conductores, or "libitinarii," who contracted to perform funerals. He seems to hint that the lamb is so meagre that it is not worth eating. If that is not his meaning, the wit intended to be conveyed by the passage is imperceptible.

[4] *Change the settlement*)—Ver. 531. "Commutet coloniam." Literally "may change its colony."

that, for I'll hide it somewhere out of doors. I'll make him lose his wine and his trouble together.

MEG. Unless you want me for anything, I'm going to bathe, that I may sacrifice. (*He goes into his house.*)

EUC. By my faith, *you* pot (*taking it from under his cloak*), you surely have many enemies, and that gold as well which is entrusted to you! Now this is the best thing to be done by me, to take you away, *my* pot, to the Temple of Faith[1], where I'll hide you carefully. Faith, thou dost know me, and I thee; please, do have a care not to change thy name against me, if I entrust this *to thee*. Faith, I'll come to thee, relying on thy fidelity. (*He goes into the Temple of Faith.*)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS[2].

STRO. This is the duty of a good servant, to do what I'm intending, not to consider the commands of his master a bore or trouble to him. For that servant who resolves to serve his master with hearty goodwill, him it behoves to act expeditiously for his master, slowly for himself; but if he sleeps, let him so sleep as to bethink himself that he is a servant. But he who lives in servitude to one in love, as I am serving, if he sees love overcoming his master, this I think to be the duty of the servant; to restrain him for his safety, not to impel him onwards towards his own inclina-

[1] *Temple of Faith*)—Ver. 538. "Fides," "Faith," was a Goddess worshipped by the Romans. Probably, in the present instance, her Temple was represented at one side of the stage, and the door just beyond the side-scene.

[2] *Strobilus*) It is a curious fact that all of the editions make this to be a different person from the Strobilus, the servant of Megadorus, whom we have already seen hiring Congrio, Anthrax, and the "tibicinæ." In the "dramatis personæ" they style this one, Strobilus, "the servant of Lyconides," and the other Strobilus, in some instances, as "the servant of Megadorus," and in others (evidently by mistake) as "the servant of Euclio." On examination we shall find there is no ground for this. Eunomia (most probably a widow) is living, together with her son Lyconides, in the house of her brother Megadorus. This is clear from what Lyconides says in l. 684, where, speaking of the house of his uncle, he calls it "ædes nostras," "our house," which he would not have said had he not been residing there. By the indulgence of his uncle, who has no children, we may presume that Strobilus has been permitted to consider him as "his young master." After hiring the cooks, he has communicated the bad news to Lyconides, who tells him to keep a good look-out, and inform him of any chance that may possibly happen for breaking off the marriage.

tion. Just as a float of bulrushes is placed beneath boys who are learning to swim, by means of which they may labour less, so as to swim more easily and move their hands; in the same way do I consider that it is proper for the servant to be a buoy to his master *thus* in love, so as to bear him up lest he should go to the bottom; and so * * * * * should he learn the will of his master, that his eyes should know what his mouth chooses not to speak. What he orders, he should hasten to perform more swiftly than the swift steeds. He who shall have a care for these things, will escape the castigation of the ox's hide, nor by his own means will he ever bring the fetters to brightness. Now, my master's in love with the daughter of this poor man, Euclio; word has just now been brought to my master that she is given to Megadorus here: he has sent me here to spy out, that he may be made acquainted with the things that are going on. Now, without any suspicion, I'll sit here by the sacred altar[1]. From this spot I shall be able, in this direction and that, to witness what they are about. (*He sits by the altar, and on seeing* EUCLIO, *hides behind it.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from the Temple.*

EUC. O *Goddess* Faith, do thou but take care not to discover to any person that my gold is there. I have no fear that any one will find it, so well is it concealed in its hiding-place. By my troth, he will surely have a charming booty there, if any one shall meet with that pot loaded with gold. But I entreat thee, Faith, to hinder that. Now I shall go wash me, that I may perform the sacrifice; so that I may not delay my *new* connexion by marriage, but that, when he sends to me, he may forthwith take my daughter home. Over and over again now, *Goddess* Faith, do thou take care that I shall carry away the pot safe from thy Temple. To thy fidelity[2] have I entrusted the gold; in thy grove and Temple is it placed. (*Goes into his house.*)

[1] *By the sacred altar*)—Ver. 560. The Athenians often raised altars to Apollo or Bacchus at their doors. The Romans also had altars in their public streets. On the stage of Comedy there was generally an altar erected in honor of Apollo, προστατηριὸς, "that presides."

[2] *To thy fidelity*)—Ver. 569 "Tuæ fidei." He plays upon the word "fides," and flatters himself that his treasure cannot be more secure than when entrusted "to the faith of Faith."

STRO. (*coming from behind the altar*). Immortal Gods, what a deed did I hear this person speaking of, how that he had hidden here, in the Temple of Faith, a pot filled with gold; prithee, beware you, how you are more faithful to him than to myself! And he, as I fancy, is the father of her whom my master's in love with. I'll go hence into it; I'll thoroughly ransack the Temple, to see if I can anywhere find the gold, while he's engaged. But if I do find it, O *Goddess* Faith, I'll offer to thee a gallon jug[1] full of honeyed wine, that I'll surely offer to thee; but I'll drink it up myself, when I have offered it. (*Retreats behind the altar.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from his house.*

EUC. (*to himself*). It wasn't for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand[2]; he was both scratching the ground with his feet and croaking with his voice. At once my heart began to jump about[3], and to leap within my breast. But *why* do I delay to run? (*He discovers* STROBILUS, *and drags him from behind the altar.*) Out, out, you earthworm[4], who have this instant crept out of the earth; who just now were nowhere seen, *and* now that you are seen shall die *for it*. By my faith, you juggler, I'll receive you now after a disagreable fashion. (*Begins to shake and beat him.*)

STRO. What the curst plague does ail you? What business have you with me, old fellow? Why do you torment me? Why are you dragging me? For what reason are you beating me?

[1] *A gallon jug*)—Ver. 576. "Congialem." Literally, "holding a congius.' This contained about nine pints of English measure. By the use of the word "fidelia," "a jug," he plays on its resemblance to the name of "Fides."

[2] *On my left hand*)—Ver. 578. We cannot fail to remember here the exactly similar expression of Gay, in the fable of the Farmer's Wife and the Raven:

> That raven on yon left-hand oak
> (Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
> Bodes me no good.

[3] *Began to jump about*)—Ver. 580. "Ars ludicra" here means "the art of a 'ludius,' or stage-player," who moves to and fro and gesticulates—hence "cor cœpit artem facere ludicram" would strictly mean "my heart begins to move to and fro like a play-actor."

[4] *Earthworm*)—Ver. 582. He thinks, that in the short space of time during which he has been absent in the Temple, he can only have sprung out of the earth, as he had not seen him a few minutes before; and taking him to be a sort of 'præstigiator," or "juggler," he fancies that he has followed him into the Temple, and purloined the treasure.

EUC. You out-and-out whipping-post, do you even ask that, you, not thief, but thrice-dotted thief.

STRO. What have I stolen from you?

EUC. Give me that back here, if you please.

STRO. What do you want me to give you back?

EUC. Do you ask me that? STRO. As for me, I've taken nothing away from you.

EUC. But give up that which you have taken away for yourself. Are you going to do so?

STRO. Do what? EUC. You can't carry it off.

STRO. What do you want? EUC. Lay it down.

STRO. Troth, for my part, I think that you are in the habit[1] of quizzing, old gentleman.

EUC. Put that down, please; cease your quibbling; I'm not trifling now.

STRO. What am I to put down? Why don't you mention it, whatever it is, by its own name? By my faith, I really have neither taken nor touched anything.

EUC. Show me your hands, here. STRO. Well, I do show them; see, here they are. (*Holding out his hands.*)

EUC. I see them. Come, show me the third[2], as well.

STRO. (*aside*). Sprites, and frenzy, and madness, possess this old fellow. Are you doing me an injustice, or not?

EUC. A very great one, I confess, inasmuch as you are

[1] *In the habit*)—Ver. 591. The real meaning of the author in this line is so indelicate, that it requires another turn to be given to the passage.

[2] *Show me the third*)—Ver. 595. This passage has been considered as extravagant; but it really does not appear inconsistent with the ridiculous conduct of the wretched Euclio throughout. Thornton supposes that the following passage in the old play of Albumazar, Act III., Sc. 8 (where *Trinculo* questions *Ronca* about the purse, which the latter has stolen from him), is an imitation of this passage:

Trin. Show me your hand.

Ron. Here 'tis.

Trin. But where's the other?

Ron. Why, here.

Trin. But I mean, where's your other hand?

Ron. Think you me the giant with an hundred hands?

Trin. Give me your right.

Ron. My right?

Trin. Your left.

Ron. My left?

Trin. Now both.

Ron. There's both, my dear Antonio

not strung up; and that too shall be done this moment, unless you do confess.

Stro. What am I to confess to you? Euc. What it was you took away hence.

Stro. May the Gods confound me, if I've taken away anything of yours, (*aside*) and if I don't wish I had taken it away.

Euc. Come then, shake out your cloak.

Stro. At your pleasure. (*Shakes it.*)

Euc. You haven't it among your under-clothing?

Stro. Search where you please. Euc. Pshaw! how civilly the rascal *speaks*, that I mayn't suppose he has taken it away! I know your tricks. Come, show me here again *that* right hand.

Stro. Here it is. (*Extending it.*) Euc. Now show me your left.

Stro. Well, then, I show you both, in fact. (*Extending them.*)

Euc. Now I leave off searching. Give back that here.

Stro. Give back what? Euc. Are you trifling with me? You certainly have got it.

Stro. I, got it? Got what? Euc. I shan't say; you want to hear. Whatever you have of mine, give it back.

Stro. You are mad; you've searched me all over at your own pleasure, and yet you've found nothing of yours in my possession.

Euc. (*starting*). Stop, stop; who was that? Who was the other[1] that was within here, together with yourself? Troth, I'm undone; he's now rummaging about within. If I let this one go, he'll escape. At last, I've now searched this one all over; he has got nothing. Be off where you please; Jupiter and the Gods confound you!

Stro. He returns his thanks not amiss[2].

Euc. I'll go in here now, and I'll at once throttle this accomplice of yours. Will you not fly hence from my sight? Will you away from here, or no?

[1] *Who was the other*)—Ver. 609. This suspicion in Euclio is very natural; and he asks the question very artfully, for the purpose of catching a confession from him by inadvertence.

[2] *Thanks not amiss*)—Ver. 612. He says this sarcastically. If he gets such thanks when he has not stolen the treasure, what would he have got supposing that he had?

STRO. I'm off. EUC. Take you care, please, how I see you. (*He goes into the Temple.*)

SCENE IV.—STROBILUS, *alone.*

STRO. I would rather that I were dead outright, by a shocking death, than not lay an ambush this day for that old fellow. But he'll not venture now to hide his gold here; he'll now be carrying it with him, I guess, and be changing the spot. But hark! there's a noise at the door. (*Looking in the direction of the Temple.*) See, the old fellow's bringing out the gold with him! Meanwhile, I'll step aside here to the door. (*Conceals himself near the door.*)

SCENE V.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *from the Temple, with the pot of money.*

EUC. (*to himself*). I had thought that there was the very greatest dependence upon Faith; very nearly had she played me a pretty trick[1]. If the raven hadn't come to my assistance, to my sorrow I should have been undone. Troth, I very much wish that raven would come to me which gave me the warning, that I might say something kind to him; for I would as soon give[2] him something to eat as lose it. Now I'm thinking of a lonely spot where I shall hide this. The grove of Sylvanus, outside of the wall, is unfrequented, *and* planted with many a willow; there will I choose a spot. I'm determined to trust Sylvanus[3], rather than Faith. (*Exit.*

STRO. (*re-appearing from his hiding-place*). Capital! capital! the Gods will me to be safe and preserved! Now will I run before to that place, and climb up into some tree, and thence will I watch where the old fellow hides the gold. Although my master bade me remain here, I'm resolved rather to risk a mishap along with emolument. (*Exit.*

[1] *Played me a pretty trick*)—Ver. 623. "Sublevit os." "Sublinere os" means to paint the face secretly," in allusion to the practical joke of so doing when a person is asleep, and thereby making a fool of him.

[2] *Would as soon give*)—Ver. 626. That is, "not at all." He says "thank you" to the raven, but he would be as likely to give it a scrap of victuals as to throw it away, which was quite repugnant to his "jus et norma vivendi," his mode of life.

[3] *Sylvanus*)—Ver. 630. Sylvanus was the tutelary Divinity of the woodlands fields, and cattle. Pigs were usually offered in sacrifice to him.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* LYCONIDES *and* EUNOMIA, *from the house of* MEGADORUS.

LYC. I've told you *all*, mother; as well as I do myself, you understand all about the daughter of Euclio. Now, I do entreat you, my mother, make mention of it to my uncle, and I *now* unask of you, mother, that which before I entreated of you, *to conceal this from Megadorus.*

EUN. You know, yourself, that what you desire to be done, I desire, and I trust that I shall obtain *this* of my brother; and the reason is good, if 'tis so as you say, that in a drunken fit you debauched this damsel.

LYC. Could I, my mother, tell a falsehood in your presence? (PHÆDRA *cries out in labour, in* EUCLIO'S *house.*) I die, my nurse; my pangs are coming on! I entreat thee for thy protection, Juno Lucina[1]!

LYC. Ah! my mother, I see a more convincing proof for you; she's crying aloud—she's in the pangs of labour.

EUN. Come in-doors here, with me, my son, to my brother, that I may obtain a grant from him of that which you beg of me.

LYC. Go; I'll follow you this instant, mother. (EUNOMIA *goes into the house.*) But my servant, Strobilus, I wonder where he is, whom I ordered to wait here for me. Now I reflect with myself, if he's lending me his assistance, it isn't fair that I should be angry with him. I'll go in-doors, where they are sitting in judgment[2] upon my life. (*Goes into the house of* MEGADORUS.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS, *with the pot of money.*

STRO. I, by myself, exceed the riches of the Griffins[3], who

[1] *Juno Lucina*)—Ver. 646. Juno Lucina was the Goddess who presided over childbirth. Some suppose that the Goddess Diana was called by that name; but (although Diana was also addressed by parturient females) it is more likely that Juno was addressed under the title. A similar circumstance to this takes place in the Andria and the Adelphi of Terence.

[2] *They are sitting in judgment*)—Ver. 654. "Ubi de capite meo sunt Comitia." Literally, "where, then, are the Comitia about my life." Trials were held before the "Comitia centuriata," or assemblies of the people, at Rome, to which reference is here made. He alludes to the discussion between Eunomia and Megadorus, on the marriage of the latter with Phædra.

[3] *Riches of the Griffins*)—Ver. 655. Pici. "Picis" would be a better reading here, and ought to be adopted, unless we agree with some of the Commentators, who

inhabit the golden mountains. For I'm unwilling to make mention of those other kings, beggarly fellows—I am the king Philip. O charming day! for when I went from here, just now, I arrived there much the first, and, long before, I placed myself in a tree, and thence observed where the old fellow hid the gold. When he departed thence, I let myself down from the tree, *and* dug up the pot full of gold. Thence, from that spot, I saw the old fellow betaking himself back again; he didn't see me, for I turned a little on one side, out of the path. Heyday! here he comes himself. I'll go and hide this away, at home. (*Goes into the house of* MEGADORUS.)

SCENE II.—*Enter* EUCLIO, *tearing his hair and wringing his hands.*

EUC. I'm ruined! I'm done for! I'm murdered! Whither shall I run? Whither not run? Stop *him*—stop *him*. Whom? who? I don't know. I see nothing! I'm going blindfold; and, in fact, whither I am going, or where I am, or who I am, I can't in my mind find out for certain. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) I beseech you, give me your aid (I beg *and* entreat of you), and point me out the person that has taken it away. What's the matter? Why do you laugh? I'm acquainted with you all; I know that there are many thieves here, who conceal themselves with *white* clothes and chalk[1], and sit as though they were honest! (*To one of the* SPECTATORS.) What say you? You I'm resolved to believe; for I perceive, even by your looks, that you are honest. Well then, none of these has got it? You've been the death of me! Tell me, then, who has got it? You don't know? Oh, wretched, wretched me! I'm done for! wofully undone! In most sorry plight I go; so much groaning, and misfortune, and sorrow, has this day brought upon me,

think that Strobilus begins a sentence, and then, in the exuberance of his joy, breaks out into an expression of a different construction from that originally intended. It may, however, possibly be, as Hildyard suggests, the "nominativus pendens," which is not unfrequently used by Plautus. The Pici here alluded to were Griffins, or fabulous monsters, who were said to watch the treasures of the Arimaspi, a people of the north of Scythia, mentioned by Herodotus, who were said to possess mountains of gold; in which story, no doubt, the Uralian mountians were alluded to.

[1] *White clothes and chalk*)—Ver. 673. The Romans were much in the habit of having their woollen "togæ" made extremely white by chalk, pipeclay, and the fuller's art. He alludes to white garments covering bad manners, much as in Scripture whited sepulchres are mentioned as being full of uncleanness.

hunger and poverty, *too*. I'm the most utterly ruined of all men upon the earth! For what need of life have I, who have lost so much gold that I *so* carefully watched? I pinched myself, and my inclinations, and my *very* heart[1]! Now others are rejoicing at this, my loss and my misfortune! I cannot endure it. (*He runs about, crying and stamping.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* LYCONIDES, *from the house of* MEGADORUS.

LYC. What person, I wonder, is this before our house lamenting, and that utters complaints with his moaning? Why, surely, this is Euclio, as I imagine. I'm utterly undone! The thing's all out; he knows now, as I suppose, that his daughter is brought to bed. I'm in a state of uncertainty now what I shall do, whether go or remain, accost him or fly.

EUC. What person is it that speaks there?

LYC. 'Tis I, wretch that I am.

EUC. Yes, and so am I, and wretchedly ruined, whose lot is misfortune so great and sorrow.

LYC. Be of good courage. EUC. How, prithee, can I be so?

LYC. Because that deed which is afflicting your mind, I did it, and I confess it.

EUC. What is it I hear from you?

LYC. That which is the truth. EUC. What evil, young man, have I deserved, by reason of which you should do thus, and go to ruin both me and my children?

LYC. A Divinity was my prompter; he prompted me *to do it*[2].

EUC. How? LYC. I confess that I have done wrong, and I know that I deserve censure; for that reason I'm come to beseech you, that, with feelings assuaged, you will pardon me.

EUC. Why did you dare do *so*, to touch that which was not your own?

[1] *And my very heart*)—Ver. 682. "Geniumque meum." Literally, "and my Genius," *i. e.* "my social disposition" or "capacity for enjoyment."

[2] *Prompted me to do it*)—Ver. 694. "Ad illam illexit." Literally, "enticed me to her." The humour of the whole scene turns upon Euclio and Lyconides mistaking the meaning of each other—the former thinking that the latter is speaking about the "aula," or "pot," while the latter fancies that Euclio is lamenting the mishap of his daughter. In the Latin language, the word "aula" is of the feminine gender, by reason of which the misunderstanding is much more natural than it would be in the English language. In consequence, some little latitude in the translation is absolutely necessary to sustain the equivoque of the original.

Lyc. What do you wish to be done? The thing has been done; it can't be undone. I believe that the Gods willed it, for if they hadn't willed it, I know it wouldn't have happened.

Euc. But I believe that the Gods have willed that I should be the death of you in fetters.

Lyc. Don't say that! Euc. What business then have you to touch what is my own against my will?

Lyc. Because I did it under the evil influence of wine and love.

Euc. Most audacious man, that you should dare to come here to me with that speech, you impudent *fellow!* For if this is lawful, so that you may be able to excuse it—let us openly, in broad daylight, plunder their golden trinkets from ladies—after that, if we are caught, let us excuse ourselves, that we did it when intoxicated, by reason of being in love. Too cheap are wine and love, if one in liquor and in love is allowed to do with impunity whatever he pleases.

Lyc. But I come to you of my own accord to supplicate you on account of my folly.

Euc. Persons don't please me, who, when they've done wrong, excuse themselves. You knew that you had no right there; you oughtn't to have touched[1].

Lyc. Therefore, inasmuch as I did dare to touch, I make no objection to keep by all means.

Euc. You, keep what is my own against my will?

Lyc. Against your will, I do not ask; but I think that *that which was yours* ought to be mine[2]. Moreover, Euclio, you'll find, I say, that mine it ought to be.

Euc. Now really, on my word, I'll drag you to the Prætor and take proceedings[3] against you, unless you make restitution.

[1] *You oughtn't to have touched*)—Ver. 711. "Tu illam scibas non tuam esse: non attactam aportuit." This literally, speaking of the pot (aula) as of the feminine gender, would mean "you knew that she was not your own; it was not fitting for her to be touched." This of course helps to confirm Lyconides in the impression that Euclio is speaking of his daughter.

[2] *Ought to be mine*)—Ver. 714. Lyconides here alludes to a law which prevailed at Rome, whereby, when a person had seduced a freeborn female, he was obliged either to marry her himself without a portion, or else to give her such a portion as was suitable to her station. Lyconides means to say that he shall exercise the former right.

[3] *And take proceedings*)—Ver. 716. "Scribam dicam." "Dica" was a name

Lyc. Make restitution of what to you?

Euc. What you've stolen of mine.

Lyc. I, stolen of yours? Whence, or what is it?

Euc. So shall Jupiter love you, how ignorant you are *about it!*

Lyc. Unless, indeed, you tell me what you are enquiring for.

Euc. The pot of gold, I say, I'm asking back of you, which you confessed to me that you had taken away.

Lyc. By my faith, I've neither said so, nor have I done it.

Euc. Do you deny it? Lyc. Yes, I do utterly deny it; for neither the gold nor *yet* this pot, what it means, do I know or understand.

Euc. Give me up that *pot* which you took away from the wood of Sylvanus. Come, give it me back! I would rather give you the one-half of it. Although you are a thief to me, I'll not be hard upon the thief. Give it me back.

Lyc. You are not in your senses, to call me a thief; I thought, Euclio, that you had come to the knowledge of another matter; as concerns myself, it is a great matter which I wish to speak with you upon at your leisure, if you are at leisure.

Euc. Tell me, in good faith, have you not stolen that gold?

Lyc. In good *faith*, No. Euc. Nor know who has taken it away?

Lyc. In good faith, *No*, to that as well.

Euc. But if you should know who has taken it away, will you discover it to me?

Lyc. I will do *so*. Euc. Nor accept of a share from him, whoever he is, for yourself, nor harbour the thief?

Lyc. Even so. Euc. What if you deceive me?

Lyc. Then may great Jupiter do unto me what he pleases.

Euc. I'm satisfied. Come, then, say what you wish.

Lyc. If you know me *but* imperfectly, of what family I'm born: Megadorus here is my uncle; Antimachus was my father; my name is Lyconides; Eunomia is my mother.

derived from the Greek, for an "indictment," "writ," or "process," by which an action was

Euc. I know the family; now, what do you want?

Lyc. I want to know this. You have a daughter of yours?

Euc. Why, yes, she's there at home.

Lyc. You have, I think, recently betrothed her to my uncle?

Euc. You have the whole matter. Lyc. He has now bade me announce to you his refusal *of her*[1].

Euc. A refusal, when the things are got ready, and the wedding's prepared? May all the immortal Gods and Goddesses confound him, so far as is possible, by reason of whom this day, unhappy wretch *that I am*, I have lost so much gold!

Lyc. Be of good heart, and speak in kindly terms; now, a thing—may it turn out well and prosperously to you and your daughter.—May the Gods so grant—say.

Euc. May the Gods so grant. Lyc. And for me, too, may the Gods so grant it. Now, then, do you listen. The man that admits a fault is not so much to be despised, if he feels a sense of shame when he excuses himself. Now, Euclio, I do beseech you, that what unawares I have done wrong towards yourself or your daughter, you will grant me pardon for the same, and give her for a wife to me, as the laws demand. I confess that I did violence to your daughter on the festival of Ceres, by reason of wine and the impulse of youth.

Euc. Woe is me! What shocking deed do I hear of you?

Lyc. Why do you exclaim? *You* whom I've made to be a grandfather now at the very wedding of your daughter. For your daughter has *just* been brought to bed in the ninth month after—calculate the number[2]; for that reason, in my behalf, has my uncle sent his refusal. Go in-doors; enquire whether it is so or not as I say.

Euc. I'm undone utterly; so very many misfortunes unite themselves for my undoing. I'll go in-doors, that I may know what of this is true. (*He goes into his house.*)

[1] *His refusal of her*)—Ver. 740. "Repudium." The rejection of a person after being betrothed was called "repudium;" while the putting-away of a married woman by her husband was called "divortium."

[2] *Calculate the number*)—Ver. 755. "Numeram cape." He probably means by this, "calculate the time" since the festival of Ceres, when this misfortune happened.

LYC. I'll follow you this instant. This matter seems now to be pretty nearly in the haven of safety. Now, where to say my servant Strobilus is, I don't know, but yet I'll wait here still a little while; after that I'll follow this man indoors; now, in the meantime, I'll give him leisure to enquire of the nurse about my doings, the attendant of his daughter, whether she knows the truth. (*Moves as if going.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* STROBILUS, *at a distance.*

STRO. (*to himself*). Immortal Gods, with what and how great delights do you present me! I've got a four pound pot filled with gold; who there is richer than I? What man is there greater than I at Athens now; any one, *I mean*, to whom the Gods are propitious?

LYC. (*to himself*). Why, surely, I seemed just now to hear the voice of some one speaking here.

STRO. (*to himself*). Ha! do I not see my master?

LYC. (*to himself*). Do I see Strobilus now, my servant?

STRO. (*to himself*). 'Tis he himself. LYC. (*to himself*). 'Tis no other.

STRO. (*to himself*). I'll accost him. LYC. (*to himself*). I'll step out[1] *towards him.* I do think that he has been, as I requested him, to the old woman, the nurse herself of this damsel.

STRO. (*to himself*). Why don't I tell him that I've found this prize, and speak out? For that reason, I'll beg of him to make me free. I'll go and speak to him. (*Addressing him.*) I've found——

LYC. What have you found? STRO. Not that which the boys cry out that they've found in the bean[2].

LYC. And are you trifling *with me* then, as you are in the habit of doing? (*He turns as if to go away.*)

STRO. Master, stop; I'll speak out then; do listen.

[1] *I'll step out*)—Ver. 770. It must be supposed that Strobilus is a good way down a street, which emerges on the stage right opposite the Spectators; while Lyconides is in the front of the stage, and consequently beyond the nearer end of the street.

[2] *Found in the bean*)—Ver. 775. This is explained as meaning a little worm or weevil, which boys used to seek for in beans and other pulse, and which they called "Midas."

Lyc. Come then, tell me. Stro. I've found to-day, master very great riches.

Lyc. Where, pray? Stro. A four pound pot[1], I say, full of gold!

Lyc. What crime is this that I hear of from you?

Stro. I've stolen it from this old fellow, Euclio.

Lyc. Where is this gold? Stro. In my box at home; I now wish to be made free.

Lyc. I, make you free, you fellow, brimful of wickedness?

Stro. Out upon you, master, I know what you would be at. Troth, I've cleverly tried your inclination; you were just getting ready to take it away from me; what would you do, if I had found it?

Lyc. You can't make good your pretences. Come, give up the gold!

Stro. I, give up the gold? Lyc. Give it up, I say, that it may be given back to him.

Stro. Where *am I to get it* from? Lyc. That which you confessed just now to be in your box.

Stro. I' faith, I'm in the habit of talking nonsense; 'twas in that way I was speaking.

Lyc. (*seizing him*). But do you know what?——

Stro. Even kill me outright, i' faith, you never shall get it hence of me * * * *[2]

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE AULULARIA BY CODRUS URCEUS.

Stro. —— *the pot belonging to the old fellow, which I've not got.*

Lyc. *I will have it*, whether you will or no; when I've tied you up all fours, and torn asunder your body for you *tied up* to the beam. But why do I delay to rush upon the jaws of this rascal, and why this instant do I not compel his

[1] *A four pound pot*)—Ver. 777. "Quadrilibris" probably alludes to the capacity of the pot, and not its weight. It was probably a jar made to contain four pounds weight of liquid.

[2] * * * The rest of this Play is unfortunately lost. From the Acrostic Argument which is prefixed to the Play, we learn that Lyconides obtained the gold, and gave it up to Euclio, who presented it to him as a marriage-portion with his daughter. In some of the Editions there is a Supplement to the last Scene, written in a very meagre style by some unknown author, which is not worth presenting to the reader The Supplementby Antonius Codrus Urceus, a learned scholar and professor at Bologna, is certainly somewhat superior, and, such as it is, a translation

soul to take its journey before its time[1]? Are you going to give it me or not?

STRO. I will give it you. LYC. I want you to give it me now, *and* not at a future time.

STRO. I'll give it now; but I entreat you to allow me to recover breath. (LYCONIDES *lets him go.*) Aha! What is it you want me to give you, master?

LYC. Don't you know, you rascal? And do you dare to refuse me the four pound pot full of gold which you just now said you had stolen? (*Calling at the door.*) Hallo there! Where now are the flogging men?

STRO. Master, do hear a few words. LYC. I won't hear; floggers, hallo there—hallo!

SCENE V.—*Enter two* FLOGGING SLAVES.

SLAVE. What's the matter? LYC. I want the chains to be got ready.

STRO. Listen *to me*, I beg of you; afterwards order them to bind me as much as you please.

LYC. I will hear you; but hasten the matter very quickly.

STRO. If you order me to be tortured to death, see what you obtain; in the first place, you have the death of your slave. Then, what you wish for you cannot get. But if you had only allured me by the reward of dear liberty, you would already have obtained your wish. Nature produces all men free, and by nature all desire freedom. Slavery is worse than every evil, than every calamity; and he whom Jupiter hates, him he first makes a slave.

LYC. You speak not unwisely. STRO. Now then hear the rest. Our age has produced masters too grasping, whom I'm in the habit of calling Harpagos, Harpies, and Tantali, poor amid great wealth, and thirsty in the midst of the waters of Ocean; no riches are enough for them, not *those* of Midas, not of Crœsus; not all the wealth of the Persians can satisfy

of it is here presented to the reader. Its chief fault is, that it indicates a greater change in the nature of the miser than is consistent with probability. Though Plautus doubtless depicted him as giving up the gold to his new son-in-law, it was probably on some other ground than a change of disposition.

[1] *Before its time*)—The expression used here by Urceus is capable of two modes of translation; the most delicate one has been preferred.

their Tartarean maw. Masters use their slaves rigorously, and slaves now obey their masters *but* tardily; so on neither side is that done which would be fair to be done. Their provisions, kitchens, *and* store-cellars, avaricious old fellows shut up with a thousand keys. Slaves, thievish, double-dealers, *and* artful, open for themselves things shut up with a thousand keys, which *the owners* hardly like to be granted to their lawful children, and stealthily do they carry off, consume, *and* lick them up—*fellows* that will never disclose their hundred thefts *even* at the gibbet; thus in laughter and joking do bad slaves take revenge upon their slavery. So then, I come to the conclusion that liberality renders slaves faithful.

LYC. Rightly, indeed, *have* you *spoken*, but not in a few words, as you promised me. But if I do make you free, will you give me back what I'm asking for?

STRO. I will give it back; but I wish for witnesses to be present; you'll pardon me, master, I trust you but little.

LYC. Just as you please; let there be present even a hundred; then I shouldn't care about it.

STRO. (*going to the door of the house of* MEGADORUS). Megadorus, and you, Eunomia, please come here, I beg of you; the business finished, you shall return directly.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* MEGADORUS *and* EUNOMIA.

MEG. Who's calling us? Ha! Lyconides! EUN. Ha! Strobilus, what is the matter? Say.

LYC. 'Tis a short matter. MEG. What is it?

STRO. I'm calling you as witnesses. If I bring here a four pound pot full of gold and give it up to Lyconides, Lyconides makes me a free man, and orders me to be my own master. (*To* LYCONIDES.) Do you not promise me so?

LYC. I do promise *so*. STRO. Have you heard now what he has said?

MEG. We have heard. STRO. Swear, then, by Jupiter.

LYC. Alas! to what I am reduced by the misfortunes of others! You are too insulting; still, I'll do what he bids me.

STRO. Hark you, our generation hasn't much confidence *in people:* the documents are signed; the twelve witnesses

are present; the registrar writes down the time and the place; *and* still, the pleader is found to deny that it has been done.

LYC. But release me speedily, please.

STRO. Here, take *this* stone. (*Giving him a stone.*)

LYC. If I knowingly deceive you, so may Jupiter reject from me his blessings, the city and citadel safe, as I do this stone. (*He throws it.*) Have I now satisfied you?

STRO. I am satisfied; *and* I'm going to bring the gold.

LYC. Go with the speed of Pegasus, and return devouring the road *with your rapid steps.* (*Exit* STROBILUS.) Any impertinent slave, that wishes to be more wise than his master, is a nuisance to a decent man. Let this Strobilus be off *as* a free man to utter perdition, if he only brings me the pot full of pure gold, so that I may restore Euclio, my father-in-law, from his grief to joy, and obtain the favour of his daughter, who is just brought to bed by reason of my debauching her. But see! Strobilus is returning, loaded; as I guess, he's bringing the pot; and, for sure, it is the pot that he's carrying.

SCENE VII.—*Enter* STROBILUS, *carrying the pot of gold.*

STRO. Lyconides, I bring you my findings that I promised—the four pound pot of gold; have I been long?

LYC. Why, yes. (*He takes some of the gold out of the pot.*) O immortal Gods, what do I behold? Or what is it I hold? More than six hundred Philippean pieces, three or four times over. But let's call out Euclio forthwith.

SCENE VIII.

LYC. (*going to the door of* EUCLIO'S *house*). Ho, Euclio, Euclio!

MEG. Euclio, Euclio! EUC. (*opening his window*). What' the matter?

LYC. Come down to us, for the Gods will you to be saved; we've got the pot.

EUC. Have you got it, or are you trifling with me?

LYC. We've got it, I say. Now, if you can, fly down hither.

EUC. (*having come out of the house to them*). O great Jupiter! O household Divinity and Queen Juno! and Alcides,

my treasurer! that at length you do show pity upon a wretched old man. (*Taking the pot in his arms.*) O *my* pot! O how aged I, your friend, do clasp you with joyful arms, and receive you with kisses; with a thousand embraces even I cannot be satisfied. O my hope! my heart! that dissipates my grief.

Lyc. (*aside, to* Megadorus). I always thought that to be in want of gold was the worst thing for both boys and men, and all old people. Indigence compels boys to be guilty of misdeeds, men to thieve, *and* old men themselves to become beggars. But 'tis much worse, as I now see, to abound in gold beyond what's necessary for us. Alas! what miseries has Euclio endured on account of the pot, that a little while since was lost by him!

Euc. To whom shall I give deserved thanks? Whether to the Gods, who show regard for good men, or to my friends, upright men, or to them both? Rather to both, *I think;* and first to you, Lyconides, the origin and author of so great a good; you do I present with this pot of gold; accept it with pleasure. I wish it to be your own, and my daughter as well, in the presence of Megadorus, and his good sister, Eunomia.

Lyc. (*receiving the pot of gold*). The favour is received, and is returned, *in thanks*, as you deserve, Eucho, a father-in-law most acceptable to me.

Euc. I shall think the favour sufficiently returned to me, if you now receive with pleasure my gift, and myself *as well for your father-in-law.*

Lyc. I do receive it; and I wish my house to be that of Euclio.

Stro. What *still* remains, master,—remember now that I'm to be free.

Lyc. You've well put me in mind. Be you a free man, O Strobilus, for your deserts; and now prepare in-doors the dinner that has been *so* disturbed.

Stro. (*coming forward*). Spectators, the avaricious Euclio has changed his nature; he has suddenly become liberal; so, too, do you practise liberality; and if the play has pleased you well, loudly clap your hands.

CAPTIVI; THE CAPTIVES.

Dramatis Personæ.

HEGIO, an Ætolian, father of Philopolemus.
PHILOCRATES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.
TYNDARUS, his servant.
ARISTOPHONTES, an Elean, captive in Ætolia.
PHILOPOLEMUS, an Ætolian, captive in Elis.
ERGASILUS, a Parasite.
STALAGMUS, the servant of Hegio.
A SLAVE of Hegio.
A LAD, the same.

Scene.—A place in Ætolia, before the house of HEGIO.

THE SUBJECT.

HEGIO, a wealthy native of Ætolia, had two sons, one of which was stolen by a slave when four years old, and being carried away to Elis, was sold there; the father being unable for many years to learn what has become of him. A war having commenced between the Eleans and the Ætolians, Philopolemus, the other son of Hegio, is taken prisoner by the Eleans. The Ætolians having taken many Elean prisoners, Hegio commences to traffic in captives, with the view of thereby redeeming his son from the Eleans, in exchange for some prisoner of rank. At this conjuncture the Play commences. Among the captives whom Hegio has purchased, Philocrates is one, having been taken prisoner, together with his servant, Tyndarus. With the object of deceiving Hegio, Philocrates and Tyndarus change their clothes, and having exchanged names as well, Philocrates pretends to be the servant of Tyndarus. Hegio, being desirous to procure the exchange of his son, Philocrates (in the character of the servant of his fellow-captive) is sent to Elis for that purpose. After his departure, Aristophontes, another captive, accidentally puts Hegio in the way of discovering the manner in which he has been deceived. On this, the old man, losing all hope of obtaining the liberation of his son, sends Tyndarus in chains to the stone-quarries. Shortly after, Philocrates returns, and brings with him Philopolemus, the son of Hegio, and Stalagmus, the runaway slave, that had stolen his other son. It is then discovered that Stalagmus had sold the child to the father of Philocrates, and that he is no other than Tyndarus, the slave; on which, Tyndarus is sent for, and is informed that he is the lost son of Hegio. Stalagmus is then condemned to the chains from which Tyndarus is liberated.

CAPTIVI; THE CAPTIVES.

THE ACROSTIC ARGUMENT[1].

[Supposed to have been written by Priscian the Grammarian.]

One son of Hegio has been made prisoner (*Captus*) in battle. A runaway slave has sold the other (*Alium*) when four years old. The father (*Pater*) traffics in Elean captives, only (*Tantum*) desirous that he may recover his son, and (*Et*) among these he buys his son that was formerly lost. He (*Is*), his clothes and his name changed with his master, causes that (*Ut*) he is lost *to Hegio; and* he himself is punished. And (*Et*) he brings back the captive and the runaway together, through whose information (*Indicio*) he discovers his other son.

THE PROLOGUE.

THESE two captives (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES *and* TYNDARUS), whom you see standing here, are standing here because——they are both[2] standing, *and* are not sitting. That I am saying this truly, you are my witnesses. The old man, who lives here (*pointing to* HEGIO'S *house*), is Hegio—his father (*pointing to* TYNDARUS). But under what circumstances he is the slave of his own father, that I will here explain to you, if you give attention. This old man had two sons; a slave stole one child when four years old, and flying hence, he sold him in Elis[3], to the father of this

[1] In this Acrostic it will be found that the old form of "Capteivei" is preserved.

[2] *Because—they are both*)—Ver. 2. This is apparently intended as a piece of humour, in catching or baulking the audience. He begins as though he was going to explain why the captives are standing there, and ends his explanation with saying that they are standing because they are not sitting. A similar truism is uttered by Pamphila, in the Stichus, l. 120.

[3] *In Elis*)—Ver. 9. Elis, or, as it is called by Plautus, "Alis," was a city of Achaia, in the north-western part of the Peloponnesus. Near it the Olympic games were celebrated

captive (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES). Now, do you understand this? Very good. I' faith, that man at a distance[1] there (*pointing*) says, no. Come nearer *then*. If there isn't room for you to sit down, there is for you to walk; since you'd be compelling an actor to bawl like a beggar[2]. I'm not going to burst myself for your sake, *so* don't you be mistaken. You who are enabled by your means to pay your taxes[3], listen to the rest[4]; I care not to be in debt to another. This runaway *slave*, as I said before, sold his *young* master, whom, when he fled, he had carried off, to this one's father. He, after he bought him, gave him as his own private slave[5]

[1] *That man at a distance*)—Ver. 11. One of the audience, probably a plebeian who has no seat, but is standing in a remote part of the theatre, is supposed to exclaim in a rude manner that he cannot hear what the actor says. On this the speaker tells him that he had better come nearer; and if he cannot find a seat, there is room for him to walk away. Possibly the verb "ambulo" may be intended to signify in this case either 'to walk" or "to stand," in contradistinction to sitting. Rost, with some reason, suggests "abscedito," "walk out," in place of "accedito," "come nearer."

[2] *To bawl like a beggar*)—Ver. 13. Commentators have differed as to the meaning of this passage. Some think that he means that with the view of pleasing the plebeian part of the audience, he shall not bawl out like a beggar asking alms; while others suppose that the meaning is, that he will not run the risk of cracking his voice, after which he will be hissed off the stage, and so be reduced to beggary.

[3] *To pay your taxes*)—Ver. 15. By this he shows that the party whom he is addressing, is either one of the lowest plebeians or a slave. In the assessment or census, which was made by the Censors, the slaves were not numbered at all, being supposed to have no "caput," or "civil condition." The lowest century were the "proletarii," whose only qualification was the being heads of families, or fathers of children. In addressing those who are reckoned in the census "ope vestrâ," "by your means" or "circumstances," he seems to be rebuking the "proletarii," who had no such standing, and who probably formed the most noisy part of the audience. As these paid no part of the taxes with which the theatres were in part supported, of course they would be placed at a greater distance from the stage, and probably were not accommodated with seats. It was just about this period that the elder Scipio assigned different places in the theatres to the various classes of the people.

[4] *Listen to the rest*)—Ver. 16. "Reliquum" was a term which either signified generally, "what is left," or money borrowed and still unpaid. He plays upon these different meanings—"Accipite reliquum," which may either signify "hear the rest" or "take what is due and owing," and he then makes the observation, parenthetically, "alieno uti nil moror," "I don't care to be in debt."

[5] *His own private slave*)—Ver. 20. "Peculiaris" means "for his own private use," or "attached to his person;" being considered as though bought with his

to this son of his, because they were of about the same age. He is now the slave at home of his own father, nor does his father know it. Verily, the Gods do treat us men just like footballs[1]. You hear the manner *now* how he lost one *son*. Afterwards, the Ætolians[2] are waging war with the people of Elis, *and*, as happens in warfare, the other son is taken prisoner. The physician Menarchus buys him there in Elis. *On this*, this *Hegio* begins to traffic in Elean captives, if, *perchance*, he may be able to find one to change for that captive *son* of his. He knows not that this one who is in his house is his own *son*. And as he heard yesterday that an Elean knight of very high rank and very high family was taken prisoner, he has spared no expense to rescue his son[3]. In order that he may more easily bring him back home, he buys both of these of the Quæstors[4] out of the spoil.

Now they, between themselves, have contrived this plan, that, by means of it, the servant may send away hence his master home. And therefore among themselves they change their garments and their names. He, there (*pointing*), is called Philocrates; this one (*pointing*), Tyndarus; he this day assumes the character of this one, this one of him. And this one to-day will cleverly carry out this plot, and cause his master to gain his liberty; and by the same means he will

son's "peculium," or out of his own private purse. The "peculium" was the sum of money which a son in his minority was allowed by his father to be in possession of. The word also signified the savings of the slave.

[1] *Just like footballs*)—Ver. 22. "Pilas." Among the ancients, games with the "pila" were those played with the "pila trigonalis," so called, probably, from the players standing in a triangle, and those with the "follis," which was a larger ball, inflated with air and struck with the hands, or used for a football. "Paganica" was a similar ball, but harder, being stuffed with feathers, and was used by the country-people. "Harpastum" was a small ball used by the Greeks, which was scrambled for as soon as it came to the ground, whence it received its name. The Greeks had a proverb similar to this expression, θεῶν παίγνια ἀνθρωποὶ, "men are the playthings of the Gods." So Plato called mankind θέων ἀθύρματα, "the sport of the Gods."

[2] *The Ætolians*)—Ver. 24. Ætolia was a country of Greece, the southern portion of which was bounded by the Corinthian Gulf; it was opposite to the Elean territory, from which it was divided by the gulf.

To rescue his son)—Ver. 32. "Filio dum parceret." Literally, "so long as he might spare his son."

[4] *Of the Quæstors*)—Ver. 34. In speaking of these officers, Plautus, as usual, introduces Roman customs into a Play the scene of which is in Greece. It has been previously remarked that the Quæstors had the selling of the spoils taken in war

save his own brother, and without knowing it, will cause him to return back a free man to his own country to his father: just as often now, on many occasions, a person has done more good unknowingly than knowingly. But unconsciously, by their devices, they have so planned and devised their plot, and have so contrived it by their design, that this one is living in servitude with his own father. *And* thus now, in ignorance, he is the slave of his own father. What poor creatures are men, when I reflect upon it! This plot will be performed by us—a play for your *entertainment*. But there is, besides, a thing which, in a few words, I would wish to inform you of. Really, it will be worth your while to give your attention to this play. 'Tis not composed in the hackneyed style, nor yet like other *plays*, nor are there in it any ribald lines[1] unfit for utterance: here is neither the perjured procurer, nor the artful courtesan, nor yet the braggart captain. Don't you be afraid because I've said that there's war between the Ætolians and the Eleans. There (*pointing*), at a distance, beyond the scenes, the battles will be fought. For this were almost impossible for a Comic establishment[2], that we should at a moment attempt to be acting Tragedy. If, therefore, any one is looking for a battle, let him commence the quarrel; if he shall find an adversary more powerful, I'll cause him to be the spectator of a battle that isn't pleasant *to him*, so that hereafter he shall hate to be a spectator of them all. I *now* retire. Fare ye well, at home, most upright judges, and in warfare most valiant combatants.

Act I.—Scene I.

Enter Ergasilus.

Erg. The young men have given me the name of "the mistress," for this reason, because invocated[3] I am wont

[1] *Any ribald lines*)—Ver. 56. See the address of the Company of actors to the Spectators at the end of the Play.

[2] *A Comic establishment*)—Ver. 61. "Comico choragio." Literally, "for the choragium of Comedy." The "choragium" was the dress and furniture, or "properties" for the stage, supplied by the "choragus," or keeper of the theatrical wardrobe.

[3] *Because invocated*)—Ver. 70. "Invocatus." The following Note is extracted from Thornton's Translation of this Play:—"The reader's indulgence for the coinage of a new term (and perhaps not quite so much out of character from the mouth of a Parasite) is here requested in the use of the word 'invocated' in a sense, which

to attend at the banquet. I know that buffoons[1] say that this is absurdly said, but I affirm that it is rightly *said*. For at the banquet the lover, when he throws the dice, invokes his mistress[2]. Is she *then* invocated, or *is she* not? She is, most clearly. But, i' faith, we Parasites with better reason *are so called*, whom no person ever either invites or invokes, *and who*, like mice, are always eating the victuals of another person. When business is laid aside[3], when people repair to the country, at that same moment is business laid aside for our teeth. Just as, when it is hot weather, snails lie hidden in secret, *and* live upon their own juices, if the dew doesn't fall; so, when business is laid aside, do Parasites lie hidden in retirement, *and* miserably live upon their own juices, while in the country the persons are rusticating whom they sponge upon. When business is laid aside, we Parasites are greyhounds; when business recommences, *like* mastiffs[4], we are annoying-like and very troublesome-like[5].

it is owned, there is no authority for, but without it no way occurs to explain the poet's meaning—which, such as it is, and involved in such a pun, is all that can be aimed at. The word 'invocatus' means both 'called upon' and 'not called upon.' Ergasilus here quibbles upon it; for, though at entertainments he attends, as it is the common character of Parasites to do, without invitation, that is 'not called upon;' and as mistresses are 'called upon' that their names so invoked may make their lovers throw the dice with success; still, according to the double sense of the word, they may be compared to each other, as they are both, according to the Latin idiom, 'invocati.'"

[1] *That buffoons*)—Ver. 71. "Derisores," "buffoons." By this word he means, that particular class of Parasites who earned their dinners by their repartees and bon-mots.

[2] *Invokes his mistress*)—Ver. 73. It was the Grecian custom, when they threw dice at an entertainment, for the thrower to call his mistress by name, which invocation was considered to bring good luck.

[3] *When business is laid aside*)—Ver. 78. "Ubi res prolatæ sunt." Meaning thereby "in vacation-time." In the heat of summer the courts of justice were closed, and the more wealthy portion of the Romans retired into the country or to the seaside. Cicero mentions this vacation as "rerum prolatio." The allusion in the previous line is probably derived from a saying of the Cynic Diogenes: when he saw mice creeping under the table, he used to say, "See the Parasites of Diogenes."

[4] *Like mastiffs*)—Ver. 86. "Molossici." Literally, "dogs of Molossus," a country of Epirus.

[5] *Annoying-like and very troublesome-like*)—Ver. 87. "Odiosici—incommodestici." These are two extravagant forms of the words "odiosi" and "incommodi," coined by the author for the occasion.

And here, indeed, unless, i' faith, any Parasite is able to endure cuffs with the fist, and pots to be broken[1] about his head, why he may e'en go with his wallet outside the Trigeminian Gate[2]. That this may prove my lot, there is some danger. For since my patron[3] has fallen into the hands of the enemy—(such warfare are the Ætolians now waging with the Eleans; for this is Ætolia; this Philopolemus has been made captive in Elis, the son of this old man Hegio who lives here (*pointing to the house*)—a house which to me is *a house* of woe, *and* which so oft as I look upon, I weep). Now, for the sake of his son, has he commenced this dishonorable traffic, very much against his own inclination. He buys up men that have been made captives, if *perchance* he may be able to find some one for whom to gain his son in exchange. An object which I really do much desire that he may gain; for unless he finds him, there's nowhere for me to find myself. I have no hopes in the young men; they are all *too* fond of themselves. He, in fine, is a youth with the old-fashioned manners, whose countenance I never rendered cheerful without a return. His father is worthily matched, as endowed with like manners. Now I'll go to him;—but his door is opening, *the door* from which full oft I've sallied forth drunk with excess of cheer. (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE II.—*Enter, from his house,* HEGIO *and a* SLAVE.

HEG. *Now,* give attention you, if you please. Those two captives whom I purchased yesterday of the Quæstors out of the spoil, put upon them chains of light weight[4]; take off

[1] *Pots to be broken*)—Ver. 89. By Meursius we are informed that these practical jokes were played upon the unfortunate Parasites with pots filled with cinders, which were sometimes scattered over their clothes, to the great amusement of their fellow-guests.

[2] *The Trigeminian Gate*)—Ver. 90. The Ostian Gate was so called because the Horatii left the city by that gate to fight the Curiatii. The brothers being born at one birth were "trigemini," whence the gate received its name. The beggars with their wallets were seated there. See the Trinummus, l. 423, and the Note to the passage.

[3] *Since my patron*)—Ver. 92. Rex; literally, "king." The Parasites were in the habit of so calling their entertainers.

[4] *Chains of light weight*)—Ver. 112. "Singularias." This word may admit of three interpretations, and it is impossible to decide which is the right one. It may mean chains weighing a single "libra," or pound; it may signify chains for the captives singly, in contradistinction to those by which they were fastened

those greater ones with which they are bound. Permit them to walk, if they wish, out of doors, *or* if in-doors, but so that they are watched with the greatest care. A captive at liberty is like a bird that's wild; if opportunity is once given for escaping, 'tis enough; after that, you can never catch him.

SLAVE. Doubtless we all are free men more willingly than we live the life of slaves.

HEG. You, indeed, don't seem *to think* so[1].

SLAVE. If I have nothing to give, should you like me to give myself to flight[2]?

HEG. If you do *so* give *yourself*, I shall at once have something to be giving to you.

SLAVE. I'll make myself just like the wild bird you were telling of.

HEG. 'Tis just as you say; for if you do so, I'll be giving you to the cage[3]. But enough of prating; take you care of what I've ordered, and be off. (*The* SLAVE *goes into the house.*) I'll away to my brother's, to my other captives; I'll go see whether they've been making any disturbance last night. From there I shall forthwith betake myself home again.

ERG. (*apart*). It grieves me that this unhappy old man is following the trade of a slave-dealer, by reason of the misfortune of his son. But, if by any means he can be brought back here, I could even endure for him to become an executioner.

HEG. (*overhearing him*). Who is it that's speaking?

to each other; or it may mean single chains, in opposition to double ones. In the Acts of the Apostles, ch. 12, v. 6, we read that St. Peter was bound with two chains; and in ch. 13, v. 33, the chief captain orders St. Paul to be bound with two chains.

[1] *Don't seem to think so*)—Ver. 120. Hegio means to say that the slave does not seem to think liberty so very desirable, or he would try more to please his master and do his duty, which might probably be the right method for gaining his liberty. As the slave could generally ransom himself out of his "peculium," or "savings," if they were sufficient, the slave here either thinks, or pretends to think, that Hegio is censuring him for not taking those means, and answers, accordingly, that he has nothing to offer.

[2] *Give myself to flight*)—Ver. 121. "Dem in pedes." Literally, "give myself to my feet," meaning thereby "to run away." He puns upon this meaning of "dare," and its common signification of "to give" or "to offer to give."

[3] *Giving you to the cage*)—Ver. 124. "In caveam." He plays on the word "cavea," which meaning "a cage" for a bird, might also mean confinement for a prisoner.

Erg. 'Tis I, who am pining at your affliction, growing thin, waxing old, and shockingly wasting away. Wretched man that I am, I'm *but* skin and bone through leanness; nor does anything ever do me good that I eat at home; even that ever so little which I taste out of doors, the same refreshes me.

Heg. Ergasilus, save you! Erg. (*crying*). May the Gods kindly bless you, Hegio!

Heg. Don't weep. Erg. Must I not weep for him? Must I not weep for such a young man?

Heg. I've always known you to be a friend to my son, and I have understood him *to be so* to you.

Erg. Then at last do we men know our blessings, when we have lost those things which we *once* had in our power. I, since your son fell into the power of the enemy, knowing by experience of what value he was, now feel his loss.

Heg. Since you, who are no relation, bear his misfortune so much amiss, what is it likely that I, a father, should do, whose only *son* he is?

Erg. I, no relation *to him?* He, no relation *to me?* Oh, Hegio! never do say that, nor come to such a belief. To you he is an only *child*, but to me he is even more only than an only one.

Heg. I commend you, in that you consider the affliction of your friend your own affliction. Now be of good heart.

Erg. (*crying*). O dear! Heg. (*half-aside*). 'Tis this afflicts him, that the army for guttling is now disbanded. Meanwhile, have you found no one to command for you the army that you mentioned as disbanded?

Erg. What do you think? All to whom it used to fall are in the habit of declining that province since your son Philopolemus was taken prisoner.

Heg. I' faith, 'tisn't to be wondered at, that they are in the habit of declining that province. You have necessity for numerous troops, and those of numerous kinds. Well, first you have need of the Bakerians[1]. Of these Bakerians

[1] *The Bakerians*)—Ver. 162. This and the following appellations are expressive both of the several trades that contributed to furnishing entertainments, and, in the Latin, also denoted the names of inhabitants of several places in Italy or elsewhere. As this meaning could not be expressed in a literal translation of them, the original words are here subjoined. In the word "Pistorienses," he

there are several kinds. You have need of Roll-makerians, you have need too of Confectionerians, you have need of Poultererians, you have need of Beccaficorians; besides, all the maritime forces are necessary for you.

Erg. How the greatest geniuses do frequently lie concealed! How great a general now is *this* private individual!

Heg. Only have good courage; for I trust that in a few days I shall bring him back home. For see *now;* there's a captive here, a young man of Elis, born of a very high family, and of very great wealth; I trust that it will come to pass that I shall get my son in exchange for him.

Erg. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so!

Heg. But are you invited out anywhere to dinner?

Erg. Nowhere that I know of. But, pray, why do you ask me?

Heg. Because this is my birthday; for that reason I'd like you to be invited to dinner at my house.

Erg. 'Tis kindly said. Heg. But if you can be content to eat a very little——

Erg. Aye, even ever so little; for on such fare as that do I enjoy myself every day at home.

Heg. Come, *then*, please, set yourself up for sale.

Erg. I'll put myself up for purchase, just like a landed estate, unless any one shall *privately* make a better offer that pleases myself and my friends more, *and* to my own conditions will I bind myself.

Heg. You are surely selling me a bottomless pit[1], *and* not a landed estate. But if you are coming, *do so* in time.

Erg. Why, for that matter, I'm at leisure even now.

alludes to the bakers, and the natives of Pistorium, a town of Etruria; in the "Panicei," to the bread or roll bakers, and the natives of Pana, a little town of the Samnites, mentioned by Strabo; in the "Placentini," to the "confectioners" or "cake-makers," and the people of Placentia, a city in the North of Italy; in the "Turdetani," to the "poulterers" or "sellers of thrushes," and the people of Turdetania, a district of Spain; and in the "Ficedulæ," to the "sellers of beccaficos," a delicate bird, and the inhabitants of Ficeaulæ, a town near Rome. Of course, these appellations, as relating to the trades, are only comical words coined for the occasion.

[1] *A bottomless pit*)—Ver. 183. He plays upon the resemblance in sound of the word "fundum," "landed property," to "profundum," "a deep cavity," to which he compares the Parasite's stomach. "You sell me landed property, indeed; say rather a bottomless pit."

HEG. Go then, *and* hunt for a hare; at present, *in me* you have but a ferret[1], for my fare is in the way of frequenting a rugged road.

ERG. You'll never repulse me by that, Hegio, so don't attempt it. I'll come, in spite of it, with teeth well shod.

HEG. Really, my viands are *but* of a rough sort[2]. ERG. Are you in the habit of eating brambles?

HEG. *Mine* is an earthy dinner. ERG. A pig is an earthy animal.

HEG. *Earthy* from its plenty of vegetables.

ERG. Treat your sick people[3] at home *with that fare?* Do you wish anything else?

HEG. Come in good time. ERG. You are putting in mind one who remembers quite well. (*Exit.*

HEG. I'll go in-doors, and in the house I'll make the calculation how little money I have at my banker's; afterwards I'll go to my brother's, whither I was saying I would go. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter, from the house, PHILOCRATES, TYNDARUS, *and* SLAVES *and* CAPTIVES *of* HEGIO.

SLAVE. If the immortal Gods have so willed it that you should undergo this affliction, it becomes you to endure it with equanimity; if you do so, your trouble will be lighter[4].

[1] *Have but a ferret*)—Ver. 185. This passage has much puzzled the Commentators; but allowing for some very far-fetched wit, which is not uncommon with Plautus, it may admit of some explanation. He tells the Parasite that he had better look for a nicer dinner, a hare, in fact; for that in dining with him, he will only get the ferret (with which the hare was hunted) for his dinner. Then, inasmuch as the ferret was used for following the hare or rabbit into "scruposæ viæ," "impervious" or "rocky places" where they had burrowed, he adds: "For my dinner, ferret-like, frequents rugged places;" by which he probably means that it is nothing but a meagre repast of vegetables, of which possibly capers formed a part, which grow plentifully in Italy, in old ruins and craggy spots. Some suggest that it was a custom with the huntsmen, if they failed to catch the hare, to kill and eat the ferret.

[2] *Are but of a rough sort*)—Ver. 189. The word "asper" means either "unsavoury" or "prickly," according to the context. Hegio means to use it in the former sense, but the Parasite, for the sake of repartee, chooses to take it in the latter.

[3] *Treat your sick people*)—Ver. 191. He means that such a dinner may suit sick people, but will not be to his taste.

[4] *Will be lighter*)—Ver. 197. The English proverb corresponds with this

What can't be cured must be endured.

At home you were free men, I suppose; now if slavery has befallen you, 'tis a becoming way for you to put up with it, and by your dispositions to render it light, under a master's rule. Unworthy actions which a master does must be deemed worthy ones.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Alas! alas! alas! SLAVE. There's no need for wailing; you cause much injury to your eyes. In adversity, if you use fortitude of mind, it is of service.

PHIL. *and* TYND. But we are ashamed, because we are in bonds.

SLAVE. But in the result it might cause vexation to our master, if he were to release you from chains, or allow you to be loose, whom he has purchased with his money.

PHIL. *and* TYND. What does he fear from us? We know our duty, what it is, if he allows us to be loose.

SLAVE. Why, you are meditating escape. I know what it is you are devising.

PHIL. *and* TYND. We, make our escape? Whither should we escape?

SLAVE. To your own country. PHIL. *and* TYND. Out upon you; it would ill befit us to be following the example of runaways.

SLAVE. Why, faith, should there be an opportunity, I don't advise you not.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Do you allow us to make one request.

SLAVE. What is it, pray? PHIL. *and* TYND. That you will give us an opportunity of conversing, without these and yourselves for overlookers.

SLAVE. Be it so; go you away from here, *you people*. Let's step here, on one side. (*To the other* CAPTIVES *and* SLAVES.) But commence upon a short conversation *only*.

PHIL. O yes, it was my intention so to do. Step aside this way (*to* TYNDARUS).

SLAVE (*to the other* CAPTIVES). Stand apart from them.

TYND. (*to the* SLAVE). We are both greatly obliged to you, by reason of your doing so, since you allow us to obtain what we are desirous of.

PHIL. Step here then, at a distance now, if you think fit, that no listeners may be enabled to overhear our discourse, and that this plan of ours mayn't be divulged before them for a stratagem is no stratagem, if you don't plan it with art

but *it is* a very great misfortune if it becomes disclosed. For if you are my master, and I represent myself as your servant, still there's need of foresight, *and* need of caution, that this may be carried out discreetly and without overlookers, with carefulness and with cautious prudence and diligence. So great is the matter that has been commenced upon; this must not be carried out in any drowsy fashion.

TYND. Just as you shall desire me to be, I will be.

PHIL. I trust *so*. TYND. For now you see that for your precious life I'm setting at stake my own, *as* dear *to me*.

PHIL. I know it. TYND. But remember to know it when you shall be enjoying that which you wish for; for mostly, the greatest part of mankind follow this fashion; what they wish for, until they obtain it, they are rightminded; but when they have now got it in their power, from being rightminded they become most deceitful, and most dishonest; now I do consider that you are towards me as I wish. What I advise you, I would advise my own father.

PHIL. I' faith, if I could venture, I would call you father; for next to my own father, you are my nearest father.

TYND. I understand. PHIL. And therefore I remind you the more frequently, that you may remember it. I am not your master, but your servant; now this one thing I do beseech you. Inasmuch as the immortal Gods have disclosed to us their wishes, that they desire me to have *once* been your master, and now to be your fellow-captive; what formerly of my right I used to command you, now with entreaties do I beg of you, by our uncertain fortunes, and by the kindness of my father towards you, *and* by our common captivity, which has befallen us by the hand of the enemy, don't you pay me any greater respect than *I did you* when you were my slave; and don't you forget to remember who you were, and who you now are.

TYND. I know, indeed, that I now am you, and that you are I.

PHIL. Well, if you are able carefully to remember that, I have *some* hope in this scheme *of ours*.

SCENE II.—*Enter* HEGIO, *from his house, speaking to those within.*

HEG. I shall return in-doors just now, when I shall have

discovered from these people what I want *to know.* (*To the* SLAVES.) Where are those persons whom I ordered to be brought out of doors here, before the house?

PHIL. By my faith, I find that you have taken due precaution that we shouldn't be missed by you, so walled in are we with chains and keepers.

HEG. He that takes precaution that he mayn't be deceived, is hardly on his guard, even while he's taking precaution; even when he has supposed that he has taken every precaution, full often is this wary man outwitted. Was there not good reason, indeed, for me to watch you carefully, whom I purchased with so large a sum of ready money?

PHIL. Troth, it isn't fair for us to hold you to blame, because you watch us *closely;* nor yet for you us, if we go away hence, should there be an opportunity.

HEG. As you *are* here, so is my son a captive there among your people.

PHIL. He, a captive? HEG. Even so.

PHIL. We, then, have not proved the only cowards[1].

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRATES, *supposing him to be the* SERVANT *of the other*). Step you aside this way, for there are some things that I wish to enquire of you *in private*, on which subjects I would have you not to be untruthful to me. (*They step aside.*)

PHIL. I will not be, as to that which I shall know; if I shall not know anything, that which I don't know I'll tell you of.

TYND. (*aside*). Now is the old fellow in the barber's shop; now, at this very instant, is *Philocrates* wielding the razor[2]. He hasn't cared, indeed, to put on the barber's cloth[3], so as not to soil his dress. But whether to say that he's going to shave him close, or *trim him*[4] through the

[1] *The only cowards*)—Ver. 267. He alludes to the notion in the heroic times, that it was the duty of a warrior to conquer or to die, and that it was disgraceful to be made prisoner.

[2] *Wielding the razor*)—Ver. 271. It is hard to say whether by the word "cultros," in this passage, razors or scissors are meant.

[3] *To put on the barber's cloth*)—Ver. 272. He probably means by this expression that Philocrates has made no preamble, and shown no hesitation, in commencing at once to dupe the old man.

[4] *Or trim him*)—Ver. 273. He alludes here to the two kinds of shaving and trimming the beard used by the barbers among the ancients. The one was close

comb[1], I don't know; but if he's wise, he'll scrape him right well to the very quick.

Heg. (*to* Philocrates). Which would you? Would you prefer to be a slave, or a free man?—Tell me.

Phil. That which is the nearest to good, and the furthest off from evil, do I prefer; although my servitude hasn't proved very grievous *to me*, nor has it been otherwise to me than if I had been a son in the family.

Tynd. (*aside*). Capital! I wouldn't purchase, at a talent's price *even*, Thales the Milesian[2]; for compared with this man's wisdom, he was a very twaddler. How cleverly has he suited his language to the slave's condition.

Heg. Of what family is this Philocrates born?

Phil. The Polyplusian[3]; which one family is flourishing there, and held in highest esteem.

Heg. What is he himself? In what esteem is he held there?

Phil. In the highest, and *that* by the very highest men.

Heg. Since, then, he is held in such great respect among the Eleans, as you tell of, what substance has he?—Of large amount?

Phil. *Enough for him, even*, when an old man, to be melting out the tallow[4].

"strictim," when they shaved to the skin; the other was, when with a pair of scissors they clipped the hair, with the interposition of a comb. The former fashion was called by the Greeks σκάφιον; the latter method, which was borrowed from the Persians, κῆπος. "Esse in tonstrinâ," "to be in the barber's shop," was a proverbial expression to denote "being imposed upon." Tyndarus is wondering to what extent Philocrates is going to impose upon Hegio.

[1] *Through the comb*)—Ver. 273. The Greeks and Romans made their combs of boxwood, much of which was imported from Paphlagonia. The Egyptians used them made of wood and of ivory, and toothed on one side only; while those of the Greeks had teeth on both sides.

[2] *Thales the Milesian*)—Ver. 279. A talent would be a low price for such a learned slave as Thales the Milesian, who was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He says, however, that Thales at such a low price would be nothing in comparison with Philocrates for the same money.

[3] *The Polyplusian*)—Ver. 282. This word is coined by Philocrates for the occasion, as being the name of his family, from the Greek word πολυπλουσιὸς, "very wealthy;" probably with the idea of raising the expectations of Hegio and making him the more ready to promote an exchange of his own son for a member of so opulent a family.

[4] *Melting out the tallow*)—Ver. 286. Hegio asks him if his riches are very

Heg. What is his father? Is he living? Phil. When we departed thence, we left him alive; whether he's living now or not, Orcus, forsooth, must know that.

Tynd. (*aside*). The matter's all right; he's not only lying, *but* he's even philosophizing now.

Heg. What's his name? Phil. Thesaurochrysonicocræsides[1].

Heg. That name has been given, I suppose, by reason of his wealth, as it were.

Phil. Troth, not so, *but* rather by reason of his avarice and grasping disposition; for, indeed, he was Theodoromedes originally by name.

Heg. How say you? Is his father covetous?

Phil. Aye, by my faith, he is covetous. Why, that you may even understand it the better,—when he's sacrificing at any time to his own Genius[2], the vessels that are needed for the sacrifice he uses of Samian ware, lest the Genius himself should steal them; from this, consider how much he would trust other people.

Heg. (*addressing* Tyndarus *as though* Philocrates). Do you then follow me this way. (*Aside.*) The things that I desire *to know*, I'll enquire of him. (*Addressing* Tyndarus.) Philocrates, this person has done as it becomes an honest man to do. For from him I've learnt of what family you are sprung; he has confessed it to me. If you are willing to own these same things (which, however, understand that I *already* know from him), you will be doing it for your own advantage.

abundant, and in doing so uses the word "opimæ," of which the primary meaning was "fat;" the other answers, "Yes, so fat that he can be melting the tallow out of them even when he is an old man;" meaning thereby that he is amply provided with means.

[1] *Thesaurochrysonicocræsides*)—Ver. 290. This is a name made up of several Greek words, and seems to mean "a son of Crœsus, abounding in treasures of gold," in allusion to Crœsus, the wealthy king of Lydia. The author indulges in similar pleasantry in the Miles Gloriosus.

[2] *To his own Genius*)—Ver. 295. As the Genius of a man was not only his guardian Deity through life, but the word was also used to signify his capacity for enjoyment; the term "to sacrifice to his Genius," is supposed by some Commentators to mean, "to indulge the appetite in feasting and good cheer." This, however, seems not to be the meaning in this instance; and he probably intends to be understood as alluding, literally, to the domestic sacrifice to the Genius.

Tynd. He did his duty when he confessed the truth to you, although, Hegio, I wished carefully to conceal both my rank and my wealth; now, inasmuch as I've lost my country and my liberty, I don't think it right for him to be dreading me rather than you. The might of warfare has made my fortunes on a level with himself. I remember *the time* when he didn't dare *to do it* in word; now, in deed, he is at liberty to offend me. But don't you see? Human fortune moulds and fashions just as she wills. Myself, who was a free man she has made a slave, from the very highest the very lowest. I, who was accustomed to command, now obey the mandates of another. And indeed, if I meet with a master just such as I proved the ruler in my own household, I shall not fear that he will rule me harshly or severely. With this, Hegio, I wished you to be acquainted, unless perchance you yourself wish it not.

Heg. Speak boldly *out*. Tynd. As free a man was I till lately as your son. As much did a hostile hand deprive me of my liberty as him of his. As much is he a slave among my people, as I am now a slave here with yourself. There is undoubtedly a God, who both hears and sees the things which we do. Just as you shall treat me here, in the same degree will he have a care for him. To the well-deserving will he show favour, to the ill-deserving will he give a like return. As much as you lament your son, so much does my father lament me.

Heg. That I am aware of. But do you admit the same that he has disclosed to me?

Tynd. I confess that my father has very great wealth at home, and that I am born of a very noble family; but I entreat you, Hegio, let not my riches make your mind too prone to avarice, lest it should seem to my father, although I am his only *son*, more suitable that I should be a slave in your house, bountifully supplied at your expense and with your clothing, rather than be living the life of a beggar where 'twould be far from honorable.

Heg. By the favour of the Gods and of my forefathers, I am rich enough. I don't quite believe that every *kind of* gain is serviceable to mankind. I know that gain has already made many a man famous; and yet there are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than *to make* gain.

Gold I detest: many a one has it persuaded to many an evil course. Now give your attention to this, that you may know as well what my wishes are. My son, taken prisoner, is in servitude at Elis there among your people; if you restore him to me, don't you give me a single coin besides; both you and him, *your servant*, I'll send back from here; on no other terms can you depart *hence*.

Tynd. You ask what's very right and very just, and you are the very kindest person of all mankind. But whether is he in servitude to a private person or to the public[1]?

Heg. In private *servitude* to Menarchus, a physician.

Phil. By my faith, that person's surely his father's dependant. Why really, that's down as pat for you, as the shower is when it rains.

Heg. Do you *then* cause this person, *my son*, to be redeemed.

Tynd. I'll do *so:* but this I beg of you, Hegio——

Heg. Whatever you wish, so that you request nothing against my interest, I'll do.

Tynd. Listen then, *and* you'll know. I don't ask for myself to be released, until he has returned. But I beg of you to give me him (*pointing to* Philocrates) with a price set[2] upon him, that I may send him to my father, that this person, *your son*, may be redeemed there.

Heg. Why no; I'd rather send another person hence, when there shall be a truce, to confer with your father there, *and* to carry your injunctions which you shall entrust him with, just as you wish.

Tynd. But it's of no use to send to him one that he doesn't know; you'd be losing your labour. Send this person; he'll have it all completed, if he gets there. And you cannot send any person to him more faithful, nor one in whom he places more confidence, nor who is more a servant after his own mind; nor, in fact, one to whom he would more readily entrust your son. Have no fears; at my own peril I'll make proof of his fidelity, relying upon his disposition; because he is sensible that I'm kindly disposed towards him.

[1] *Or to the public*)—Ver. 339. Some captives were employed in the public service, while others fell into the hands of private individuals.

[2] *With a price set*)—Ver. 345. "Æstimatus" here means "entrusted to a person at a fixed value, and at his risk for the due return of it."

Heg. Well then, I'll send him with a price set upon him, on the surety of your promise, if you wish it.

Tynd. I do wish it; so soon as ever it can, I want this matter to be brought to completion.

Heg. What reason is there, then, that if he doesn't return, you should not pay me twenty minæ for him?

Tynd. Yes—very good. Heg. (*to the* Slaves, *who obey*). Release him now forthwith; and, indeed, both of them. (*On being released,* Philocrates *goes into the house.*)

Tynd. May all the Gods grant you all your desires, since you have deigned me honor so great, and since you release me from my chains. Really, this is not *so* irksome now, since my neck is free from the collar-chain.

Heg. The kindnesses that are done to the good, thanks for the same are pregnant with blessings. Now, if you are about to send him thither, direct, instruct him, give him the orders which you wish to be carried to your father. Should you like me to call him to you?

Tynd. Do call him. (Hegio *goes to the door, and calls* Philocrates.)

Scene III.—*Enter* Philocrates, *from the house.*

Heg. May this affair turn out happily for myself and for my son, and for yourselves. (*To* Philocrates.) Your new master wishes you to pay faithful obedience to your former owner in what he wishes. For I have presented you to him, with the price of twenty minæ set upon you: and he says that he is desirous to send you away hence to his father, that he may there redeem my son, *and* that an exchange may be made between me and him for our *respective* sons.

Phil. My disposition takes its course straight in either direction, *both* to yourself and to him; as a wheel[1] you may

[1] *As a wheel*)—Ver. 374. This may either mean the wheel of a vehicle or a potter's wheel. The wheels used by the ancients revolved on the axle, as in the carriages of modern times, and were prevented, by pins inserted, from falling off They consisted of naves, spokes, which varied much in number, the felly, or wooden circumference, made of elastic wood, such as the poplar and wild fig, and composed of several segments united, and the tire, which was of metal. Some of their carts and waggons had wheels made of a solid circle of wood, in shape like a millstone, with the axle running through the middle. Similar wheels are used in the south of Europe at the present day.

make use of me; either this way or that can I be turned, whichever way you shall command me.

Heg. You yourself profit the most from your own disposition, when you endure slavery just as it ought to be endured. Follow me. (*To* Tyndarus.) See here's *your* man.

Tynd. I return you thanks, since you give me this opportunity and permission to send this messenger to my parents, who may relate all the matter in its order to my father, what I'm doing here, and what I wish to be done. (*To* Philocrates.) Now, Tyndarus, thus is it arranged between myself and him, that I'm to send you, valued at a fixed price, to my father in Elis; so that, if you don't return hither, I'm to give twenty minæ for you.

Phil. I think that you've come to a right understanding. For your father expects either myself or some messenger to come from here to him.

Tynd. I wish you, then, to mind what message it is I want you to carry hence to my country to my father.

Phil. Philocrates, as up to this moment I have done, I will take all due care to endeavour that which may especially conduce to your interest, and to pursue the same with heart and soul, and with my ears.

Tynd. You act just as you ought to act; now I wish you to give attention. In the first place of all, carry my respects to my mother and my father, and to my relations, and if any one else you see well-disposed *towards me: say* that I am in health here, and that I am a slave, in servitude to this most worthy man, who has ever honored me more and more with his respect, and does *so still.*

Phil. Don't you be instructing me as to that; I can, still, easily bear that in mind.

Tynd. For, indeed, except that I have a keeper, I deem myself to be a free man. Tell my father on what terms I have agreed with this party about his son.

Phil. What I remember, it is sheer delay to be putting me in mind of.

Tynd. To redeem him, and to send him back here in exchange for both of us.

Phil. I'll remember it. Heg. But as soon as he can that is especially to the interest of us both.

PHIL. You *are* not more *anxious* to see your son, than he *is to see* his.

HEG. My son is dear to myself, *and* his own to every man.

PHIL. (*to* TYNDARUS). Do you wish any other message to be carried to your father?

TYND. *Say* that I am well here; and do you boldly tell him, Tyndarus, that we have been of dispositions for uninterrupted harmony between ourselves, and that you have neither been deserving of censure, nor that I have proved your enemy; and that still, amid miseries so great, you have shown implicit obedience to your master, and that you have never abandoned me, either in deed or in fidelity, amid my wavering, unprosperous fortunes. When my father shall know this, Tyndarus, how well-disposed you have proved towards his son and himself, he will never be so avaricious but that he'll give you your liberty for nothing. And by my own endeavours, if I return hence, I'll make him do so the more readily. For by your aid and kindness, and good disposition and prudence, you have caused me to be allowed to return to my parents once again, inasmuch as to *Hegio* you have confessed both my rank and my wealth; by means of which, through your wisdom, you have liberated your master from his chains.

PHIL. The things which you mention I have done, and I am pleased that you remember this. Deservedly have they been done for you by me; for now, Philocrates, if I, too, were to mention the things that you have kindly done for me, the night would cut short the day. For, had you been my slave *even*, no otherwise were you always obliging to me.

HEG. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! *behold* the kindly disposition of *these* persons! How they draw *the very* tears from me! See how cordially they love each other, *and* with what praises the servant has commended his master.

PHIL. I' troth, he hasn't commended me the one hundredth part of what he himself deserves to be commended in my praises.

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRATES). Since, then, you have acted most becomingly, now there's an opportunity to add to your good deeds in managing this matter with fidelity towards him.

PHIL. I am not able more to wish it done, than by my en-

deavours to try to bring it about. That you may know this, Hegio, with praises do I call supreme Jove to witness that I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates[1]——

Heg. You are a worthy fellow. Phil. And that I will never in anything act otherwise towards him than towards my own self.

Tynd. I wish you to put these speeches to the test, both by your deeds and your actions; and inasmuch as I have said the less about you than I had wished, I wish you *the more* to give me your attention, and take you care not to be angry with me by reason of these words. But, I beseech you, reflect that you are sent hence home with a price set upon you at my risk, and that my life is here left as a pledge for you. Do not you forget me the very moment that you have left my presence, since you will have left me here behind a captive in captivity for yourself, and *don't* consider yourself as free, *and* forsake your pledge[2], and not use your endeavours for you to bring his son home again, in return for me. Understand that you are sent hence valued at twenty minæ. Take care to prove scrupulously faithful; take care that you show not a wavering fidelity. For my father, I am sure, will do everything that he ought to do. Preserve me as a constant friend to you, and find out[3] this person *so lately* discovered. These things, by your right hand, holding you with my *own* right hand, do I beg of you; do not prove less true to me than I have proved to you. This matter do you attend to; you are now my master, you my patron, you my father; to you do I commend my hopes and my fortunes.

Phil. You have given injunctions enough. Are you satisfied if I bring back accomplished what you have enjoined?

Tynd. Satisfied. Phil. (*to* Hegio). According to your wishes, and (*to* Tyndarus) according to yours, will I return hither provided. Is there anything else?

[1] *Unfaithful to Philocrates*)—Ver. 432. Philocrates might very safely take an oath to Hegio, that he would not prove unfaithful to himself.

[2] *Forsake your pledge*)—Ver. 441. Alluding to himself being left behind, and a suroty for his speedy return.

[3] *And find out*)—Ver. 446. "Atque hunc inventum inveni." Some would render this, "And find this person still as you have found him," making it allude to Hegio; it seems, however, rather to apply to the son of Hegio, and to mean, "Do you seek out this person whom we have found out to be in the possession of the physician, Menarchus."

TYND. For you to return back as soon as ever you can.

PHIL. The business *itself* reminds *me of that*.

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRATES). Follow me, that I may give you your expenses for the journey at my banker's; on the same occasion I'll get a passport from the Prætor.

TYND. What passport[1]? HEG. For him to take with him hence to the army, that he may be allowed to go home from here. (*To* TYNDARUS.) You go in-doors.

TYND. Speed you well. PHIL. Right heartily, farewell. (TYNDARUS *goes into the house.*)

HEG. (*aside*). I' faith, I compassed my design, when I purchased these men of the Quæstors out of the spoil. I have released my son from slavery, if *so* it pleases the Gods; and yet I hesitated a long time whether I should purchase or should not purchase these persons. Watch that man in-doors, if you please, you servants, that he may nowhere move a foot without a guard. I shall soon make my appearance at home; now I'm going to my brother's, to see my other captives; at the same time I'll enquire whether any one knows this young man. (*To* PHILOCRATES.) Do you follow, that I may despatch you. I wish attention first to be paid to that matter. (*Exeunt.*

ACT III. — SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. Wretched is that man who is in search of something to eat, and finds that with difficulty; but more wretched is he who both seeks with difficulty, and finds nothing at all; most wretched is he, who, when he desires to eat, has not that which he may eat. But, by my faith, if I *only* could, I'd willingly tear out the eyes of this day;—with such enmity has it filled all people towards me. One more starved out I

[1] *What passport?*)—Ver. 454. Being conscious of the trick which they are playing on the worthy old man, Tyndarus shows some alarm on hearing a passport, or "syngraphus," mentioned. Commentators are at a loss to know why he should express such alarm. It is difficult to say, but, probably, as there was in the passport a description of the bearer, who would be Philocrates under the name of Tyndarus, it suddenly comes to the recollection of Tyndarus that they were originally made prisoners under their proper names, and that possibly Philocrates may be recognized as attempting to pass under an assumed name.

never did see, nor one more filled with hunger[1], nor one who prospers less in whatever he begins to do. So much do my stomach and my throat take rest on these fasting holidays[2]. Away with the profession of a Parasite to very utter and extreme perdition! so much in these days do the young men drive away from them the needy drolls. They care nothing now-a-days for *these* Laconian men[3] of the lowest benches—these whipping-posts, who have their *clever* sayings without provision and *without* money. They *now-a-days* seek those who, when they've eaten at their pleasure, may give them a return at their own houses. They go themselves to market, which formerly was the province of the Parasites. They go themselves from the Forum to the procurers with face as exposed[4] as *the magistrates* in court[5], with face exposed, condemn those who are found guilty; nor do they now value buffoons at one farthing[6]; all are *so much* in love with themselves. For, when, just now, I went away from here, I came to some young men in the Forum: "Good morrow," said I; "whither are we going together to breakfast?" On this, they were silent.

[1] *Filled with hunger*)—Ver. 471. This paradoxical expression is similar to the one used in the Aulularia, l. 45, "inaniis oppletæ," "filled with emptiness."

[2] *Fasting holidays*)—Ver. 473. He means to say, that as on feast days and holidays people abstain from work, so at present his teeth and stomach have no employment.

[3] *These Laconian men*)—Ver. 476. The Parasites, when there was not room for them on the "triclinia," or "couches" at table, were forced to sit on "subsellia," or "benches," at the bottom of the table. This was like the custom of the Spartans, or Laconians, who, eschewing the luxury of reclining, always persisted in sitting at meals. The Spartans, also, endured pain with the greatest firmness; a virtue much required by Parasites, in order to put up with the indignities which they had to endure from the guests, who daubed their faces, broke pots about their heads, and boxed their ears.

[4] *With face as exposed*)—Ver. 480. People, with any sense of decency, would resort to these places either in masks, or with a hood thrown over the face.

[5] *In court*)—Ver. 481. "In tribu." He alludes to the trials which took place before the Roman people in the "Comitia Tributa," or "assemblies of the tribes," where the Tribunes and Ædiles acted as the accusers. The offences for which persons were summoned before the tribes, were, bad conduct of a magistrate in performance of his duties, neglect of duty, mismanagement of a war, embezzlement of the public money, breaches of the peace, usury, adultery, and some other crimes. The "Comitia Tributa" were used as courts of appeal, when a person protested against a fine imposed by a magistrate.

[6] *At one farthing*)—Ver. 482. Literally, "at a teruncius," which was a small coin among the Romans, containing three "unciæ," "twelfth parts" or one quarter of the "as," which we generally take as equivalent to a penny.

"Who says, 'here, *at my house*,' or who makes an offer?" said I. Just like dumb men, they were silent, and didn't smile at me. "Where do we dine?" said I. On this they declined. said one funny saying out of my best bon mots, by which I formerly used to get feasting for a month; not an individual smiled; at once I knew that the matter was arranged by concert. Not even one was willing to imitate a dog when provoked; if they didn't laugh, they might, at least, have grinned with their teeth[1]. From them I went away, after I saw that I was thus made sport of. I went to some others; *then* to some others I came; then to some others—the same the result. All treat the matter in confederacy, just like the oil-merchants in the Velabrum[2]. Now, I've returned thence, since I see myself made sport of there. In like manner do other Parasites walk to and fro, to no purpose, in the Forum. Now, after the foreign fashion[3], I'm determined to enforce all my rights. Those who have entered into a confederacy, by which to deprive us of food and life,—for them I'll name a day. I'll demand, as the damages, that they shall give me ten dinners at my own option, when provisions are dear: thus will I

[1] *Grinned with their teeth*)—Ver. 491. That is, by showing their teeth and grinning. This is not unlike the expression used in the Psalms (according to the translation in our Liturgy)—Ps. lix., ver. 6—"They grin like a dog and run about through the city."

[2] *In the Velabrum*)—Ver. 494. The "Via Nova," or "New Street," at Rome, led from the interior of the city to the "Velabra." The greater and the less "Velabrum" lay between the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills, where fruits and other commodities were sold in booths, or under awnings, from which ("vela") the streets probably derived their name. Varro, however, says that they were so called from the verb "veho," "to carry;" because in early times those spots were traversed in boats, which mode of carriage was called "velatura." From the present passage, it appears that the oil-merchants in the "Velabra" acted in confederacy not to sell their oils under a certain price.

[3] *After the foreign fashion*)—Ver. 497. Some suppose that "barbaricâ lege" here means "the foreign" or "Roman law," and that he refers to the "Lex Vinnia, introduced at Rome by Quintus Vinnius, which was said to have been passed against those persons who confederated for the purpose of keeping up the high prices of provisions. It is, however, somewhat doubtful if there really was such a law; and the better opinion seems to be that the word "lege" means "fashion" or "custom;" and that he refers to the Roman method of trial. He will accuse his former entertainers of a conspiracy to starve him. He will name a day for trial, "diem dicet;" he will demand damages or a penalty, "irrogabit mulctam;" and thus will he proceed at law against them, "sic egerit." Rost has written at great length on the meaning of this passage.

do. Now I'll go hence to the harbour. There, is my only hope of a dinner; if that shall fail me, I'll return here to the old gentleman, to his unsavoury dinner.

SCENE II.—*Enter* HEGIO *and* ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. (*to himself*). What is there more delightful than to manage one's own interests well for the public good[1], just as I did yesterday, when I purchased these men. Every person, as they see me, comes to meet me, and congratulates me on this matter. By thus stopping and detaining unlucky me, they've made me *quite* tired. With much ado have I survived[2] from being congratulated, to my misfortune. At last, to the Prætor did I get. There, scarcely did I rest myself. I asked for a passport; it was given me: at once I delivered it to Tyndarus. He started for home. Thence, straightway, after that was done, I passed by my house; *and* I went at once to my brother's, where my other captives are. I asked about Philocrates from Elis, whether any one of them all knew the person. This man (*pointing to* ARISTOPHONTES) called out that he had been his intimate friend; I told him that he was at my house. At once he besought and entreated me that I would permit him to see him. Forthwith I ordered him to be released *from chains*. Thence have I come. (*To* ARISTOPHONTES.) Now, do you follow me, that you may obtain what you have besought of me, the opportunity of meeting with this person. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* TYNDARUS, *from the house.*

TYND. Now stands the matter so, that I would much rather that I had once existed, than that I *still* exist; now do my hopes, my resources, and my succour, desert me and spurn themselves. This is that day, when, for my life, no safety can be hoped; nor *yet* is death my end; nor hope is there,

[1] *For the public good*)—Ver. 504. It is possible that he may here refer to his purchase of Philocrates, whose high position among the Eleans would probably tend, on his return to his native country, to promote peace between it and the people of Ætolia.

[2] *With much ado have I survived*)—Ver. 513. "Vix——eminebam." Literally, "I hardly kept myself above" water. He means that he was almost overpowered by the crowds of people congratulating him.

in fact, to dispel this fear for me; nor cloak have I anywhere for my deceitful stratagems; nor for my devices or my subterfuges is there anywhere a screen presented to me. No deprecating *is there* for my perfidy; no means of flight for my offences. No refuge is there anywhere for my trusting; and no escape for my cunning schemes. What was concealed is *now* exposed; my plans are *now* divulged. The whole matter is now laid open; nor is there any ado about this matter, but that I must perish outright, and meet with destruction, both on behalf of my master and myself. This Aristophontes has proved my ruin, who has just now come into the house. He knows me. He is the intimate friend and kinsman of Philocrates. Not Salvation *herself*[1] can save me now, *even* if she wishes; nor have I any means *of escape*, unless, perchance, I devise some artifice in my mind. (*He meditates.*) Plague on it!—how? What can I contrive?—what can I think of? Some very great folly and trifling I shall have to begin with. I'm quite at a loss. (*He retires aside.*)

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, *and* SLAVES, *from the house.*

HEG. Whither am I to say, now, that this man has betaken himself from the house out of doors?

TYND. (*apart*). Now, for a very certainty, I'm done for; the enemies are coming to you, Tyndarus! What shall I say?—what shall I talk of? What shall I deny, or what confess? All matters are reduced to uncertainty. How shall I place confidence in my resources? I wish the Gods had destroyed you, before you were lost to your own country, Aristophontes, who, from a plot well concerted, are making it disconcerted. This plan is ruined outright, unless I find out for myself some extremely bold device.

HEG. (*to* ARISTOPHONTES). Follow me. See, there is the man; go to him and address him.

[1] *Not Salvation herself*)—Ver. 535. This was a proverbial expression among the Romans. "Salus," "Safety" or "Salvation," was worshipped as a Goddess at Rome. It is well observed, in Thornton's translation, that the word "Salus" may, without irreverence, be translated "Salvation," on no less authority than that of Archbishop Tillotson. "If," says he, "men will continue in their sins, the redemption brought by Christ will be of no advantage to them; such as obstinately persist in an impenitent course," "ipsa si velit Salus, servare non potest," "Salvation itself cannot save them."

Tynd. (*aside, and turning away*). What mortal among mortals is there more wretched than myself?

Arist. (*coming up to him*). Why's this, that I'm to say that you are avoiding my gaze, Tyndarus? And *why* that you are slighting me as a stranger, as though you had never known me? Why, I'm as much a slave as yourself; although at home I was a free man, you, even from your childhood, have always served in slavery in Elis.

Heg. I' faith, I'm very little surprised, if either he does avoid your gaze, or if he does shun you, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates.

Tynd. Hegio, this person was accounted a madman in Elis. Don't you give ear to what he prates about; for at home he has pursued his father and mother with spears, and that malady sometimes comes upon him which is spit out[1]. Do you this instant stand away at a distance from him.

Heg. (*to the* Slaves). Away with him further off from me.

Arist. Do you say, you whipp'd knave, that I am mad, and do you declare that I have followed my own father with spears? And that I have that malady, that it's necessary for me to be spit upon[2]?

[1] *Which is spit out*)—Ver. 566. Some would render the words "qui sputatur," "which is spit upon," and fancy that they find authorities in the ancient writers for thinking that epilepsy was treated by spitting upon the patient. However, it seems much more probable, that the notion was that epilepsy was cured by the patient himself spitting out the noxious saliva; and that the word "sputatur" means, "is spit out," *i. e.* "is cured by spitting." Celsus thus describes the "comitialis morbus," "epilepsy," or "falling sickness:" "The person seized, suddenly falls down; foam drops from the mouth; then, after a little time, he comes to himself, and gets up again without any assistance." Pliny, in his Natural History, B. 38, c. 4, says: "Despuimus comitiales morbos, hoc est, contagia regerimus," "We spit out the epilepsy, that is, we avert the contagion." This is said, probably, in reference to a belief, that on seeing an epileptic person, if we spit, we shall avoid the contagion; but it by no means follows that the person so doing must spit upon the epileptic person. We read in the first Book of Samuel, ch. xxi., ver. 12: "And David laid up these words in his heart, and was sore afraid of Achish, the King of Gath. And he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down on his beard." He probably pretended to be attacked with epileptic fits. In fact, after due examination, there seems little doubt that it was a common notion with the ancients that the distemper was discharged with the saliva.

[2] *To be spit upon*)—Ver. 559. Aristophontes has understood the words, "qui sputatur," in the sense of "which is spit upon," and asks Tyndarus if he affirms that he is afflicted with a disease which requires such treatment. Hegio, to pacify

Heg. Don't be dismayed; that malady afflicts many a person to whom it has proved wholesome to be spit upon, and has been of service to them.

Arist. Why, what do you say? Do you, too, credit him?

Heg. Credit him in what? Arist. That I am mad?

Tynd. Do you see him, with what a furious aspect he's looking at you? 'Twere best to retire, Hegio; it is as I said, his frenzy grows apace; have a care for yourself.

Heg. I thought that he was mad, the moment that he called you Tyndarus.

Tynd. Why, he's sometimes ignorant of his own name, and doesn't know what it is.

Heg. But he even said that you were his intimate friend.

Tynd. So far from that, I never saw him. Why, really, Alcmæon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus[1] besides, are my friends on the same principle that he is.

Arist. Villain, and do you dare speak ill of me, as well? Do I not know you?

Heg. I' faith, it really is very clear that you don't know him, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates. Him whom you see, you don't know; you are addressing him as the person whom you don't see.

him, and to show off his medical knowledge, tells him that it has proved beneficial in some diseases to be so treated; but he does not go so far as to say what those diseases were. One malady, called "herpes," or "spreading ulcer," was said to be highly contagious, but capable of being cured by applications of saliva. Some Commentators here quote the method which our Saviour adopted in curing the blind man at Bethsaida: "And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town: and when he had spat on his eyes and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught." St. Mark, ch. viii., ver. 23. And again, the account given in the ninth chapter of St. John, ver. 6: "When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." It may be possible that our Saviour thought fit to adopt these forms, in imitation of some of the methods of treating diseases in those times; though, of course, his transcendant power did not require their agency. Rost, in his Commentaries on Plautus, has a very learned disquisition on the meaning of the present passage.

[1] *Alcmæon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus*)—Ver. 568. He alludes to these three persons as being three of the most celebrated men of antiquity that were attacked with frenzy. Orestes slew his mother, Clytemnestra; Alcmæon killed his mother, Eriphyle; and Lycurgus, King of Thrace, on slighting the worship of Bacchus, was afflicted with madness, in a fit of which he hewed off his own legs with a hatchet.

Arist. On the contrary this fellow's saying that he is the person who he is not; and he says that he is not the person who he really is.

Tynd. You've been found, of course, to excel Philocrates in truthfulness.

Arist. By my troth, as I understand the matter, you've been found to brazen out the truth by lying. But i' faith, prithee, come then, look at me.

Tynd. (*looking at him*). Well! Arist. Say, now; do you deny that you are Tyndarus?

Tynd. I do deny it, I say.

Arist. Do you say that you are Philocrates?

Tynd. I do say so, I say.

Arist. (*to* Hegio). And do you believe him?

Heg. More, indeed, than either you or myself. For he, in fact, who you say that he is (*pointing to* Tyndarus), ha set out hence to-day for Elis, to this person's father.

Arist. What father, when he's a slave[1].

Tynd. And so are you a slave, and *yet* you were a free man; and I trust that *so* I shall be, if I restore his son here to liberty.

Arist. How say you, villain? Do you say that you were born a free man [liber]?

Tynd. I really do not say that I am Liber[2], but that I am Philocrates.

Arist. How's this? How this scoundrel, Hegio, is making sport of you now. For he's a slave himself, and never, except his own self, had he a slave.

Tynd. Because you yourself are destitute in your own country, and haven't whereon to live at home, you wish all to be found like to yourself; you don't do anything surprising. 'Tis *the nature* of the distressed to be ill-disposed, and to envy the fortunate.

[1] *When he's a slave*)—Ver. 580. Slaves were not considered to have any legal existence; and, therefore, to have neither parents or relations.

[2] *That I am Liber*)—Ver. 584. Aristophontes asks him if he means to assert that he was born a free man, "liber." As "Liber" was also a name of Bacchus, Tyndarus quibbles, and says, "I did not assert that I am Liber, but that I am Philocrates." In consequence of the idiom of the Latin language, his answer (non equidem me Liberum, sed Philocratem esse aio) will admit of another quibble, and may be read as meaning, "I did not say that I am a free man, but that Philocrates is." This may be readily seen by the Latin scholar, but is not so easily explained to the English reader

Arist. Hegio, take you care, please, that you don't persist in rashly placing confidence in this man; for so far as I see, he is certainly now putting some device in execution, in saying that he is redeeming your son *from captivity;* that is by no means satisfactory to me.

Tynd. I know that you don't wish that to be done; still I shall effect it, if the Gods assist me. I shall bring him back here, *and* he *will restore* me to my father, in Elis. For that purpose have I sent Tyndarus hence to my father.

Arist. Why, you yourself are he; nor is there any slave in Elis of that name, except yourself.

Tynd. Do you persist in reproaching me with being a slave —a thing that has befallen me through the fortune of war?

Arist. Really, now, I cannot contain myself.

Tynd. (*to* Hegio). Ha! don't you hear him? Why don't you take to flight? He'll be pelting us just now with stones there, unless you order him to be seized.

Arist. I'm distracted. Tynd. His eyes strike fire; there's need of a rope, Hegio. Don't you see how his body is spotted all over with livid spots? Black bile[1] is disordering the man.

Arist. And, by my faith, if this old gentleman is wise, black pitch[2] will be disordering you with the executioner, and giving a light to your head.

Tynd. He's now talking in his fit of delirium; sprites are in possession of the man.

Heg. By my troth, suppose I order him to be seized?

Tynd. You would be acting more wisely.

Arist. I'm vexed that I haven't a stone, to knock out the

[1] *Black bile*)—Ver. 602. A superabundance of the bile was supposed to be productive of melancholy madness. The word "melancholy" is from the Greek μελαγχολιὰ, "black bile."

[2] *Black pitch*)—Ver. 603. He alludes to a frightful punishment inflicted upon malefactors by the Romans. They were either smeared over with burning pitch, or were first covered with pitch, which was then set fire to. This punishment is supposed to have been often inflicted upon the early Christians. Juvena alludes to it in his First Satire, l. 155:

> Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ,
> Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant.

Describe Tigellinus [an infamous minister of Nero], and you shall give a light by those torches, in which those stand and burn who send forth smoke with a stake driven into their throat."

brains of that whip-scoundrel, who's driving me to madness by his taunts.

TYND. Don't you hear that he's looking for a stone?

ARIST. I wish to speak with you alone, separately, Hegio.

HEG. Speak from where you are, if you want anything; though at a distance, I shall hear you.

TYND. *Yes*, for, by my faith, if you approach nearer, he'll be taking your nose off with his teeth.

ARIST. By heavens, Hegio, don't you believe that I am mad, or that I ever was *so*, or that I have the malady which that fellow avers. But if you fear anything from me, order me to be bound; I wish it, so long as that fellow is bound as well.

TYND. Why really, Hegio, rather let him be bound that wishes it.

ARIST. Now hold your tongue! I'll make you, *you* false Philocrates, to be found out this day *to be* a real Tyndarus. Why are you making signs[1] at me?

TYND. I, making signs at you? (*To* HEGIO.) What would he do, if you were at a greater distance off?

HEG. What do you say? What if I approach this madman?

TYND. Nonsense; you'll be made a fool of; he'll be prating *stuff*, to you, neither the feet nor the head of which will ever be visible. The dress *only*[2] is wanting; in seeing this man, you behold Ajax himself.

HEG. I don't care; still I'll approach him. (*Advances to* ARISTOPHONTES.)

TYND. (*aside*). Now am I utterly undone; now between

[1] *Why are you making signs*)—Ver. 617. "Abnutas." The verb "abnuto" means, "to nod to a person that he may desist." Tyndarus thinks that by this time Aristophontes must surely understand the plan that has been devised for the escape of Philocrates; and, as he is about to step aside to speak with Hegio, he makes a sign, requesting him to stop short in his contradiction of what he has asserted.

[2] *The dress only*)—Ver. 620. By "ornamenta" he means the dress of Tragedy. The dresses of Comedy were essentially different from those of Tragedy. He means to say, "the man is mad; if he had only the Tragic garb on, you might take him for Ajax Telamon in his frenzy." On being refused the arms of Achilles, Ajax became mad, and slaughtered a flock of sheep fancying that they were Ulysses and the sons of Atreus.

the sacrifice and the stone[1] do I stand, nor know I what to do.

Heg. I lend you my attention, Aristophontes, if there is anything that you would wish with me.

Arist. From me you shall hear *that* truth, which now you think to be false, Hegio. But I wish, in the first place, to clear myself from this with you—that madness does not possess me, and that I have no malady, except that I am in captivity; and, so may the King of Gods and of men make me to regain my native land, that fellow there is no more Philocrates than either I or you.

Heg. Come, then, tell me who he is?

Arist. He whom I've told you all along from the beginning. If you shall find him any other than that person, I show no cause why I shouldn't suffer the loss with you both of my parents and of my liberty *for ever*.

Heg. (*to* Tyndarus). What say you *to this?*

Tynd. That I am your slave, and you my master.

Heg. I didn't ask that—were you a free man?

Tynd. I was. Arist. But he really wasn't; he is deceiving you.

Tynd. How do you know? Were you, perchance, the midwife of my mother, since you dare to affirm this so boldly?

Arist. When a boy, I saw yourself, a boy.

Tynd. But, grown up, I *now* see you grown up; so, there's for you, in return. If you did right, you wouldn't be troubling yourself about my concerns; do I trouble myself about yours?

Heg. Was his father *called* Thesaurochrysonicocrœsides?

Arist. He was not; and I never heard that name before this day. Theodoromedes was the father of Philocrates.

Tynd. (*aside*). I'm downright undone. Why don't you be quiet, heart of mine? Go and be stretched, and hang yourself; you are throbbing *so*, *that* unfortunate I can hardly stand up for *my* fear.

Heg. Is a full assurance given me that this was a slave in Elis, and that he is not Philocrates?

[1] *The sacrifice and the stone*)—Ver. 624. We learn from Livy, that in the most ancient times the animal for sacrifice was killed by being struck with a stone; to stand between the victim and the stone, would consequently imply, to be in a position of extreme danger.

ARIST. So fully, that you will never find this to be otherwise; but where is he[1] now?

HEG. Where I the least, and he the most could wish himself. In consequence, then, I'm cut asunder[2], disjointed, to my sorrow, by the devices of this scoundrel, who has bamboozled me by his tricks just as he has thought fit. But do, please, have a care *that you are right.*

ARIST. Why, I assure you of this, *as* an ascertained and established fact.

HEG. For certain? ARIST. Why, nothing, I say, will you find more certain than this certainty. Philocrates, from when a boy, has ever since that time been my friend.

HEG. But of what appearance is your friend Philocrates?

ARIST. I'll tell you: with a thin face, sharp nose, light hair, dark eyes, somewhat ruddy, with hair rather crisp *and* curling.

HEG. *The description* is like. TYND. (*aside*). *Aye*, so much so, indeed, that I've this day, much to my sorrow, got into the midst of this, i' faith. Woe to those unfortunate rods which this day will be meeting their end upon my back.

HEG. I see that I've been imposed upon.

TYND. (*aside*). Why, fetters, do you delay to run towards me and to embrace my legs, that I may have you in custody?

HEG. And have these *two* rascally captives really deceived me this day with their tricks? The other one pretended that he was the servant, and this one that he himself was the master. I've lost the kernel; for a security, I've left the shell. To such a degree have they imposed upon me[3], both on this side and that, with their trickeries. Still, this fellow shall never have the laugh against me. Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax[4] (*to the* SLAVES), go you away and bring out the thongs.

[1] *But where is he*)—Ver. 645. Tyndarus has probably betaken himself to some corner of the stage, and Aristophontes misses him from his former position.

[2] *Cut asunder*)—Ver. 646. "Deruncinatus" means, literally, cut asunder with a "runcina," or "saw."

[3] *Have they imposed upon me*)—Ver. 661. "Os sublevere offuciis." Literally "painted my face with varnish." This expression is probably derived from the practice of persons concealing their defects, by painting over spots or freckles in the face for the purpose of hiding them.

[4] *Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax*)—Ver. 662. These are the names of slaves. Colaphus" means, also, "a blow with the fist." "Corax" was the Greek name for a "crow," and was probably given to a black slave.

SLAVE. Are we to be sent to gather faggots[1]? (*The* SLAVES *go and bring the thongs from the house.*)

SCENE V.—HEGIO, TYNDARUS, ARISTOPHONTES, *and* SLAVES.

HEG. (*to the* SLAVES). Put the manacles on this whipp'd villain.

TYND. (*whilst the* SLAVES *are fastening him*). What's the matter? What have I done wrong?

HEG. Do you ask the question? You weeder and sower of villanies, and in especial their reaper.

TYND. Ought you not to have ventured to say the harrower first? For countrymen always harrow before they weed.

HEG. Why, with what assurance he stands before me.

TYND. It's proper for a servant, innocent and guiltless, to be full of confidence, most especially before his master.

HEG. (*to the* SLAVES). Bind this fellow's hands tightly, will you.

TYND. I am your own—do you command them to be cut off even. But what is the matter on account of which you blame me?

HEG. Because me and my fortunes, so far as in you singly lay, by your rascally *and* knavish stratagems you have rent in pieces, and have distracted my affairs and spoiled all my resources and my plans, *in that* you've thus robbed me of Philocrates by your devices. I thought that he was the slave, you the free man. So did you say yourselves, and in this way did you change names between you.

TYND. I confess that all was done so, as you say, and that by a stratagem he has got away from you, through my aid and cleverness; and prithee, now, do you blame me for that, i' faith?

HEG. Why, it has been done with your extreme torture *for the consequence.*

TYND. So I don't die by reason of my misdeeds, I care but little. If I do die here, then he returns not, as he said *he would;* but when I'm dead, this act will be remembered to my honor, that I caused my captive master to return from slavery and the foe, a free man, to his father in his native

[1] *To gather faggots*)—Ver. 663. He asks this question because cords, "lora," were necessary for the purpose of binding up faggots.

land; and that I preferred rather to expose my own life to peril, than that he should be undone.

Heg. Take care, then, to enjoy that fame at Acheron.

Tynd. He who dies for virtue's sake, still does not perish.

Heg. When I've tortured you in the most severe manner, and for your schemes put you to death, let them say either that you have perished or that you have died; so long as you do die, I don't think it matters if they say you live.

Tynd. I' faith, if you do do so, you'll do it not without retribution, if he shall return here, as I trust that he will return.

Arist. (*aside*). O ye immortal Gods! I understand it now; now I know what the case *really* is. My friend Philocrates is at liberty with his father, in his native land. 'Tis well; nor have I any person to whom I could so readily wish well. But this thing grieves me, that I've done this person a bad turn, who now on account of me and my talking is in chains.

Heg. (*to* Tyndarus). Did I not forbid you this day to utter anything false to me?

Tynd. You did forbid me. Heg. Why did you dare to tell me lies?

Tynd. Because the truth would have prejudiced him whom I was serving; now falsehood has advantaged him.

Heg. But it will prejudice yourself.

Tynd. 'Tis very good. Still, I have saved my master, whom I rejoice at being saved, to whom my elder master had assigned me as a protector. But do you think that this was wrongly done?

Heg. Most wrongfully. Tynd. But I, who disagree with you, say, rightly. For consider, if any slave of yours had done this for your son, what thanks you would have given him. Would you have given that slave his freedom or not? Would not that slave have been in highest esteem with you? Answer me *that*.

Heg. I think so. Tynd. Why, then, are you angry with me?

Heg. Because you have proved more faithful to him than to myself.

Tynd. How now? Did you expect, in a single night and day, for yourself to teach *me*—a person just made captive, a recent *slave, and* in his noviciate—that I should rather consult your interest than his, with whom from childhood I have passed my life?

HEG. Seek, then, thanks from him for that. (*To the* SLAVES.) Take him where he may receive weighty *and* thick fetters, thence, after that, you shall go to the quarries for cutting stone. There, while the others are digging out eight stones, unless you daily do half as much work again, you shall have the name of the six-hundred-stripe man[1].

ARIST. By Gods and men, I do entreat you, Hegio, not to destroy this man.

HEG. He shall be taken all care of[2]. For at night, fastened with chains, he shall be watched; in the daytime, beneath the ground, he shall be getting out stone. For many a day will I torture him; I'll not respite him for a single day.

ARIST. Is that settled by you? HEG. Not more settled that I shall die. (*To the* SLAVES.) Take him away this instant to Hippolytus, the blacksmith; bid thick fetters to be rivetted on him. From there let him be led outside the gate to my freedman, Cordalus, at the stone-quarries. And tell him that I desire this man so to be treated, that he mayn't be in any respect worse off than he who is the most severely treated.

TYND. Why, since you are unwilling, do I desire myself to survive? At your own hazard is the risk of my life. After death, no evil have I to apprehend in death. Though I should live even to extreme age, still, short is the space for enduring what you threaten me with. Farewell and prosper; although you are deserving for me to say otherwise. You, Aristophontes, as you have deserved of me, so fare you; for on your account has this befallen me.

HEG. (*to the* SLAVES). Carry him off.

TYND. But this one thing I beg, that, if Philocrates should come back here, you will give me an opportunity of meeting him.

HEG. (*to the* SLAVES). At your peril, if you don't this instant remove him from my sight. (*The* SLAVES *lay hold of* TYNDARUS, *and push him along.*)

[1] *Six-hundred-stripe man*)—Ver. 731. "Sexcentoplago." This is a compound word, coined by the author.

[2] *He shall be taken all care of*)—Ver. 733. Struck with admiration at his fidelity, Aristophontes begs Hegio not to destroy Tyndarus. As the verb "perduis" might also mean "lose" him, Hegio ironically takes it in the latter sense, and says that there is no fear of that, for he shall be well taken care of; or, in other words, strictly watched.

Tynd. I' troth, this really is violence[1], to be both dragged and pushed at the same time. (*He is borne off by the* Slaves.)

Scene VI.—Hegio *and* Aristophontes.

Heg. He has been led off straight to prison[2], as he deserves. Let no one presume to attempt such an enterprise. Had it not been for you who discovered this to me, still would they have been leading me by the bridle with their tricks. Now am I resolved henceforth never to trust any person in anything. This once I have been deceived enough; I did hope, to my sorrow, that I had rescued my son from slavery. That hope has forsaken me. I lost one son, whom, a child in his fourth year, a slave stole from me; and, indeed, never since have I found either slave or son; the elder one has fallen in the hands of the enemy. What guilt is this *of mine?* As though I had become the father of children for the purpose of being childless. (*To* Aristophontes.) Follow this way. I'll conduct you back where you were. I'm determined to have pity upon no one, since no one has pity upon me.

Arist. Forth from my chains with evil omen did I come; now I perceive that with like ill omen to my bonds I must return. (*Exeunt.*

Act IV.—Scene I.

Enter Ergasilus[3].

Erg. Supreme Jove! thou dost preserve me, and dost augment my means. Plenty, extreme and sumptuous, dost

[1] *This really is violence*)—Ver. 755. According to Suetonius, Julius Cæsar used an exactly similar expression when first attacked by his murderers in the senate-house. On Tullius Cimber seizing hold of his garments he exclaimed, "Ita quidem vis est!" "Why, really, this is violence!"

[2] *To prison*)—Ver. 756. "Phylacam." This is a Greek word Latinized, meaning "prison" or "confinement."

[3] *Ergasilus*) He has just come from the harbour, where he has seen the son of Hegio, together with Philocrates and Stalagmus, landing from the packet-boat. Now, as he speaks still of his intended dinner with Hegio, to which he had been invited in the earlier part of the Play, we must conclude, that since then, Philocrates has taken ship from the coast of Ætolia, arrived in Elis, procured the liberation of Philopolemus, and returned with him, all in the space of a few hours. This, however, although the coast of Elis was only about fifteen miles from that of Ætolia, is not at all consistent with probability; and the author has been much censured by some Commentators, especially by Lessing, on account of his negligence.

thou present to me; celebrity, profit, enjoyment, mirth, festivity, holidays, sights, provisions, carousings, abundance, joyousness. And to no man have I now determined with myself to go a-begging; for I'm able either to profit my friend or to destroy my enemy, to such extent has this delightful day heaped delights upon me in its delightfulness. I have lighted upon a most rich inheritance without incumbrances[1]. Now will I wend my way to this old gentleman Hegio, to whom I am carrying blessings as great as he himself prays for from the Gods, and even greater. Now, this is my determination, in the same fashion that the slaves of Comedy[2] *are wont*, so will I throw my cloak around my neck, that from me, the first *of all*, he may learn this matter. And I trust that I, by reason of this news, shall find provision up to the end.

Scene II.—*Enter* Hegio, *at a distance.*

Heg. (*to himself*). The more that I revolve this matter in my breast, the more is my uneasiness of mind increased. That I should have been duped in this fashion to-day! and that I wasn't able to see through it! When this shall be known, then I shall be laughed at all over the city. The very moment that I shall have reached the Forum, all will be saying, "This is that clever old gentleman, who had the trick played him." But is this Ergasilus, that I see coming at a distance? Surely he has got his cloak gathered up; what, I wonder, is he going to do?

Erg. (*advancing, and talking to himself*). Throw aside

It must, however, be remembered, that Plautus was writing for a Roman audience, the greater part of whom did not know whether Elis was one mile or one hundred from the coast of Ætolia. We may suppose, too, that Philopolemus had already caused Stalagmus, the runaway slave, to be apprehended before the arrival of Philocrates in Elis.

[1] *An inheritance without incumbrances*)—Ver. 780. "Sine sacris hereditas.' The meaning of this expression has been explained in the Notes to the Trinummus, 484.

[2] *Slaves of Comedy*)—Ver. 783. This was done that, when expedition was required, the cloak might not prove an obstruction to the wearer as he walked. The slaves in Comedies usually wore the "pallium," and as they were mostly active, bustling fellows, would have it tucked tightly around them. The "pallium" was usually worn passed over the left shoulder, then drawn behind the back, and under the left arm, leaving it bare, and then thrown again over the left shoulder.

from you all tardiness, Ergasilus, and speed on this business. I threaten, and I strictly charge no person to stand in my way, unless any one shall be of opinion that he has lived long enough. For whoever does come in my way, shall stop me upon his face. (*He runs along, flourishing his arms about.*)

HEG. (*to himself*). This fellow's beginning to box.

ERG. (*to himself*). I'm determined to do it; so that every one may pursue his own path, let no one be bringing any of his business in this street; for my fist is a balista, my arm is my catapulta, my shoulder a battering-ram; then against whomsoever I dart my knee, I shall bring him to the ground. I'll make all persons to be picking up their teeth[1], whomsoever I shall meet with.

HEG. (*to himself*). What threatening is this? For I cannot wonder enough.

ERG. I'll make him always to remember this day and place, and myself *as well*. Whoever stops me upon my road, I'll make him put a stop to his own existence.

HEG. (*to himself*). What great thing is this fellow preparing to do, with such mighty threats?

ERG. I first give notice, that no one, by reason of his own fault, may be caught—keep yourselves in-doors at home, *and* guard yourselves from my attack.

HEG. (*to himself*). By my faith, 'tis strange if he hasn't got this boldness by means of his stomach. Woe to that wretched man, through whose cheer this fellow has become quite swaggering.

ERG. Then the bakers, that feed swine, that fatten their pigs upon refuse bran, through the stench of which no one can pass by a baker's shop; if I see the pig of any one of them in the public *way*, I'll beat the bran out of the masters' themselves with my fists.

HEG. (*to himself*). Royal and imperial edicts does he give out. The fellow is full; he certainly has his boldness from his stomach.

ERG. Then the fishmongers, who supply stinking fish to the public—who are carried about on a gelding, with his

[1] *To be picking up their teeth*)—Ver. 803. "Dentilegos." He says that he will knock their teeth out, and so make them pick them up from the ground. We must suppose that while he is thus hurrying on, he is walking up one of the long streets which were represented as emerging on the Roman stage, opposite to the audience.

galloping galling pace[1]—the stench of whom drives all the loungers in the Basilica[2] into the Forum, I'll bang their heads with their bulrush fish-baskets, that they may understand what annoyance they cause to the noses of other people. And then the butchers, as well, who render the sheep destitute of their young—who agree with you about killing lamb[3], and then offer you lamb at double the price—who give the name of wether *mutton* to a ram—if I should *only* see that ram in the public way, I'll make both ram and owner most miserable beings.

HEG. (*to himself*). Well done! He really does give out edicts fit for an Ædile, and 'tis indeed a surprising thing if the Ætolians haven't made him inspector of markets[4].

ERG. No Parasite now am I, but a right royal king of kings; so large a stock of provision for my stomach is there at hand in the harbour. But *why* delay to overwhelm this old gentleman Hegio with gladness? With him, not a person among mankind exists equally fortunate.

[1] *Galling pace*)—Ver. 819. "Crucianti" may mean either "tormenting" the spectator by reason of the slowness of its pace, or galling to the rider. "Quadrupedanti crucianti cauterio" is a phrase, both in sound and meaning, much resembling what our song-books call the "galloping dreary dun."

[2] *In the Basilica*)—Ver. 820. The "Basilica" was a building which served as a court of law, and a place of meeting for merchants and men of business. The name was perhaps derived from the Greek word βασιλεὺς, as the title of the second Athenian Archon, who had his tribunal or court of justice. The building was probably, in its original form, an insulated portico. The first edifice of this kind at Rome was erected B.C. 184; probably about the period when this Play was composed. It was situate in the Forum, and was built by Porcius Cato, from whom it was called the "Porcian Basilica." Twenty others were afterwards erected at different periods in the city. The loungers here mentioned, in the present instance, were probably sauntering about under the porticos of the Basilica, when their olfactory nerves were offended by the unsavoury smell of the fishermen's baskets.

[3] *About killing lamb*)—Ver. 824. In these lines he seems to accuse the butchers of three faults—cruelty, knavery, and extortion. The general reading is "duplam," but Rost suggests "duplâ," "at double the price." If "duplam" is retained, might it not possibly mean that the butchers agree to kill lamb for you, and bring to you "duplam agninam," "double lamb," or, in other words, lamb twice as old as it ought to be? No doubt there was some particular age at which lamb, in the estimation of Ergasilus and his brother-epicures, was considered to be in its greatest perfection.

[4] *Inspector of markets*)—Ver. 829. "Agoranomum." The Ædiles were the inspectors of markets at Rome, while the 'Agoranomi" had a similar office in the Grecian cities.

HEG. (*apart*). What joy is this, that he, *thus* joyous, is going to impart to me?

ERG. (*knocking at* HEGIO'S *door*). Hallo, hallo!—where are you? Is any one coming to open this door?

HEG. (*apart*). This fellow's betaking himself to my house to dine.

ERG. Open you both these doors[1], before I shall with knocking cause the destruction, piecemeal, of the doors.

HEG. (*apart*). I'd like much to address the fellow. (*Aloud.*) Ergasilus!

ERG. Who's calling Ergasilus? HEG. *Turn round, and* look at me.

ERG. (*not seeing who it is*). A thing that Fortune does not do for you, nor *ever* will do, you bid me *to do*. But who is it.

HEG. Look round at me. 'Tis Hegio.

ERG. (*turning round*). O me! Best of the very best of men, as many as exist, you have arrived opportunely.

HEG. You've met with some one at the harbour to dine with; through that you are elevated.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. My hand?

ERG. Give me your hand, I say, this instant.

HEG. Take it. (*Giving him his hand.*)

ERG. Rejoice. HEG. Why should I rejoice?

ERG. Because I bid you; come now, rejoice.

HEG. I' faith, my sorrows exceed my rejoicings.

ERG. 'Tis not so, *as* you shall find; I'll at once drive away every spot of sorrow[2] from your body. Rejoice without restraint.

HEG. I do rejoice, although I don't at all know why I should rejoice.

ERG. You do rightly; *now* order—— HEG. Order what?

ERG. A large fire to be made.

HEG. A large fire? ERG. So I say, that a huge one it must be.

HEG. What, you vulture, do you suppose that for your sake I'm going to set my house on fire?

ERG. Don't be angry. Will you order, or will you not order, the pots to be put on, *and* the saucepans to be washed

[1] *Both these doors*)—Ver. 836. The street-doors of the ancients were generally "bivalve," or "folding-doors."

[2] *Every spot of sorrow*)—Ver. 846. He alludes, figuratively, to the art of the fuller or scourer, in taking the spots out of soiled garments.

out, the bacon and the dainties to be made warm in the heated cooking-stoves, another one, *too*, to go purchase the fish?

HEG. This fellow's dreaming while awake.

ERG. Another to buy pork, and lamb, and pullets.

HEG. You understand how to feed well, if you had the means.

ERG. Gammons of bacon, *too*, and lampreys, spring pickled tunny-fish, mackerel, and sting-ray; large fish, too, and soft cheese.

HEG. You will have more opportunity, Ergasilus, here at my house, of talking about these things than of eating them.

ERG. Do you suppose that I'm saying this on my own account?

HEG. You will neither be eating nothing here to-day, nor yet much more *than usual*, *so* don't you be mistaken. Do you then bring an appetite to my house for your every-day fare.

ERG. Why, I'll so manage it, that you yourself shall wish to be profuse, though I myself should desire you not.

HEG. What, I? ERG. Yes, you.

HEG. Then you are my master. ERG. Yes, *and* a kindly disposed one. Do you wish me to make you happy?

HEG. Certainly I would, rather than miserable.

ERG. Give me your hand. HEG. (*extending his hand*). Here is my hand.

ERG. All the Gods are blessing you.

HEG. I don't feel it so. ERG. Why, you are not in a quickset hedge[1], therefore you don't feel it; but order the vessels, in a clean state, to be got for you forthwith in readiness for the sacrifice, and one lamb to be brought here with all haste, a fat one.

HEG. Why? ERG. That you may offer sacrifice.

HEG. To which one of the Gods?

ERG. To myself, i' faith, for now am I your supreme Jupiter. I likewise am your salvation, your fortune, your life, your delight, your joy. Do you at once, then, make this Divinity propitious to you by cramming him.

[1] *In a quickset hedge*)—Ver. 865. Here is a most wretched attempt at wit, which cannot be expressed in a literal translation. Hegio says, "Nihil sentio," 'I don't feel it." Ergasilus plays upon the resemblance of the verb "sentio" to "sentis" and "senticetum," a "bramble-bush" or quickset hedge;" and says, 'You don't feel it so," "non sentis," "because you are not in a quickset hedge,' "in senticeto."

Heg. You seem to me to be hungry.

Erg. For myself am I hungry, *and* not for you.

Heg. I readily allow of it at your own good will.

Erg. I believe you; from a boy[1] you were in the habit—

Heg. May Jupiter and the Gods confound you.

Erg. I' troth, 'tis fair that for my news you should return me thanks; such great happiness do I now bring you from the harbour.

Heg. Now you are flattering me. Begone, you simpleton; you have arrived behind time, too late.

Erg. If I had come sooner, then for that reason you might rather have said that. Now, receive this joyous *news* of me which I bring *you;* for at the harbour I just now saw your son Philopolemus in the common fly-boat, alive, safe and sound, and likewise there that other young man together with him, and Stalagmus your slave, who fled from your house, who stole from you your little son, the child of four years old.

Heg. Away with you to utter perdition! You are trifling with me.

Erg. So may holy Gluttony[2] love me, Hegio, and so may she ever dignify me with her name, I did see——

Heg. My son? Erg. Your son, and my *good* Genius.

Heg. That Elean captive, too?

Erg. Yes, by Apollo[3]. Heg. The slave, too? My *slave* Stalagmus, he that stole my son——?

[1] *From a boy*)—Ver. 872. An indelicate allusion is covertly intended in this line.

[2] *So may holy Gluttony*)—Ver. 882. The Parasite very appropriately deifies Gluttony: as the Goddess of Bellyful would, of course, merit his constant worship.

[3] *Yes, by Apollo*)—Ver. 885. In the exuberance of his joy at his prospects of good eating, the Parasite gives this, and his next five replies, in the Greek language; just as the diner-out, and the man of bon-mots and repartee, might in our day couch his replies in French, with the shrug of the shoulder and the becoming grimace. He first swears by Apollo, and then by Cora, which may mean either a city of Campania so called, or the Goddess Proserpine, who was called by the Greeks, Κορὴ, "the maiden." He then swears by four places in Campania—Prænestę, Signia, Phrysinone, and Alatrium. As the scene is in Greece, Hegio asks him why he swears by these foreign places; to which he gives answer merely because they are as disagreable as the unsavoury dinner of vegetables which he had some time since promised him. This is, probably, merely an excuse for obtruding a slighting remark upon these places, which would meet with a ready response from a Roman audience, as the Campanians had sided with Hannibal against Rome in the second Punic war. They were probably miserable places besides, on which the more refined Romans looked with supreme contempt.

ERG. Yes, by Cora. HEG. So long a time ago?
ERG. Yes, by Præneste! HEG. Is he arrived?
ERG. Yes, by Signia! HEG. For sure?
ERG. Yes, by Phrysinone! HEG. Have a care, if you please.
ERG. Yes, by Alatrium! HEG. Why are you swearing by foreign cities?
ERG. Why, because they are just as disagreable as you were declaring your fare to be.
HEG. Woe be to you! ERG. Because that you don't believe me at all in what I say in sober earnestness. But of what country was Stalagmus, at the time when he departed hence?
HEG. A Sicilian. ERG. But now he is not a Sicilian—he is a Boian; he has got a Boian woman[1]. A wife, I suppose, has been given to him for the sake of obtaining children.
HEG. Tell me, have you said these words to me in good earnest?
ERG. In good *earnest.* HEG. Immortal Gods, I seem to be born again, if you are telling the truth.
ERG. Do you say so? Will you still entertain doubts, when I have solemnly sworn to you? In fine, Hegio, if you have little confidence in my oath, go yourself to the harbour and see.
HEG. I'm determined to do so. Do you arrange in-doors what's requisite. Use, ask for, take *from my larder* what you like; I appoint you cellarman.
ERG. Now, by my troth, if I have not prophesied truly to you, do you comb me out with a cudgel.
HEG. I'll find you in victuals to the end, if you are telling me the truth.
ERG. Whence *shall* it *be?* HEG. From myself and from my son.

[1] *Got a Boian woman*)—Ver. 893. There is an indelicate meaning in the expression "Boiam terere." The whole line is intended as a play upon words. "Boia" means either "a collar," which was placed round a prisoner's neck, or a female of the nation of the Boii in Gaul. "Boiam terere" may mean either "to have the prisoner's collar on," or, paraphrastically, "to be coupled with a Boian woman." Ergasilus having seen Stalagmus in the packet-boat with this collar on, declares that Stalagmus is a Sicilian no longer, for he has turned Boian, having a Boian helpmate.

Erg. Do you promise that? Heg. I do promise it.

Erg. But I, in return, promise[1] you that your son has arrived.

Heg. Manage as well as ever you can.

Erg. A happy walk *there* to you, and *a happy* walk back.

(*Exit* Hegio.

Scene III.—Ergasilus, *alone.*

Erg. He has gone away from here, *and* has entrusted to me the most important concern of catering. Immortal Gods how I shall now be slicing necks off of sides; how vast a downfall will befall the gammon[2]; how vast a belabouring the bacon! How great a using-up of udders, how vast a bewailing for the brawn! How great a bestirring for the butchers, how great *a preparation* for the porksellers! But if I were to enumerate the rest of the things which minister to the supply of the stomach, 'twould be *sheer* delay. Now will I go off to my government, to give laws to the bacon, and, those gammons that are hanging uncondemned,[3] to give aid to them. (*Goes into the house.*)

Act V.—Scene I.

Enter a Lad, *a servant of* Hegio.

Lad. May Jupiter and the Deities confound you, Ergasilus, and your stomach, and all Parasites, and *every one* who henceforth shall give a dinner to Parasites. Destruc-

[1] *I, in return, promise*)—Ver. 904. Ergasilus says, "Do you really promise me this fine entertainment?" To which, Hegio answers, "Spondeo," "I do promise." On this, Ergasilus replies, "that your son really has returned, I answer you," "respondeo," or, as he intends it to be meant, "I promise you once again," or "in return for your promise."

[2] *Befall the gammon*)—Ver. 908. An alliteration is employed in these two lines, which cannot be well kept up in a literal translation. As, however, in the translation an attempt is made to give the spirit of the passage, the literal meaning may be here stated. "Pernis pestis," "a plague to the gammons;" "labes larido," "a fall for the bacon;" "sumini absumedo," "a consumption of udder;" "callo calamitas," "destruction to the brawn;" and "laniis lassitudo," "weariness to the butchers." Sows' udder, with the milk in it, first dried, and then cooked in some peculiar manner, was considered a great delicacy by the Roman epicures.

[3] *Hanging uncondemned*)—Ver. 913. He'll commute the punishment of the gammons and hams, for they shall hang no longer.

tion and devastation *and* ruin have just now entered our house. I was afraid that he would be making an attack on me, as though he had been an hungry wolf. And very dreadfully, upon my faith, was I frightened at him; he made such a gnashing with his teeth. On his arrival, the whole larder, with the meat, he turned upside down. He seized a knife, *and* first cut off the kernels of the neck[1] from three sides. All the pots and cups he broke, except those that held a couple of gallons[2]; of the cook he made enquiry whether the salting pans could *be set on the fire* to be made hot. All the cellars in the house he has broken into, and has laid the store-closet[3] open. (*At the door.*) Watch him, servants, if you please; I'll go to meet the old gentleman. I'll tell him to get ready some provisions for his own self, if, indeed, he wishes himself to make use of any. For in this place, as this man, indeed, is managing, either there's nothing already, or very soon there will be nothing. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, PHILOCRATES, *and behind them*, STALAGMUS.

HEG. To Jove and to the Deities I return with reason hearty thanks, inasmuch as they have restored you to your father, and inasmuch as they have delivered me from very many afflictions, which, while I was obliged to be here without you, I was enduring, and inasmuch as I see that that *fellow* (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) is in my power, and inasmuch as his word (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES) has been found true to me.

[1] *The kernels of the neck*)—Ver. 920. The "glandia" were the kernels or tonsils of the throat, situate just below the root of the tongue. These portions of the dead pig seem to have been much prized as delicate eating. Judging from the present passage, the whole side of the pig, including the half-head, was salted and dried in one piece. The first thing that the Parasite does, is to cut the kernels from off of three sides, which he has relieved from the punishment of hanging.

[2] *A couple of gallons*)—Ver. 921. "Modiales." Literally, containing a "modius," which contained sixteen sextarii, something more than a peck of dry-measure English.

[3] *The store-closet*)—Ver. 923. "Armarium" was so called because it was originally a place for keeping arms. It afterwards came to signify a cupboard in a wall, in which clothes, books, money, and other articles of value, were placed. It was generally in the "atrium," or principal room of the house. In this instance it evidently means the store-closet, distinguished from the larder and the cellars.

Philop. Enough now have I grieved from my very soul, and enough with care and tears have I disquieted myself. Enough now have I heard of your woes, which at the harbour you told me of. Let us now to this business.

Phil. What now, since I've kept my word with you, and have caused him to be restored back again to freedom?

Heg. Philocrates, you have acted so that I can never return you thanks enough, in the degree that you merit from myself and my son.

Philop. Nay, but you can, father, and you will be able, and I shall be able; and the Divinities will give the means for you to return the kindness he merits to one who deserves so highly of us; as, my father, you are able to do to this person who so especially deserves it.

Heg. What need is there of words? I have no tongue with which to deny whatever you may ask *of me.*

Phil. I ask of you to restore to me that servant whom I left here as a surety for myself; who has always proved more faithful to me than to himself; in order that for his services I may be enabled to give him a reward.

Heg. Because you have acted *thus* kindly, the favour shall be returned, the thing that you ask; both that and anything else that you shall ask of me, you shall obtain. And I would not have you blame me, because in my anger I have treated him harshly.

Phil. What have you done? Heg. I confined him in fetters at the stone-quarries, when I found out that I had been imposed upon.

Phil. Ah wretched me! That for my safety misfortunes should have happened to that best of men.

Heg. Now, on this account, you need not give me *even one* groat of silver[1] for him. Receive him of me without cost that he may be free.

Phil. On my word, Hegio, you act with kindness; but I entreat that you will order *this* man to be sent for.

[1] *One groat of silver*)—Ver. 952. "Libella" was the name of the smallest silver coin with the Romans, being the tenth part of a denarius. Hegio seems to make something of a favour of this, and to give his liberty to Tyndarus in consideration of his punishment; whereas he had originally agreed with Philocrates that, if Philopolemus was liberated, both he and Tyndarus should be set at liberty.

HEG. Certainly. (*To the attendants, who immediately obey.*) Where are you? Go this instant, *and* bring Tyndarus here. (*To* PHILOPOLEMUS *and* PHILOCRATES.) Do you go in-doors; in the meantime, I wish to enquire of this statue for whipping[1], what was done with my younger son. Do you go bathe in the meantime.

PHILOP. Philocrates, follow me this way in-doors.

PHIL. I follow you. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III.—HEGIO *and* STALAGMUS.

HEG. Come you, step this way, you worthy fellow, my fine slave.

STAL. What is fitting for me to do, when you, such a man as you are, are speaking false? I was never a handsome, *or* a fine, *or* a good person, or an honest one, nor shall I ever be; assuredly, don't you be forming any hopes that I shall be honest.

HEG. You easily understand pretty well in what situation your fortunes are. If you shall prove truth-telling, you'll make your lot from bad somewhat better. Speak out, *then*, correctly and truthfully; but never yet truthfully or correctly have you acted.

STAL. Do you think that I'm ashamed to own it, when you affirm it?

HEG. But I'll make you to be ashamed; for I'll cause you to be blushes all over[2].

STAL. Heyday—you're threatening stripes, I suppose, to me, *quite* unaccustomed to them! Away with them, I beg. Tell me what you bring, that you may carry off hence what you are in want of.

HEG. Very fluent *indeed*. But now I wish this prating to be cut short.

STAL. As you desire, *so* be it done.

HEG. (*to the* AUDIENCE). As a boy he was very obedient[3]; now that suits him not. Let's to this business; now give

[1] *This statue for whipping*)—Ver. 956. The same expression occurs in the Pseudolus, l. 911.

[2] *Be blushes all over*)—Ver. 967. He means that he will have him flogged until he is red all over.

[3] *Was very obedient*)—Ver. 971. An indelicate remark is covertly intended in this passage.

your attention, and inform me upon what I ask. If you tell the truth, you'll make your fortunes somewhat better.

STAL. That's *mere* trifling. Don't you think that I know what I'm deserving of?

HEG. Still, it is in your power to escape a small portion of it, if not the whole.

STAL. A small portion I shall escape, I know; but much will befall me, and with my deserving it, because I both ran away, and stole your son and sold him.

HEG. To what person? STAL. To Theodoromedes the Polyplusian, in Elis, for six minæ.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods! He surely is the father of this person, Philocrates.

STAL. Why, I know him better than yourself, and have seen him more times.

HEG. Supreme Jove, preserve both myself and my son for me. (*He goes to the door, and calls aloud.*) Philocrates, by your *good* Genius, I do entreat you, come out, I want you.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* PHILOCRATES, *from the house.*

PHIL. Hegio, here am I; if you want anything of me, command me.

HEG. He (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) declares that he sold my son to your father, in Elis, for six minæ.

PHIL. (*to* STALAGMUS). How long since did that happen?

STAL. This is the twentieth year, commencing *from it.*

PHIL. He is speaking falsely. STAL. Either I or you *do.* Why, your father gave you the little child, of four years old, to be your own slave.

PHIL. What was his name? If you are speaking the truth, tell me that, then.

STAL. Pægnium, he used to be called; afterwards, you gave him the name of Tyndarus.

PHIL. Why don't I recollect you? STAL. Because it's the fashion for persons to forget, and not to know him whose favour is esteemed as worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me, was he the person whom you sold to my father, who was given me for my private service?

STAL. *It was* his son (*pointing to* HEGIO).

HEG. Is this person *now* living? STAL I received the money I cared nothing about the rest.

HEG. (*to* PHILOCRATES). What do you say?

PHIL. Why, this very Tyndarus is your son, according, indeed, to the proofs that he mentions. For, a boy *himself* together with me from boyhood was he brought up, virtuously and modestly, even to manhood.

HEG. I am both unhappy and happy, if you are telling the truth. Unhappy for this reason, because, if he is my son, I have badly treated him. Alas! why have I done both more and less than was his due. That I have ill treated him I am grieved; would that it only could be undone. But see, he's coming here, in a guise not according to his deserts.

SCENE V.—*Enter* TYNDARUS, *in chains, led in by the* SERVANTS.

TYND. (*to himself*). I have seen many of the torments which take place at Acheron[1] often represented in paintings[2]; but most certainly there is no Acheron equal to where I have been in the stone-quarries. There, in fine, is the place where real lassitude must be undergone by the body in laboriousness. For when I came there, just as either jackdaws, or ducks, or quails, are given to Patrician children[3], for them to play with, so in like fashion, when I arrived, a crow was given[4] me with which to amuse myself. But see, my master's before the door; and lo! my other master has returned from Elis.

HEG. Hail to you, my much wished-for son.

TYND. Ha! how—my son? Aye, aye, I know why you pretend yourself to be the father, and me to be the son; *it is*

[1] *At Acheron*)—Ver. 1003. He here speaks of Acheron, not as one of the rivers of hell, but as the infernal regions themselves.

[2] *Represented in paintings*)—Ver. 1003 Meursius thinks that the torments of the infernal regions were frequently represented in pictures, for the purpose of deterring men from evil actions, by keeping in view the certain consequences of their bad conduct.

[3] *To Patrician children*)—Ver. 1007. This passage is confirmed by what Pliny the Younger tells us in his Second Epistle. He says, that on the death of the son of Regulus, his father, in his grief, caused his favourite ponies and dogs, with his nightingales, parrots, and jackdaws, to be consumed on the funeral pile. It would certainly have been a greater compliment to his son's memory had he preserved them, and treated them kindly; but probably he intended to despatch them as playthings for the child in the other world.

[4] *A crow was given*)—Ver. 1009. "Upupa." He puns upon the twofold meaning of this word, which signified either "a mattock" or a bird called a "hoopoe," according to the context. To preserve the spirit of the pun, a somewhat different translation has been given.

because, just as parents do, you give me the means of seeing the light[1].

PHIL. Hail to you, Tyndarus. TYND. And to you, for whose sake I am enduring these miseries.

PHIL. But now I'll make you in freedom come to wealth. For (*pointing to* HEGIO) this is your father; (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) that is the slave who stole you away from here when four years old, *and* sold you to my father for six minæ. He gave you, when a little child, to me a little child for my own service. He (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) has made a confession, for we have brought him back from Elis.

TYND. How, where's *Hegio's* son? PHIL. Look *now;* in-doors is your own brother.

TYND. How do you say? Have you brought that captive son of his?

PHIL. Why, he's in-doors, I say.

TYND. By my faith, you've done both well and happily.

PHIL. (*pointing to* HEGIO). Now this is your own father; (*pointing to* STALAGMUS) this is the thief who stole you when a little child.

TYND. But now, grown up, I shall give him grown up to the executioner for his thieving.

PHIL. He deserves it. TYND. I' faith, I'll deservedly give him the reward that he deserves. (*To* HEGIO.) But tell me I pray you, are you my father?

HEG. I am he, my son. TYND. Now, at length, I bring it to my recollection, when I reconsider with myself: troth, I do now at last recall to memory that I had heard, as though through a mist, that my father was called Hegio.

HEG. I am he. PHIL. I pray that your son may be lightened of these fetters, and this slave be loaded with them.

HEG. I'm resolved that that shall be the first thing attended to. Let's go in-doors, that the blacksmith may be sent for, in order that I may remove those fetters from you, *and* give them to him. (*They go into the house.*)

STAL. To one who has no savings *of his own*, you'll be rightly doing so[2].

[1] *Of seeing the light*)—Ver. 1013. He says, "You can only resemble a parent in the fact that you have given me the opportunity of seeing the light of day, by taking me out of the dark stone-quarries."

[2] *Be rightly doing so*—Ver. 1033. Stalagmus chooses to take the word "dem.

The COMPANY *of* PLAYERS *coming forward.*

Spectators, this play is founded on chaste manners. No wenching is there in this, and no intriguing, no exposure of a child, no cheating out of money; and no young man in love here make his mistress free without his father's knowledge. The Poets find but few Comedies[1] of this kind, where good men might become better. Now, if it pleases you, and if we have pleased you, and have not been tedious, do you give this sign *of it:* you who wish that chaste manners should have their reward, give *us* your applause.

"may give," used by Hegio in its literal sense, and surlily replies, "I have nothing of my own by way of savings, 'peculium,' so I am the very person to whom you ought to give."

[1] *Find but few Comedies*)—Ver. 1038. He here confesses that he does not pretend to frame the plots of his Plays himself, but that he goes to Greek sources for them; and forgetting that "beggars must not be choosers," he complains that so very few of the Greek Comedies are founded upon chaste manners. Indeed, this Play is justly deemed the most pure and innocent of all the Plays of Plautus; and the Company are quite justified in the commendations which, in their Epilogue, they bestow on it, as the author has carried out the promise which he made in the Prologue (with only four slight exceptions), of presenting them with an immaculate Play.

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